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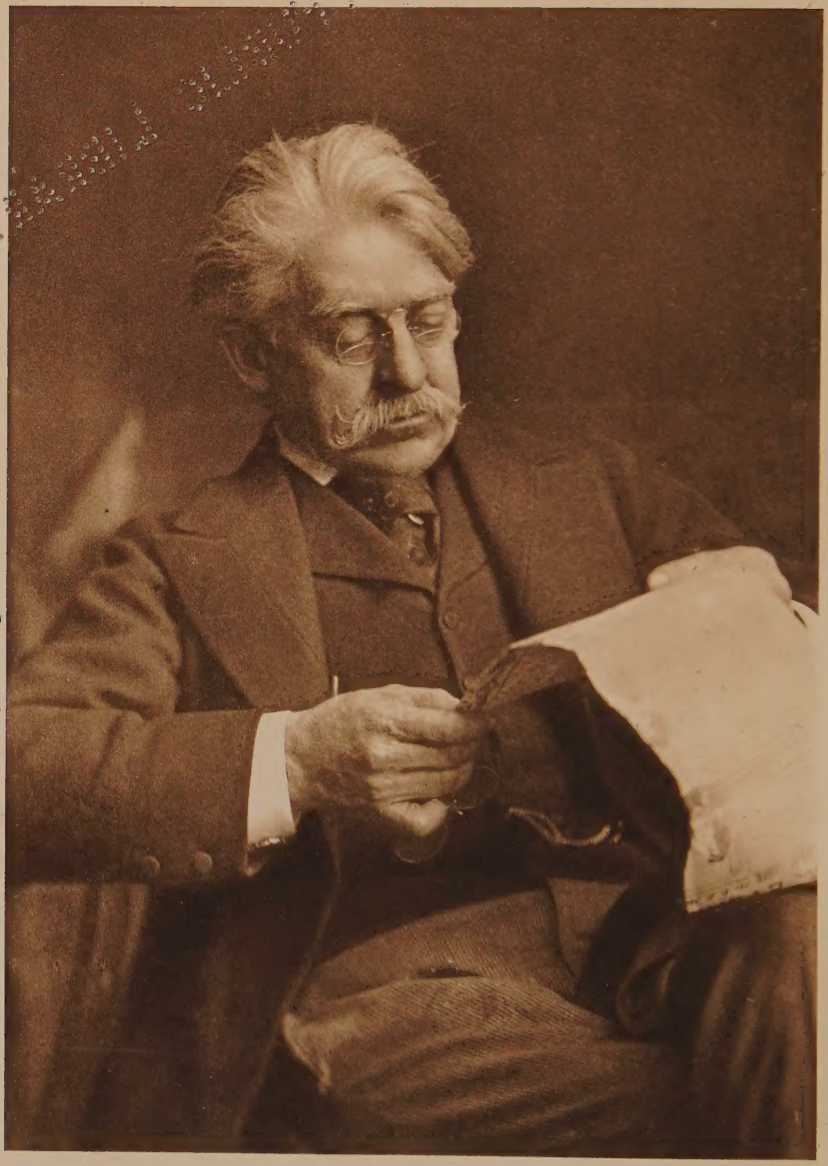

Henry Demarest Lloyd

Henry Demarest Lloyd

1847—1903

A Biography

By

Caro Lloyd

With an Introduction by

Charles Edward Russell

In Two Volumes
Volume Two

Illustrated

G. P. Putnam's Sons
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The reformer is a poet, a creator. He sees visions and fills the people with their beauty; and by the contagion of virtue his creative impulse spreads among the mass, and it begins to climb and build.

HENRY D. LLOYD.

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CHAPTER XV

"MAN, THE CREATOR"

UNDER the concrete crises and duties, Lloyd had been striving in travail of spirit to find a foothold of philosophy from which his aspiring soul might work and progress. He had watched, listened, studied, communed, eager to find out "how it is." It was impossible for him to accept on faith, or to adopt unchallenged the conclusions of other minds. Early in life he had described himself as "a reverent agnostic." Hence he bravely questioned, fearlessly entered the holiest ground. He claimed no right save that which belonged to every man of trying to find out, of contesting the claims of those who said they already knew all. The static virtues of duty, obedience, were too cold for his spirit. Other impulses burned within him. To aspire, to progress, was his conscious aim. Onward said his word and his deed. To be anything less than creative or productive was not in his eyes to be really good. Progress was a greater word than perfection. He believed in a "progressive revelation, a dawning day." "Man is fated to be ever asking questions of the sky," he said. His mother, realising the trouble of his spirit, once said: "The only thing that will make Henry happy is to find his God." This quest filled his deepest thoughts for years. He now felt that he

had seen the light. It had been a long journey from the pulpit teaching of his youth, where, amid the eternal beauty of piety, there resounded the paralysing doctrines of election and total depravity, the portrayal of an infinite overruling God, holding man's destinies in his palm, a being to be feared and yet loved. The old Fourth Street Dutch Reformed Church had been torn down, its granite monolith columns broken in pieces, its devout members had migrated. This destruction and migration were typical, its creed too was in flight. There was arising over the world a religious enthusiasm which, withdrawing its rapt gaze from the next world, was looking lovingly upon this and striving to open the gates of an earthly paradise. The little boy of twelve who had dared to question the teachings of his elders had ever since in quiet moments been bringing under the light of social, scientific scrutiny those holy mysteries which had so puzzled him in the faith of his fathers. He searched the meaning of God, of Christ, of immortality, of heaven, and as he did so he brought them down to earth, traced each to a source in the heart and mind of man.

Men saw the light of his faith now shining in his face. Hardly a day but that he received some letter full of anger or sorrow over the country's fate, yet those who met him, themselves on fire with the indignation aroused by his exposures, found to their surprise a man of calm, in whom these fires, controlled and stored, were emitting a steady white light of peace. He himself described his prevailing mood in a letter to B. Fay Mills, who read it from his pulpit:

> Thank you for your words of encouragement. . . .

Religion I believe to be now in process of another great expansion. As Judaism with its brotherhood of the Hebrews opened into Christianity with its brotherhood of all men, Christianity with its brotherhood of all men in the Church is budding into a brotherhood of all men in all things, but particularly and specially in business and industry—the great activities of our time. It is because I see and feel this to be the key-note of our times that I am full of hope; nothing seems dark.

In him were the times reflected. His own need for a faith was, he saw, the need of all. The philosophy which was reviving his spirit was gathering force in the people of the world as a new religion.

Our great need is for a positive ideal to guide and inspire, in place of the negative, material opposition of our present policies. I find wherever I go that the people are for want of such a Word still unaroused, believing neither in their rulers, nor themselves, nor the reformers, thinking of these latter only as the Outs who want to get in.[1]

To herald this Word and thus help to create and strengthen it was his next task. He started to write the book which had been growing in his thoughts for many years. The productions of masters have always been characterised according to Emerson by the combination of drill and inspiration. "He is a revealer of things," he says of the scholar. "Let him first learn the things." This analysis describes the two eras in Lloyd's work. He had learned the things, he now hoped to reveal and interpret them. He himself spoke of the poets of progress, who were filling the break of our new day with "their double notes of rebuke and inspiration." All through the prose of his lectures, his

[1] Letter to President Gates, 1895.

books, his talk, had these double notes been singing. He now decided that the note of inspiration was to lead. That voice and not denunciation had become the need of the times. He approached reverently this work, his aim being not to solve, but to study what was germinating in the mind and heart of man, and to "report and criticise." He said he wanted to be "a bringer of hope. Hope is a prolific mother of reform."

The message which he found to deliver was a joyous one. "I come with tidings of great joy," he wrote exultantly in his note-book. "The Coming Joy of Life," "The Coming Peace," "In the Year of Man, One," were some of the titles with which he headed his manuscript, revealing its vision of hope. Its first sentence told his faith: "Man is a creator and in his province is the creator and redeemer of himself and society." It was to a consciousness of this glorious destiny that man was now awaking. "A revelation of the godhood of man is upon us." The race, passing out of its childhood into its manhood, must now realise its own godhood. As the watchword of the passing era had been Evolution, that of the new was to be Creation. Man was not the creator, nor the creator of all; "but he is the greatest creator we know on earth." The mystery of the creator of all was unknowable. The very fact of pretending to solve this now would make a man ridiculous, he said. He rested in the faith that there are no real mysteries, only things we do not yet know. "We always arrive at a fact." He did not believe with Comte that humanity is God. "Humanity is not God, but the priesthood of God."

What this "whole" God is of which we are a part no one dare say. We shall never know, . . . but we can affirm,

and we will affirm that we are a part of it, and that we are every day creating and re-creating ourselves and this world in which we live. . . .

Of the Most High, the Lord of Hosts, the Almighty, the Father, the Saviour, the only face that man has seen, the only voice that man has heard, the only hand that man has touched, have been the face, the voice, the hand of man himself. Through man, Buddha, Moses, Confucius, Christ, Socrates, has every Holy Word been spoken.

You ask my religious belief. I don't know how better to answer that than to send you the . . . report of a lecture[1] I delivered. . . . There are one or two passages there which will indicate my position as clearly as I have thought it out. I put God and Man into one class, and draw no dividing line between them. This may mean nothing or too much to you, but it has gradually grown, and so far as I can tell, spontaneously, in me into a firm faith, and a very inspiring one.

The ideas of God, immortality, heaven, were, he believed, men's ideals, woven by their own hope, poetic anticipations of what man by his divine powers was to achieve. Man was thus creating God. His image was evolving, as man evolved, changing with our enlarging vision. The conception of the God of our fathers as it emanated from mankind under monarchs and despots was of a royal deity. The greatest religious need now was to abolish this King God, as our great political need had been to abolish the King man.

Upon this overpowering "God-will," men shifted the responsibility that lay upon their own creative will. Our partial emancipation from this idea by the doctrine of free will was now to be completed. The distance between God and man was to be abolished, and in this

[1] "The Scholar in Contemporary Practical Questions."

process democracy was to create its democratic God. Thus he believed that there was nowhere an all-good, all-wise God. Modern science had revealed to us that there was nowhere an anterior and complete body of truths nor ever will be, so he denied that there existed a perfect, omnipotent God. The presence of evil rendered impossible to his mind this dream. Evil he declared to be an intelligible and manageable fact, and defined it as the sum of the things not yet known, not yet done, the mistakes and shortcomings of the wills struggling to control. But although he believed that there was no such God as our fathers worshipped, he joyously reported that he saw everywhere in man and nature a god-like tendency, making, remaking, unmaking.

The actual God is the sum-total of matter and spirit, of aspiration and achievement; the God of the future is what this sum-total may be under progress.

The idea of the perfect, all-powerful God would, he thought, take its place as one of the greatest and most useful of the historic fictions, for under it men had been able to unite and work. Now was dawning through science and conscience the era when they would be able to unite in themselves.

The greatest evolution that is in progress is the evolution of mind. The most thrilling scene in the drama of creation is the transformation of matter into life and life into God. Pushing upward and outward through all the forms of nature is life, urging on all the variations of matter, from the mollusk to man, in perpetual aspiration to express itself better and better. The impulse shaping matter from within is itself limited, imprisoned by matter from without. It reaches intelligence. It passes on to conscious will. It

steps up to conscience. It begins to unite with other minds. It forms the public mind, the public conscience. It looks towards the stars, and plans the signals for Mars. The central mind which will direct all the universe, as the mind of man directs his body, is now being formed. God is growing. This universal consciousness we call God which sees all, feels all, knows all, does all, is now in process of development. It is becoming; not yet is. We have not carried evolution far enough. In its first reaction against an impossible God and against the absurdity of explaining the imperfect and incomplete creature and creation by a perfect and complete God, evolution would have been glad to abolish God altogether. But evolutionary thought now sees that God must be included in its scheme, but as a God that is evolving. Man is now making God. God is the sum-total of our ideals. Matter is God solid; God is matter loving.

To help awaken in man this inspiring faith, and to give hints of the joys, solutions, prizes it promised, was the main argument of the book he now undertook.

You stand at last revealed to yourselves [was its apostrophe to man]. The works of thousands of years have at last brought you out of the childhood into the manhood of the race. The youth now knows that he is to be a man—the man called Million, the Son of Man, the Man of Man, and his prime still lies before him!

All the marvels, splendours, conveniences, and tendernesses we call Progress are but a faint prophecy of the beauty and riches and love with which society will burst into bloom when its creator, man, begins to live his newfound faith, that his is the power and glory and his the praise.

This was the faith which now shed its radiance over Lloyd's outlook, revealing the peace that was to succeed

our present tragedies. As redeemer of himself, man was to paint beauty into the forms of all men, and to create greater and sweeter personalities than we have ever known. "There are coming greater and better lovers of men even than Christ, better and greater because he came and because they have absorbed him and passed on to still higher ground."

All the beauties and helps of the old-fashioned trust in God will some day reappear in a trust in man. Each of us will recognise that it is humanity which is the representation of the God he has been worshipping, praying to, loving, and trusting, and will transfer his loyalties and hopes to the really "living God", man, having eyes to see that this is he that will make him walk in green pastures and to lie down by still waters, that this is he who has not only said: "Come unto me all ye that labour and I will give you rest," —but has made the saying good in a thousand social institutions,—political, like the bankruptcy laws,—voluntary, like the charities and philanthropies. Then we will have a passion of love . . . for humanity, of an intensity of which a faint foretaste is given now by our love of an adored mother, and by the devotion of the heart of the people to their Washingtons, Lincolns, Grants, and other heroes.

He searched in Emerson and Mazzini, his great masters, to see whether they had foreseen the glory of this idea, which he now saw evolving. Mazzini with his strong creative inspiration himself lived this gospel of man, the creator, said Lloyd in his notes, but he failed either to interpret to himself its real meaning, or to philosophise it into a truth for revivifying in mankind a new God in place of its lost predestinating one. In Emerson, much more than in Mazzini, he saw flashes of the intuition. Both he declared led up to this land, but stopped short of entering it, or

of showing that they saw it other than as "a vague symbolical region of inspiration."

The idea of heaven, "the most popular of all the Utopias," was like that of God as well, a creation of man's mind, and open to change and criticism. It too must be brought to earth and democratised. Earth is a province of heaven, he said, and by daily celestial marches, an unending series of aspirations followed by attainments, it was in man's power to make it more and more of a heaven. As the far-off vision of the old religion, it had worked great good in keeping alive man's habit of hoping and praying, but the time had come for the dream to be interpreted and realised. One day his mother, who loved to dwell on the old visions as he upon the new, said persuasively: "Henry, here is something I want you to read about the millennium."

"Oh, no," he said, smiling and parrying the suggestion, "I have a little millennium of my own."

This also was his attitude toward "that aspect of heaven,"—immortality. It was, like the idea of equality, one of the primary intuitions of the soul. It was the word of an ideal, toward which men feel that they are working their way. "The eternal life is the life we are living here and now," he said. He often spoke of longing to live hundreds of years on this earth. One summer morning at Sakonnet a group were talking of the future life and asked him how long he would like to live. "A thousand years for my work," was his answer, "a thousand years for my friends, and a thousand years for the companionship of my books." I remember when on one of his last visits to his home his father read, in family worship, the words: "And the last enemy to be overcome shall be death," as we

rose from our knees how impressively he commented on the significance of that forecast.

His six notes on this subject reveal his uncertainty, even in guesses, for as "mere guesses" he described the dicta of this belief. "Whatever there may be to say about the immortalities," he wrote in 1885, "we cannot know. We must fit ourselves for the immortality we firmly have, that of the seed which leaves our body." In 1888 he questioned the impulse which made one long to wake again the same erring and imperfect creature that lay down; a higher and better impulse, he thought, would need only the inspiration of the collective immortality. Next he depicted all real life as eternal youth wherein the spirit was ever enlarging the dominion of its material form. Death or other accidents interrupting were the as yet imperfect powers of the undeveloped Man-God. Even our short memories could record the lengthening of this youth span. He believed that evolution was about to make one of its great leaps whereby the mystery of the dead souls would be unlocked, their power released, and immortal spiritual youth would be incarnate in perpetually youthful matter. He sometimes wondered whether immortality might not be individual as well as social, and physical as well as spiritual, whether it was a prize which all would win, and suggested that if the mind was the creator of the body it might in another stage of existence create for itself a better body, and soul recognise soul, through all the new investiture. With the assertion in 1892 that an impenetrable veil hid the future life from our view the subject is dropped, except for a statement of his belief that the only immortality which poets, seers, or state builders will achieve is through that part of their words

or works which have entered into the life of the common people.

In his work as creator, man, he said, is now to study the social forces with the same care that scientists have given to the material world. One of the greatest, apparently the original of them all, is love. It will be found to be governed by laws as calculable and invariable as those of mechanical application or chemical combination. It needs now to be brought down from its exalted position and shown to be of universal and ordinary application. A section of his book was given to a preliminary analysis of its qualities. One was that it develops wherever men are brought in contact. Today a new human contact is taking place, vaster than any the world has known, breaking up the surfaces of faith, tranquil for centuries, as nothing has done since the birth of Christianity. "Our time by all its signs manifestly approaches one of the great crises which have marked off history into eras." In the world of business and industry new international multitudes are coming together, and a union of all men is in progress. A new social love is thereby being generated and organised. The new union is the labour movement, and the new love is the great religious bond which it is in travail to create. None of the existing religions are co-extensive with this human union which is larger than the greatest society, church, or government. The religion thus being generated is the religion of labour. It is to be the voice of the people and not of a hidden God. It is not to deal with mysteries or the supernatural. One of the ideas to which it is to be consecrated is that the wealth which all produce, all must share. It is not to be in conflict with science, but a part of it. "The faith that moves mountains,"

he said characteristically, "is the faith that puts tunnels through them, and that levels obstructions with dynamite and steam-dredge." Its church is to be "a church of the deed, with love its religion, work its worship, humanity the congregation, and the golden rule its creed. . . . The Christ to-day is not the incarnation who is repeating the golden rule, but the incarnations who are living it." It is to develop a government without politics, a religion without a church. Thus all work for society from highest to lowest is to be illuminated by this moral aim, all workers are to be conscious worshippers.

> On some Labour Day a new spiritual revelation will descend on the congregation of the workers, which will revoke the ancient curse against labour, and in setting all to labour for others as they would that others should labour for them, will make labour free, fruitful, and reciprocal, and therefore the greatest of earthly blessings, the surest foundation of law and order, and the highest act of worship in the religion of love and the golden rule, making man the creator of a diviner life "on earth as it is in heaven."[1]

The new union must have a name and a flag, he said. It is so far along that it is waiting for a voice, for a fresh welling of love for men out of some inspired heart. The new religion is to be an expansion of Christianity. The special work of Christianity in asserting the brotherhood of humanity, was a revolution, but one intermediate to another. It was a theory expressed with a perfection never to be excelled, but which must now be put into practice. "This is the religion, the revolution that is now impending," he wrote in 1888. "It has begun and begun well." He

[1] *New York Journal*, Labour Day, September 6, 1898.

believed that Christ was the founder of modern democracy, that his religion was politics in embryo. Our task is now to apply it to the full circle of human association. He said that we must be ready to see truth, "even if Christ failed to see it," that Christ who himself declared that he had not told the whole truth would be the first one to wish to see his system improved and enlarged.

Were he here he would most earnestly implore us not to preach the better life, the hopes of Heaven, in impersonations of Christ. He would lament that thus the upspringing creative god-like capability of man should be . . . hidden from itself. Do not believe in me, he would say, as anything but one of you, and as an illustration of humanity.

It was enough for Christ to state his revolutionary doctrine of the spiritual equality of all men, and pay for it with his life. Bowing to the inevitable, he coupled it with an acceptance of the existing régime, and with a policy of resignation. He did this in order to be heard at all. Tens of centuries have been needed for the penetration of this idea. But we must be ready now, said Lloyd, to respond to a higher inspiration still which tells us not to be content with the ills of life.

The Christ that was, taught resignation to the ills of life, —hands must be kept off till heads had thought it all out clear and straight,—revolting from the lusts of the flesh of the great, he taught indifference to the body. The Christ that will be shall teach no submission; resistance to tyrants is obedience to God, everywhere, in industry just as much as in politics, in the factory, or mine, just as much as in the State House. The Christ that will be, revolted by the torture of the flesh of the weak by the strong, shall teach the highest care of the body, the temple of the spirit.[1]

[1] Note-book, 1888.

He wrote to a correspondent in 1897:

Christ seems to me of value only as a symbolical figure illustrating the possibilities of humanity; and I think the inspiration of the future will come from the vision to the people that there is in every one of them a possible Christ and an actual God.

And again:

We are acquiring the intellectual muscle to winnow the chaff from the universal and permanent beauties which the Christian legend has inherited and created, to interpret these and the aspirations of our progenitors that accepted them in terms of the everlasting religion, and to proceed to the delights and achievements, the meditations and deeds of a higher life, the self-conscious, creative use of the human will to do divine work.

The new religion is, he said, to save all men, to hold sacred the body, to ensure a sufficient reward to-day; its first work will be justice, and the grosser the injustice the more material and physical will be its work until the wrong is righted. It is to achieve peace in industry and politics, which is the great aspiration and the great need of the people. It is to attack the worst infidelity of all, the disbelief of the people in their own creative powers; the worst atheism, that the ideas of God and Christianity need not prevail in the world of industry.

The new era is ushering itself in by a new religion, and that religion is not to be the Christian religion—but an expansion of it. The use of the Christian religion as the standard of the new movement is not leadership but reaction, religious reaction, and a tactical mistake. It infallibly breeds controversies, heresy hunts, troubles. The

men who say Lord, Lord, most loudly are the very men wanted least. There will be only one form of worship in the new religion—work. But one form of prayer—aspiration. There will not be one dividing line—neither of creed, nationality, property, or anything else. Man is slowly being revealed to himself. The word the world waits for to-day will come from those who can disclose to humanity that the perfections it has been attributing to its gods are sparks struck out of the goodnesses it feels stirring within itself. Mankind struggling up out of the mud has not dared to think of itself as the nebula in which was contained shining star stuff. But it is coming to feel that it does not need to be divine by proxy any longer.

Men are weary of being exhorted to love one another, he said. Their need now is for leaders who will prove to them that they are already doing so, who will in plain terms and concrete facts convince them that love is already the creative force underlying their institutions. "Over and over again let us tell men that it is love by which they live to-day in every association which has made life together practical and profitable."

Humanity! You do love! You have established self-sacrifice as the law of life together! You have proved it to be the saving of the life, not the losing of it. You have founded the new school of political economy of service for service; the new church where all are the Father, the Creator, the Redeemer; in which every son of man is the Son of God, and where the Son of Man is born again every day.

This heritage of hope which he was planning to bequeath to his generation was not woven from joy. In rare moments came revealing glimpses of anguish not guessed by those who saw in his gracious, mirthful personality only the man who dealt with the practical

problems of the day. Upon such a soul as his, and such a creed, man's destiny laid a heavy hand of responsibility. In the deep melancholy and discouragement which sometimes visited him, he had not the consolation of feeling that a higher power was directing human destinies. "I would give everything I possess in the world," he said, "if I could believe in the guidance of a heavenly father." But "the propulsive, far-thrown soul" of his youth was ever urging him onward. Out of his own travail he has helped to create a hope for mankind, out of his longings woven prophecies of joy. Nowhere does his love of man more clearly shine than in this manuscript. It is pervaded by a far-reaching gentleness as of one brooding tenderly over humanity's problems and striving to shed over our coming struggles the light of a peace beyond. Over the din of our industrial battles, it rings its note of hope; it radiates strength and joy. It tells us that we need not destroy, but merely continue in our present line of progress. It points out that we are even now beautiful in ways we dreamed not of. It turns the commercial scowl into a smile of fellowship, declaring that the world has outgrown hatred, transforms the terror of sacrifice into the joy of service, and makes clear the exaltation of martyrdom. Before it our limitations dwindle, for ours is the strength of all strengths, ours the infinite variety of all powers.

> Now we know that war, slavery, tyranny, poverty, disease are doomed. Every foot bruises their heads. We know that if we see misery it is because we are looking back. Looking forward we see the certainties of myriads of joys.

Thus between the two stages of his work, Lloyd paused, and looking with clear gaze backward over the

ages and as far ahead as he could see, wrote down the truth as he saw it.

The manuscript was not finished. In the main, it consists of the study of the social force, love; of the godhood of man; of the new universal religion of labour; of the coming peace which labour is to achieve. In the latter section he first elaborates the idea that we are to "supersede politics by education," and prefigures our escape from the evils of our present politics by an education which will fit all citizens for the service of the state and for all other social service. Very exalted is his interpretation of art as a province of the creative realm. "Art is nature creating itself." The artist prefigures in pigments or cadences what humanity is to accomplish in living materials, and by his ideal presentations keeps us from heartbreaks over the failures of the actual performance. "The highest of the arts to which we may look forward is this art of the creation of a new man by himself."

It is perhaps too soon to measure the real value of this manuscript, usually called by him "the MS. of 1896." It reveals an exalted mind, and contains truth of divine radiance, none the less profound because simply expressed. Having finished the first draft, he locked it in his Winnetka safe, and drew a memorandum recommending that in case of his death a friend should edit and publish a collection of paragraphs from this and from his notes—"the whole seeking to indicate that theory of the creative function of man which is glanced at in the sentence[1]: 'If God should stop at perfection, man would pass him by.'" He was to recur to it as to a congenial task in tranquil moments of crea-

[1] From the Commencement address at Iowa College, "The Scholar in Contemporary Practical Questions," 1895.

tive energy. In the meantime he took upon himself more humble labours. Lloyd seldom told the whole truth as he saw it. He will usually be found saying that phase or that part of it which the practical need of the time and place demanded. The duty before us to-day, he said, is to study not as poet, prophet, or priest, but as prosaic, scientific investigator—"not a task in which glory can be won or great philosophic renown achieved, but it is one in which great service may be rendered the cause of the emancipation of mankind." Thus postponing "the luxury of dreaming," he turned to work in the laboratory of society.

Labour is the universal religion; it has its moments of exaltation, but not less religious are the daily recurring hours of drudgery and routine.

CHAPTER XVI

"THE MONEY OF THE NEW CONSCIENCE"

AN immediate need was that the people apply their creative energy to the money side of the social problem.

This Free Silver movement [Mr. Lloyd wrote to a correspondent, in 1896] has convinced me that the people do not begin to understand the money question. The Greenback movement, though nearer mere monetary truth than the Silver one, failed and I think deservedly for this reason. It did not see that as money is only an intermediary, the money question is only an intermediary one. We shall have a true money only when we have one produced in connection with a positive and creative programme of social reconstruction. Men must be emancipated for the reciprocal life of service for service, and these services must have their medium of reciprocity or exchange. The failure of all our past agitations on tariff, land, transportation, trusts, labour, and capital indicates strongly that the body of reform thought has not yet been completed. There is still a missing link in the chain of principles. The philosophy of the people has not yet been thought out. To suppose that any scheme for the enfranchisement of life could command the moral and intellectual forces necessary for its success while so important a part of the problem as the creation of the services and their medium of reciprocation was not ready to be solved by a considerable number of the

reform party, is to suppose the impossible. The revolution now in progress is not a little one. It is nothing less important than the genesis of a new era, as great a landmark in history as the Christian era. It will move slowly until the leaders of the party are in possession of a definite and symmetrical body of truths, in which they can drill their followers so that these will have a common standard by which they can act together without leaders.

He began to study the money question more profoundly than ever before. His financial editorials written for the *Chicago Tribune* in 1878–'9, advocating the free coinage of silver, were now used in the Populist campaign as arguments against the "gold-bug" editorials of that paper. He was as keenly searching for truth as then. He was reading a score of financial authorities, especially Jevons and Colwell. He was greatly impressed by the Guernsey Market House Plan of Payments, as described in a pamphlet under that title by Albert Kimsey Owen.

His constructive thought he gave out under the title *The Money of the New Conscience.* It filled his letters and addresses. In the manuscript of the speech undelivered at the St. Louis convention, he had picturesquely expressed his belief in a currency redeemable not in gold alone,—"the solidified gall of greed and injustice,"—nor in gold and silver, but in all the products of human labour; not "a greenback," he said, but "a red, white, and blue back." It formed the subject of his address before the Social and Economic Conference held at Chicago Commons and Hull House, December 7–12, 1896. No copy has been found of this address. Jane Addams said she had never heard a finer one. All that remains is a fragment mercilessly ridiculed by the press, in which he said that an adequate

money reform would go far to employ the idle labour of the world:

> And if the idle labour of the world could be employed,—if the idle soldiers of the world could be set to work, and if all the other idlers could be turned from their idleness, we could do anything in the world that we wanted to do. The first year, we could take the women and children out of the shops and factories and send them home, to stay home. The second year, we could buy up all the monopolies, and begin to administer them for the benefit of the people. The third we could rebuild the slums in all the cities of the world. The fourth year we could give to every child the beginnings of an education which could go on to college and university. The fifth year, by applying labour adequately to cleanliness and isolation and proper nursing, we could abolish all the contagious diseases. The sixth year, we could pay all the national debts of the world. And the seventh year,—and the seventh year [he cried, with rising emphasis and eagerness] the seventh year we could do what we are told the Creator of the Universe did after his six days of labour of creation. We could rest and look upon our work and behold that it was good.[1]

So serious seemed the people's lack of understanding and the consequent wreck just witnessed of a splendid advance movement that he decided to write a book on the vital subject of money. As a science of debt payable on demand, of property able to be instantly cashed, it was a science of society at its most sensitive, complicated, and critical point. "A disorder there is like one in the head or the heart of man." He did not agree with Gladstone that the surest way to the madhouse was the study of the currency question; but he believed it had been made difficult by a befuddled

[1] From the sympathetic report of Mr. Lloyd's address in *Chicago Commons*, December, 1896.

presentation. In 1882 he had said in the *Atlantic Monthly* that a new book on money was needed which should generalise its facts "in terms intelligible to common people, business men, other economists—and the author." He accordingly began to write what he hoped to make a clear, basic treatment, such as laymen could understand, one written from the standpoint of the people and not of the financiers.

> The people may rest assured of one thing: they will never have a currency which will be for the people until it is of the people. Not until they have mastered the work which currency must do and the principles on which it should be provided, will there be a good money—good morally and economically. As long as the supply of currency is left to "God," it will be like the other work of inferior nature, the sport of accident, and mistake, and the product of the grosser "laws" of matter and force. Not until it is taken in hand by the highest will that has to do with social affairs —the will of conscious and conscientious man—will it rise in its development above the slow and torturing evolution by which the lower forms of life have been evolved. Its perfect social development will not come until it has been brought under the jurisdiction of the people,—when there comes to be such a body. As long as the forms and uses of money are fixed by individuals or classes so long will these have a class and sinister purpose and effect.

He wrote in 1897 to Professor Richard T. Ely, whom he often consulted as one "wise and experienced, wholly on the side of the people":

> I am greatly your debtor for your remarks about my utterances on the money question and shall make them the subject of prayerful consideration. What you wrote to me with regard to the silver question was of very great use, and I will get out of this all that I can. Let me say,

however, with equal frankness, that my present impressions are that, without a thorough understanding of the money question, the labour question, the monopoly question, the social question can never be settled; and I believe the money institutions of society to be as crude and as cruel as any other of the economic institutions, and that they have been as thoroughly usurped to the benefit of the few as the other forms of industrial control. I think that instead of the money question being dropped it has got to be brought forward and kept to the fore as an indispensable part of the social program. . . . I will send you my reply to a recent editorial in the *Evening Post.* . . . The position I take in my addresses is that the great mistake made by the Greenbackers and the Free-Silver men was in holding that there could be a social reform brought about by money reform alone; and to illustrate the futility of this idea, I show that if every man, woman, and child in the United States was given to-morrow morning a million dollars in standard gold coin, this money before the end of a few years, if our present institutions of monopoly and our present methods of competition and concentration were left undisturbed, would have been all absorbed by our trusts and monopolies. . . .

The high purpose of his book is best stated by himself:

The purpose of *The Money of the New Conscience* is not only to make people believe that they are far enough along in their moral development to have a better money than gold or silver, but also to enable them to see that great wealth will be the reward of their cultivation of the moral qualities which will qualify them to adopt this better money. *The Money of the New Conscience* is in fact written from the point of view of the highest science of all—that which not only tells men what is but what ought to be, not only what they are but what they ought to be. It is a work of moral science, but of moral science applied to the

definite task of helping men to grow rich. The wealth it spurs men on to is riches in which none grow poor for the aggrandisement of others—the only wealth that cannot be lost or stolen.

Thus he confessed at once that his treatise was to be a mixture of ethics and economics, for there lay the heart of the question, namely, that money was an institution which took its form from the moral qualities of the people. If they could trust each other, their money would show it. The growing ideality and unity which was pressing for embodiment in all other branches of our economic structure must appear in our money as well. It demanded not merely that we use well what we have, but that we create a better form.

From the standpoint, then, of ethics and of man as a conscious creator of society, he surveyed in detail our present financial system. He wished to recall men from the paralysing attitude of the political economists who, not yet imbued with the new spirit of evolution, would have them leave their money to the supposed unerring beneficence of "natural laws." He appealed to them to win, by their own creative interference, another step upward in the question of the means of exchange. The greatest obstacle in the path was "the specie superstition." To the folly and harm of this he devoted a large part of the manuscript. As to whether money could properly be made out of other things than gold, he said that question had been answered in the affirmative by the practices of financial men. There were only two points left in controversy,—was gold a measure of value, and must currency be redeemable in gold? When we had emancipated ourselves from the idea that gold was a measure of value and was itself

practically unchangeable in value, he said we would be free to see that all commodities and services are measurable only at the bar of social opinion; that value is an ever-changing relation between two objects, and its fixation a department of public opinion and one of the most complicated processes of the social mind; we would see it as a composite of the opinions of all, changing with every different mind, and with every new condition of supply and demand. We would then realise that the material gold on which the verdict of value is written is of no more consequence, so far as the value is concerned, than the material on which any other law is written. Like a child being taught to trust its legs, the world now needed to learn that gold had been a symbol, an illustration in trade.

The next great step in monetary science and in social science will be taken when a people comes that is able to generalise the idea that shines out of the gold, and see that it is as unnecessary for an enlightened people to use gold to express and exchange values as to have idols to personify the gods, or gods to personify the virtues of man.

He believed that it would be a great help in clarifying the people's comprehension that there is no longer any need of gold as a basis of money, if the names of the money of account—that is, the money which people used in their trading, their talk, their bookkeeping—did not correspond with the names of the coins. He became convinced of the truth of Colwell's demonstration that when gold and silver coin are referred to in trade, it is not as gold and silver coins in reality, but only as denominations in the money of account. The dollar coin means a certain quantity of gold, the "dollar" in trade has in reality no refer-

ence to the coin; the coin is not used as a measure or standard. It costs, said Lloyd, a severe mental effort to realise that, as Colwell says, when the coins are actually employed in trade their value is as necessary to be stated in money of account as any other article. If the names were made to differ, Lloyd said that there would be removed the main obstacle to the people's seeing that gold was not the standard of value and that it was not necessary to go on with the so-called gold basis. A practical way, he suggested in a note, might be to coin gold only in eagles and double eagles and call them only by those names, and coin no silver larger than a half dollar. Social experience furnishes many proofs that people could trade on the greatest scale with no coins corresponding to the money of account. If the precious metals were demonetised entirely and performed their financial functions everywhere as they do now in international trade, by weight and commodity value, the public mind would be emancipated from its confusion. By having the names the same, it came about that every change in the value of the pieces of metal caused by such influences as, for instance, the discovery of new mines, produced a change in the value of the people's units of calculation. The fluctuations of gold, instead of affecting gold as a commodity, affected all values in the market by its special relation to the word "dollar." That one commodity should thus violently and suddenly affect all market calculations was unreasonable and unnecessary.

As to the system of the gold basis for the payment of debts inaugurated by "the pioneer of modern banking, the Bank of England," and slavishly imitated by America, he outlined exhaustively its defects.

The bank act of 1844 made the unpardonable mistake of

causing the circulation of paper money to fluctuate with the amount of gold and silver on hand. This system put the cart before the horse by making the amount of industry dependent upon the volume of the currency, whereas the true system is the opposite—the graduation of the amount of the currency according to the value of the productive industry of the country. This system has been the parent of panics.[1]

As it had long since become evident that there was not gold enough even for the reserves, this promise, impossible of fulfilment, was keeping the world on the nervous edge of panics and bringing the misfortunes attendant upon all lies. It was making of the financial system "a pyramid on its apex, with the rich men of the world sitting in deluded safety on its upturned base and the poor men . . . —working men, traders, farmers, borrowers—trying to hold up its ever-threatening mass of instability. Every few years it topples over and its victims are those on the top as well as those underneath."

. . . Once let the banks abandon the impossible and irrational and revolutionary scheme of the promise to pay on demand and to make this payment in gold, and let the people who want gold get gold, as those who want wheat get wheat, and the financial situation will be for ever cleared of one great cause of its present instability.

The credits and the life of the business world were now sacrificed to a demand for specie. A class had arisen who were able to command the gold and to reap the harvest which comes with its appreciation. In time of stringency they were able to sweep in the people's property.

[1] *Chicago Chronicle*, January 10, 1897.

> Given a system of industry which has expanded far beyond any adequate support in gold, and a system of monopoly which gives a few the power to dictate to the people what they shall pay and how many obligations they shall have saddled on them . . . and the result must be the absorption of the property of the people by these monopolists and money claim holders.

One of these instances against which he protested loudly was the recent government bond issues of the years 1893–95, in President Cleveland's administration, a deliberate manipulation, he said, of the supply of gold by the financial class. By this there were made in time of peace three additions to the funded debt in about two years. The bankers, acting on the prevailing morals of self-interest alone, unchecked by a social conscience, had used even the national government for their private gain. Having forced a contraction of the currency, they then brought about the issuance of fifty millions of government bonds which were privately sold to them on their own terms. When, to cover a scandal, the last bond issue was thrown open to the "public" and prated of as a "people's affair," it simmered down to only seventy-seven people holding bonds under $1000, all the other holders being big "gold bugs." In public and private he branded this deal and wrote an article about it in the *Investors' Review* of London, April, 1896. He said that nothing of a greater all-round significance had happened in America for years, and as an example of successful marauding it would be certain to have many imitators.

Future ages, he said, would hold among their chief curiosities of dead superstitions the opinions and institutions of the specie money men. The fact that the small amount of money used in ordinary business

is emphasised by the very men who are so sedulously accumulating gold claims against the public should be easily interpreted, he said, by a shrewd community. "A people not shrewd enough to interpret such a fact is not shrewd enough to keep its liberties."

Besides his critical analysis of the specie basis, he thought deeply over the credit system and the constructive side of the problem. In our dilemma, he said in his manuscript, we are driven to monetary invention. The great need of the industrial world is more credit, and always more credit. For this the vast new energies of mankind are clamouring. If the financiers of the world should prove themselves wise enough to realise that the democratic expansion of credit can not be arrested except at the cost of universal ruin, especially to themselves, and if they should adopt a moderate policy, he believed it would be possible to pass into a system of democratised finance by evolutionary methods, and the change be made almost insensibly. As it is, he said, they are likely to lose their money by the same recoil which will abolish the institution of money altogether.

> The government of America [he said in an English newspaper at this time] is run by the great business men, and they will never permit the gold standard to be disturbed.

To extricate ourselves would not, in his opinion, necessitate repudiation. He believed that a self-governing people should stand by their "bad bargains." While admitting the uses of gold in the past, he believed that the time had come in the evolution of industry when it, like silver, should be demonetised. As a result existing gold contracts need not be interfered with, but could be enforced. Even government bonds could

be either refunded, or paid in an amount of the ideal paper which would purchase the needed amount of gold, or a special coinage might be made of sufficient amount for the payment of interest. Only money issued for gold or silver, or that issued with the promise of redemption in gold or silver, could demand such redemption. But no more such money, he said, should be issued. We have not bargained away our right to coin money. We can make all our other trade purchases, pay all our other debts in other money. The inevitable conclusion is, he said, that the people should do their ciphering in an ideal unit; that therefore one of the first things to be learned in regard to the money question is that money is the least important part of it. Credit is the real means of exchange.

The change to a system of non-payment in full in cash on demand, and of non-redemption in gold by the banks could be easily made through the clearing houses. Let the clearing house organisation be so extended that every check issued by a bank will be for all purposes of security as good as a certified check. This can be achieved by a system of insurance, perhaps, or by a system of deposit at Washington by all national banks to secure depositors as they now secure note-holders. That the banks can abundantly protect against poor bankers is placed out of the realm of controversy by the celerity and thoroughness and timeliness with which the Chicago banks dispatched the Illinois National Bank to the unhappy hunting grounds to which bad bankers go. This insurance will go to the extent only of making every check good, not for cash (gold) on demand, but receivable by any clearing house bank at its face in the payment of debts due there. No depositor under this system would have the right to go to his bank and draw out his deposits in gold. He would have no desire to do this under ordinary circumstances, and in

extraordinary circumstances his desire is due only to the knowledge that he has no real security even in the case of the strongest banks. Under the proposed plan he would know that his security was security. The depositor's claim on the bank would be simply that, having received debts from him that were due him by others, it should hold itself in readiness to pay his debts when he issued his checks therefor. The use of money—legal tender money—would then be restricted to the payment of balances at the clearing house by the debtor banks, and this could again be economised by the permanent use of clearing house certificates. The movement of funds between the clearing house cities could be economised by the adoption of inter-clearing house clearings. The telegraph could every day—or the telephone—gather up the particulars of the amounts required for remittance between the principal cities. If New York clearing house banks during the day received applications for their customers for $10,000,000 of drafts on other cities, and in these cities, on the other hand, during the same day drafts were asked for on New York to the amount of $10,000,000, it is evident that not a dollar in coin or paper need leave the city. All that would be required would be that the drafts be made clearable through some inter-city clearing house, which might be in New York, and only balances of coin or paper remitted to the cities upon which more was drawn than they were to receive. This inter-city clearing house might in its turn adopt the clearing house certificate method of paying balances, and the payment between different cities be made by the transfer of entries on the central books of credits in the Venetian way.

Liquidation or exchange of credit, instead of redemption, was, he believed, the next great step in banking and currency. If ultimate liquidation was assured and if, in the interim before payment, the banks of the government were put under a penalty such as

paying interest, there would no longer be any reason for runs. Another great advance would be in the universalisation of banking knowledge and facilities. The extension of credit thereby to vastly larger fields would economise money, and spread those economic and moral virtues which attend a credit system. As none of the existing institutions of finance were yet the creation of the whole people, they must, like all other social forms, be attacked and remodelled until they became so. In regard to possible forms of credit money in the future he was as always cautious and evolutionary.

I have no theory [he said in an interview[1]], no new kind of money to propose. But as a student of events I have my ideas of the tendency of monetary systems as they exist to-day, and am endeavouring to suggest remedies for evils whose existence or imminence all close observers must admit.

He said that we could see the germs of the future currency in the devices already used in the financial and commercial world to make good the shortage in our metallic money. Such was the coinage of commodities in time of stringency. In his writings at this time he advocated the extension of this idea and described the various successful forms it had taken, such as Franklin's plan of the coinage of land in Pennsylvania 1720–1770; the system by which the people of Guernsey built their market house when the authorities issued paper notes of £1 each in return for labour and material needed, which were made receivable for rent in the stalls of the market; the sub-treasury scheme of the Western farmers whereby it was proposed that

[1] *Chicago Daily Chronicle*, January 10, 1897.

the government loan the farmers a certain proportion of the value of their produce stored as security in government warehouses, similar to the plan for many years practised in Russia. But he especially advocated the extension of clearing house certificates from a temporary to a permanent use. The more he considered this plan, the more promising it became, and he was gratified to find later that the banker, Theodore Gilman,[1] had independently reached the same conclusion. His estimate of the plan is shown in the following letter, one of a series, to Mr. Gilman, July 15, 1899:

I . . . find . . . a marked copy of *Sound Money* and some clippings from the *New York Tribune* on your clearing house currency plan. . . .

You have, I think, in your plan made the most important contribution to practical finance that has been proposed by any financial writer of modern times, and I hope that you intend to carry on a vigorous agitation of this question. I believe that its importance appears to me even greater than it does to yourself, for I see vast social results to follow the broadening of the basis of credit that you propose. For one thing, it would operate powerfully and beneficently to arrest one of the strongest forces now at work in the concentration of wealth in this country. Also, if the United States can adopt this credit-creating invention it will result in the transfer of the financial supremacy of the world from London to New York. The present financial system of Great Britain is a mere bad weather breeder. . . .

If you have issued any other matter than that which I have received on this subject I shall be very glad to get it. I think I wrote to you in my previous letter that I had myself proposed the same kind of currency in several public addresses in Boston and Chicago before the appearance of

[1] Author of *A Graded Banking System, Federal Clearing Houses, The Philosophy of the History of Currency in the United States.*

your book. But I gladly give you, with your practical command of the question, the credit of having been the first to put it in a proper shape before the public.

It is claimed [he said, advocating the plan in 1897[1]] that the system I propose would create an army of federal office-holders. I do not regard this as an evil. It is time the government gave something to the people instead of lavishing its bounty upon the monopolists. We have had too many exhibitions of favouritism toward the class that seeks to control all commerce and to dictate to labour. Give the poor man a chance, even though it might multiply the number of office-holders. One thing is certain: if the present monetary system based only on gold is continued, it will result in a rapid succession of panics. It is the part of a wise people to read the signs of the times and adopt in advance such means as will give them comfort, happiness, and independence.

In regard to a new currency, he believed (1897) that it should be issued by the government as return service for service rendered, and that in justice to existing interests it should be issued only on new wealth. Through the government the people could co-operate to build public works which could serve as a basis for the issue of currency.

If the United States had never parted with its ownership of the coal mines, oil wells, etc., it could now undertake public works to the extent of the currency it could put out, which would be absorbed by those who wanted to buy coal, oil, etc., or to lease the rights to operate these natural resources. It could construct railroads, paying for labour and material by Treasury notes which would be receivable for fares and freights of the railroads or any other debt due the government. . . .

[1] *Chicago Chronicle*, January 10, 1897.

A government gives out its paper money for the materials with which to run the government. It receives it back in payment for the services of the government. The materials (including the work of the officials and suppliers, etc.) are compounded into the substance of the government. What the government receives and what it gives back are but different forms of the same thing. The government paper money is therefore redeemed in precisely the same thing for which it was issued. What the government gets from its citizens for its paper is what it gives them for it when they pay it back into the Treasury. The *giro* [circle] is complete and absolute justice has been done to all. How narrow and pedagogic seem the insistences that gold shall be the only means by which services shall be passed from man to man when so simple and honest and democratic a means as this is at hand, and one which has been used so successfully.[1]

While much of the hard times of the last panics was due, he said, to the limitation of credits by the limitation of the specie system, a great reason lay in the inability of the people to buy. The most important aspect of the money problem was its relation to the entire social programme. The real evil was monopoly, and money was one of the fields in which it worked. This field was in general the exclusive right given to the Bank of England and the United States national banks to issue notes against government bonds, and the right of holders of the product gold to have it coined into money to the denial of a similar right to all producers of things that have a market acceptability. No matter how ideal we might succeed in making our money it would, if a monopolised industry continued, inevitably flow into the coffers of the monopolists, and

[1] *The Money of the New Conscience*, 1896.

serve still further to advance the concentration of wealth. A view ahead, and not a very long one, indicated that we must break down the monopolies. Indeed, great mischief might result from the introduction of an ideal money unless accompanied by a social programme of industrial equality and self-governing ability.

We want a good money system, but quite as much and precisely at the same time we want other things that will give the farmer and working man self-rule; to give dependent men the ability to cash themselves and their property to those who have the power to fix the prices of what they buy and what they sell, means only that it quickens the sale of their liberty and independence.

The bankers, he said, were in the position of the other owners of the machinery of industry: they were the masters of all who must use that machinery. Thus it was necessary to take away the obstacles of privilege and monopoly, and to bring it about that all have property and, having it, that they have an adequate system of money to make exchange quick, easy and just. The essential thing was that the people have a well understood unit of calculation, and that in the issue of its representatives there be no fraud or ignorance or chance. The state could not attempt to regulate values against either appreciation or depreciation.

As a money potency lies in every marketable commodity—with the worker it is life itself—the currency question is one of finding means to bring that power into action for all. "How can we give to every producer of commodities, in addition to the right of selling his products, the right of receiving credit for them if he thinks it best for his interest not to sell?" The credit must be one that would be universally acceptable and

could be achieved only by a more unified society than our present one. In its essence, therefore, the problem is one of bringing the people together in a new bond of union. Such a society could use its co-operative possibilities to find means of giving every one the opportunity to acquire property, and upon it to get money.

. . . A scheme of labour, a better political economy, a plan of co-operation, individual, national, and international, a programme of a national mission for the development of our material resources, and our spiritual natures, and for succour of the needs of the life of other nations—this is nine tenths of the problem of the money of the new conscience. The mechanics of the money question have long been settled by the experience of the world. We need for our guidance only to generalise the experience and devices of the past five hundred years, from the Bank of Amsterdam to the clearing house certificates of New York, and the Russian system of advances à la sub-treasury scheme to the farmers on the security of their wheat. These and other successful contrivances to effect the reciprocities of industry have tested every feature needed for a currency that shall, without privilege to any, give to all the opportunity of producing for their fellows and the means for exchanging with them what they have produced. It is not necessary to invent anything new. All that is wanted is that the common mind shall gather into one view the lessons of the efforts of the past, and put them into practice. New details will always be suggesting themselves, of course, as is still the case with the steam engine, but the main work of inventing the currency of the people has been done. What is wanted now is that the people shall put together the still disconnected results of these demonstrations, and still more that they shall set themselves to use this perfected piece of social and industrial machinery with a lofty intelligence

and that real self-interest which has found out that each one is best taken care of when each works for the other.

His notes indicate certain monetary changes which he considered possible:

Agreement money in every circle—local, social, industrial, political—where the people know each other so well they can use agreement money.

Use of representatives for gold—bullion certificates—even in international trade settlements.

Abolition of the payment of deposits in full in cash on demand.

Interconvertibility of national bonds and national currency.

The multiple standard for deferred payments.

All government disbursements, national, state, city, etc., to be made in legal tender money issued to the amount of the taxation and to be redeemed only in being received in payment of taxes.

Discontinuance of all coinage of gold in terms of the money denominations in common use—in the money of account.

Abolition of all laws fixing the proportion of reserves to be kept by bankers.

Abolition of all legal tender laws.

Coinage of all commodities of general marketability at average valuations where associations are existent that can guarantee the government as the national banks guarantee their bank note circulation.

As a better money is a question of mutual confidence, he believed that the change to a more ideal form would first be domestic, then international, until under the larger bond of the "internation," there would be created an international money. Therefore, his programme started with his city:

If Chicago could be induced to adopt a financial system which should make bank failures for ever impossible, and relieve the business men of the terrors of bank contraction and the oppression of the money lenders, and by municipal ownership, etc., give productive employment to every competent man and woman, Chicago would become the financial, industrial, social, and moral mistress of the world. Is this impossible?

He sketched in his notes a general path:

Establish Chicago first, and if possible the whole country, as an area within which bank failures and panics of the present sort are impossible, or at least very much less frequent and severe than now.

This to be done by:

First,—the demonetisation of gold and silver;

Second,—the abolition of cash redemption on demand by the banks; and,

Third,—the invention of a system for giving credit efficiency to all property (implying money as well as inferior forms of credit);

Fourth,—the abolition of monopolies so that all citizens may have the chance to become the owners of property.

Next, let the whole people unite in their government in a general policy of marketing their great products wanted abroad on the principle of the living wage, that the producer must have from those to whom he brings the means of life and of industry a return that will give him also the means of a full life.

Let the adoption of this policy be consciously and determinately not for the purposes of national aggrandisement and selfishness but for putting into the hands of the American people resources which will be a war chest for a salvation army campaign, for the conversion of all other peoples to accepting a similar policy for themselves.

We want crusades again, and again religious wars and

conquests, but all of peace and all for proselyting mankind to the religion of Man the Redeemer.

Only with such an ideal could the overshadowing discipline and the resistless power of a great government socialised be endurable. But with such an ideal put with fair faithfulness into practice, what compensations would there not be for the subjection of the individual to the will of the commonalty and the welfare of others? To share the insurance of such co-operation, and to be consciously one of the creative wills in so glorious a programme, would lift the citizen to a safety and a wealth and a dignity and a happiness now unknown even in dreams.

The manuscript of the book which was to embody these ideas is unfinished. That he placed some virtue upon it is shown by his filing instructions for its publication. He intended to re-write it. Meanwhile he continued the study. He corresponded with Henry W. Wolff of England, with whose advocacy of People's Banks, or, as he called them, "co-operative credit societies," he was strongly in accord. He believed that this subject was destined in the near future to assume gigantic importance in the United States. Unfortunately, he never re-wrote the book. Perhaps his reason is shown in the last paragraph of his letter to Professor Frank Parsons in 1898:

. . . You ask my opinion about the multiple standard. I have never been able to see any flaw in Jevons's argument; and Walker, I think, too, supports it, that in this way the injustice which now operates in long-deferred payments could be avoided. Of course, the essential fault in all this matter is that some men are able to wait indefinitely for repayment, while the vast mass can accumulate nothing. The fortunate few can wait the thirty years of the government bond; the many cannot wait a day.

If there were a commune in which all men lived up to their duty and produced according to their ability to produce, and thereby won the right to consume according to their ability to consume, the question of the appreciation of gold would be of no importance. There would be no debt grip on the million by the millionaire.

I do not suppose that even the multiple standard, in any application of it which is feasible, could prevent some appreciation accruing to the benefit of the man who can wait. That man's saving for investment of, say, $1000 to-day with which he can buy the right to claim $1000 thirty years from to-day, represents now, we will say, one ten-millionth part of the wealth of society. When the day of repayment comes thirty years from now society will have grown so indefinitely richer on all sides that his claim of the ten-millionth part brings him back many times more than he gave. I apprehend that even with the multiple standard making his claim of thirty years from to-day not one of gold alone but one of iron, wheat, and a dozen other commodities, the wealth of society in other directions would have increased so rapidly that he would still be able to claim the repayment of a very largely enhanced share of the social value then existing.

Therefore, I look more to the abolition of monopoly as a remedy than to currency reform. But, understand, I am also in favour of currency reform; because in the currency is also one of the heads of our hydra. . . .

His last letter on the subject, written to James W. Scott of Seattle (1902), reaffirms his earlier position:

I have received your letter of February 1st, and the circular letter with regard to the issue of a currency for the construction of the inter-oceanic canal.

I regard this plan as thoroughly sound in law, morals, and political economy. The currency would be given for services and received for services. The transaction would

take place at the market value of the services at the time of the transaction on each side. If there were any gain it would be given, as it ought to be, to the whole people, if there were any loss it would be shared, as it ought to be, by the whole people; but there would be and could be no loss. The currency would be redeemed in that in which it was issued—services. It need not be redeemed in gold because it was not issued for gold. There would be no violation of the economic laws of the standard of value because there is no standard of value for commodities, except the market value of each commodity at the time of each transaction.

This would be a currency which would expand and contract with the volume of the trade concerned—the only wholesome law of currency. It would be a true circulation for it would return when its work was done to the point at which it had begun. Its redemption would be a true redemption for it would be redeemed in that for which it was sent out. It would be taken back for that for which it was given. It would be a true legal tender and, if the moral sense of the people were properly developed, it would need no law to make it a legal tender. Having been issued by all the people for services rendered to all the people, it is the obligation of all the people and should be taken by all or by any. For any to refuse to use it would be real repudiation. Such a currency is the best currency and therefore could be issued and maintained only by the best kind of people, only a people so honest that no suspicion of over-issue, of jobbery, or of repudiation could arise; only a people so intelligent that they are certain to make no gross blunder in their business calculations; only a people who understand the true standards of tender and value and the movement of prices, could issue such a currency without disaster. I do not see why the Americans are not such a people. I believe they can make the issue of such a currency a success,—or if they do not, such a people will surely some day arise and show the world that these are the real principles of money.

A currency is ideal which originates in services which are themselves reproductive of services which will redeem the currency. This canal currency would be a perfect example of economic reciprocity, which the working of all currency should be.

I have expressed myself rather fully on the subject because it is one which is of very great interest to me, but I suppose that there is no hope whatever that anything so simple and democratic and so conducive to the public good can be secured from Congress. It is at this point of the art and science of currency that our reformers are most weak, and it is at this point that even our most advanced commonwealths, brave in other reform enterprises, still halt. Switzerland and New Zealand, for instance, are leading the world in political and economic reforms, but in neither of them is there even a glimmer of any solution of this problem of money, and unless they can move forward to this point they are certain, sooner or later, to see their whole structure collapse.

Thus, here again, working through the facts of finance, Lloyd found himself on the broad road to democracy; again pressing forward in the light of ethics to social love. In his grasp of this subject he revealed himself again as a scientist and philosopher who could see through the technical the shimmer of the ideal. Searching for the spirit of the science of money he pronounced it "a service for a service," and flashing his vision along the line of its future saw that its development would proceed at the pace of the spiritual growth of society. The people, he said, must grow in grace to trust one another.

It can be predicted with scientific certainty that the nobler the social tie, the finer will be the means of exchange,

until in the highest type of all—that where all labour their best for the good of all—the means of exchange puts off its crude economic forms and has only a spiritual body.

CHAPTER XVII

VOICES IN THE WILDERNESS

THE continuance of hard times and the increased aggressions of the trusts were now, in the middle of the decade 1890–1900, causing consternation and indignation among the people. Yet hope still lived in the hearts of idealists. "I am getting more reconciled to life every day," Mr. Lloyd wrote to "Golden Rule Jones" in 1897. And Jones answered: "I had a letter from Mills [B. Fay Mills] the other day. He says that everything looks hopeful to him and would 'if it was five times as bad'!" To one in Mr. Lloyd's position great opportunity is given to observe the trend of the times and his letter files reveal many a chapter in the human history of the people's movement. While his correspondence after the appearance of *Wealth Against Commonwealth* was full of a sense of impending danger, it soon teemed with utopian plans for social regeneration.

Progressives, including many socialists, were turning away from the political field. A remarkable impulse of brotherhood was arising as a revolt from the hateful strife, a resolve to express in deeds a fellowship which conditions were forcing men to see was an economic as well as a spiritual necessity. Voices were crying in the wilderness arousing the nation to save itself. One

heard on all sides of "the new day," "the new era," "the dawn." Brotherhoods and commonwealths and leagues for social service were entered upon with a religious zeal, so that Lloyd, feeling the pulse of the times, said that the labour movement was "getting religion."

The brotherhood of man [wrote a correspondent in an exalted strain repeated by others] is the Kingdom of God for which we pray, and that brotherhood has been coming irresistibly through all the ages. And we may say with fuller meaning than the Son of Man—it is at hand.

Mr. Lloyd wrote in his note-book:

How long, how long, has our land been filled with the voice not of one but of the multitudes crying in the wilderness—the wilderness of want, and . . . of that which is worse than want, the sickness of heart of the people who, loving America and liberty as no other people have ever loved their country and her liberties, have been watching the assassin stealing upon her, . . . with no arm ready to save. . . . This people has been for lo, these many years confessing its sins with a broken heart, but at last there is the voice of the crying in the wilderness: Prepare ye the way of the Lord. Make His path straight.

The awakening was revealing itself in church and university, where monopoly, realising, Mr. Lloyd said, that it could not control the markets of the people unless it also controlled their minds, was making its influence felt. With protesting ministers or professors made the victims of "dictating wealth," such as Professors Edward Bemis of Chicago University, and Benjamin Andrews of Brown, Mr. Lloyd was in sympathetic touch. "We had better talk quick," he wrote to Professor Ely, "and talk at one mark before the chains that are coming are clamped to our tongues.

'Work while ye have the light,' and talk while ye have liberty." At the request of the Senior class, he delivered the Commencement address at Iowa College in 1895, one result of which was his friendship with President George A. Gates:

We have indeed had Mr. Lloyd with us [wrote President Gates to a friend], and he gave us what I think I can soberly say I estimate to be the finest Commencement address I ever heard. It combined every charm of diction and literary finish, with a winning way in delivery (lacking only a little force and voice for the large audience), with the most tremendous up-to-dateness; the whole shot through and through with the noblest ethical and Christian ideals. . . . He is indeed a rare man. I had some talks with him and had him to the house at dinner, and every moment was drawn more closely to him. It seems to me he is one of the finest men I have ever met. I am going to know him better. Some of our people were a little afraid when we asked him, but the College people were quite ready, the Seniors having made a study of his book.

In the summer of 1896, Rev. B. Fay Mills, who, in his transition from orthodox evangelical work to a new field, frequently unburdened his problems to Lloyd, called a confidential conference of men and women at his home at Fort Edward on the Hudson. It brought such true inspiration to the small group, including Lloyd, that a second conference was held the next summer at Lake George. Interesting sketches of those present were entered by Eltweed Pomeroy in his diary, which reads in part:

Crosbyside, Lake George, N. Y., June 25, 1897.

. . . The hotel is old-fashioned, stately, and comfortable, with wide, lofty-pillared piazza. . . . The location is superb

as it looks up the Lake to the islands and mountains. . . . When I arrived . . . the conference was in session . . . , a group of twenty-five or thirty ladies and gentlemen sitting in easy chairs on a corner of the piazza talking in a most informal, breezy, pleasant manner. . . .

There is and has been the most beautiful spirit of friendliness and courtesy in their talking. . . . The personnel of the members is fine and high. The leader, B. Fay Mills, . . . has been one of the most successful evangelists of modern times and is admirably adapted to it. He is short, stout, jolly, tactful, energetic, with the large, thin-lipped, almost severe mouth of the born talker. His dress is clerical but there is no air of special elegance or distinction to separate him from the average person. He is a man of abounding vitality, quick wit and humour. He has a broad head in the upper part. He is warm, broadly humane, and receptive. His thought is often lofty and profound.

In great contrast with Mills is Henry D. Lloyd who is probably the most potent personality here. Yet there is a warm friendship between the two men. The lines of Mills' face and figure are horizontal, broad; the lines of Lloyd's are vertical, lofty. He is the most picturesque man here with his seamed melancholy face and worn iron-grey hair tumbling back from a high rounded forehead, with his quiet, gentle manners and the soft pressure in hand-shake of his delicate, taper-fingered hand so different from Mills' strong grasp. His dress and demeanour are so unobtrusive as to be distinctive; you do not know but feel that he is well-dressed. His language is picturesque, poetic, imaginative, illuminative. His thought is keen, incisive, and so sympathetic and sensitive to all wrongs as at times to be almost bitter and revolutionary against the wrong-doers. He is pre-eminently a lovable man. He is as delicate, as fragile, as beautiful as a Sèvres vase, as intense and as musical as a violin string ready for the master's hand, as sympathetic as a woman. His sensitiveness is his weak point, as his feeling for others would at times make him

almost cruel in avenging their wrongs. The social conscience is over-developed in him.

Associated with him on the programme committee is Ernest H. Crosby, who has not yet said much. He is an Apollo in physique and face and well-groomed in the style of the modern man of wealth. He has travelled everywhere, seen many people and institutions, is highly educated and cultured. He is a sentimentalist by nature and is interested in these social problems and the people because the "Zeitgeist" of the times is democratic. He is a very lovable fellow; every one likes him. Every one knows his intentions are good but few know exactly what those intentions are and I doubt if he knows himself. He sees good in almost every one and every thing. He is a mystic. He wraps things in a warm, tender, beautiful, but vague mist. . . .

Their talks were profound and serious, treating from the ethical standpoint present-day problems, the new colonies, such as "Ruskin," direct legislation, the city and the education of the citizen, socialism, and the new trend in religion. Recalling the experience George H. Strobell wrote (1907):

My mind goes back to an epoch-making time of my life—a week of conference at Lake George ten years ago with a few of the noblest minds of our time and I hear Comrade Lloyd say: "When my mind loses its tone amid the insincerity and foolishness of society and my soul abhors the falsehood and hypocrisy of the times, I go to an ordinary socialist meeting and by the straightforwardness and truth shown there heart and mind and soul are revived and strengthened."

The Sunday evening conference on the new conscience is described in Mr. Pomeroy's diary:

It was opened by Mrs. Mills, with a lucid, profound address full of feminine grace and searching intuitions, and followed by Mr. Lloyd, whose talk covered a wide scope both historically and in co-ordinating present facts. The facts were stated with so much illuminative foresight that we all felt what Mr. Mills expressed, that a discussion following such addresses would only impair their value and lower the tone of the evening.

Professor J. W. Jenks of Cornell University wrote:

Mr. Lloyd's opening talk at the meeting which he led impressed me at the time as the most effective bit of parlour oratory which it had ever been my good fortune to listen to. Mr. Lloyd sat very quietly and spoke in a low, conversational, even tone, but I think that I had never had my feelings more aroused by any orator than by what he said at that time. Moreover, this feeling came in spite of a struggle against it, for I did not agree intellectually with a good many of the opinions which Mr. Lloyd was expressing. I learned afterward on inquiring that others of the small group at the meeting had been affected in the same way, although they likewise had had opinions quite radically different from those expressed by Mr. Lloyd. After the meeting was over, I tried my best to see if I could analyse the methods employed by Mr. Lloyd, because although I had not been convinced by what he had said, I had been profoundly moved, and it seemed to me that his talk had been a triumph of oratorical method. It was at this meeting at Lake George that I learned to know Mr. Lloyd best, and to value him most highly for his qualities of head and heart.

At the closing session each gave his philosophy of life, his impelling aim. A member made a note of what Mr. Lloyd said:

. . . "To see how things are is the thing I have always

cared for. Not conscious of loving fellow-men. Do not care for accumulating things or fame." Wants a knowledge of how things are. If he has any passion, it is that. "I stand face to face with nature, with all the poems of nature and of God, and say where is this all-wise, all-good God and I say there is no such God. I see in man the idea of God. God is the hero of religious romance. God is the highest point in nature, the sum of the good. God in his highest manifestations is man. No higher power in nature than man. Arrogate to man the title of Creator. No higher power to start creation either in degree or quality than in the talk of any one here. Christ is the mirror of man. God, Christ, the law, are things to be. The revelations of this creative power may come from any man, woman, or child. Hence there must be perfect freedom. This is the religious foundation for democracy, which is about to create another heaven of peace, the indispensable requisite of the human race. The work which lies before man is to create the heaven of industrial peace."

A stranger thus records an impression of these days[1]:

A few years ago one summer's day, I sat alone on a rock overhanging Lake George. A gentleman came down to the water's edge and hired a boat, and seeing me alone, invited me to join him. We crossed the lake and back again—and lingered long under the overhanging trees and there talked and mused. He drew me out with questions, and his talk was rich in epigram. He plied the oars and plied me with more questions and in a quiet nook he lay down on his back and looking up into the cool green branches indulged in a long monologue. He touched upon every conceivable social question on the face of the earth. When we parted, he said: "I hope you will join me to-morrow." We met every day for a week and spent hours

[1] Rev. Charles S. Daniel, Neighbourhood House, Philadelphia, January 2, 1904.

on that boat. The keeper told me one day he was the richest man at the hotel. I was the poorest by the lake, and did not stop at that hotel. But we met every day and talked and talked. My oarsman was Henry Demarest Lloyd.

At these informal communions many grew to know and love him. He was as quickly responsive to the light and witty side of fellowship as to its lofty stimulus. The modesty and beauty of his confidences, his words of hope, coming with his portrayal of the sacrifices demanded in the new crusade, made a profound religious impression.

> No one and no message [wrote William Thurston Brown to him] ever made me so glad to live as yourself and your message. . . . Your splendid faith—faith which I have not found in "Israel"—was a revelation to me. . . . No voice from a pulpit ever strengthened my faith in man as did your words and yourself, and I am glad to acknowledge the debt.

There were also the sessions of the Brotherhood of the Kingdom at Marlboro on the Hudson, the summer schools at Green Acre, Maine, at Deerfield, Massachusetts, at Professor Davidson's and at Miss Mann's in the Adirondacks, where Lloyd was often to be found, testing, gleaning, illuminating that new moral zeal which he felt was to be the basis of the coming co-operative social order.

The aspiration toward industrial peace expressed itself also in a recurrence of the colonising spirit which in the first half of the century had spread into this country from the Fourierism and Owenism of Europe. Weary of mere denunciation, disheartened by politi-

cal defeat, despairing of strikes, appalled at the idea of attacking industrial tyranny in its great national form, the people turned to the land, and to their own powers of independent production. The progressive imagination pictured Edens of fertile fields and coursing streams, orchards and vineyards, forests of pine and oak, out of which homes and independence might be created. Letters came to Lloyd from Christian and agnostic, from working men and professors, many written in exalted strain and all bearing this burden of longing to do the deed of brotherhood, to escape from the slavery of office or factory to free and joyful work, asking his advice as to site and organisation, as to basic principles on which to build the new body and the new spirit. Even when their proposals seemed impracticable, he was slow to say a discouraging word. "Letters from my cranks," he called them in a spirit of fellowship.

He had long been studying colonies, reading widely on the subject, and had watched with interest one of the earlier American experiments, that at Topolobampo, Mexico, with whose founder, Albert Kimsey Owen, he became acquainted at the time of its installation in 1886. He had visited the Shakers at Mt. Lebanon, New York, and was deeply impressed by the beauty of their communal life.[1]

"The North Family" thus describes his first visit:

> The acquaintance of the North Family of Shakers of Mount Lebanon, New York, with Henry D. Lloyd began in 1894. A visit by Mrs. Helen Campbell, late in the fall of 1893, was the initial step to this introduction. Previous to his visit, he sent the family his address, "The New

[1] *The Manifesto*, September, 1894.

Conscience," the public reading of which afforded an insight into his thought and purpose, which gave him a place in their appreciation and affection far beyond that held by any other outside worker. The early days of September, 1894, were golden and beautiful, when the long looked for visit occurred. An aged brother, Elder Charles Greaves, who for many years had been an enthusiastic champion of the single tax and kindred reforms, went to the little wayside station at New Lebanon, to meet the distinguished stranger. The train had passed on, and among the many coming and going his eye sought out one quietly sitting and reading a newspaper, and by his look and bearing recognised him at once as "a brother of his heart and a prince among democrats." The most cordial relations were at once established. It is well known that Shakers, like the early Quakers, abjure all titles and address every one by the given name. "We are a plain people in manner and speech, may we call you Henry?" met the hearty response, "Oh, do, I would be so glad to hear you. It takes me back to the early days in my home." . . .

The keen observation, appreciation of small details, and recognition of underlying forces and principles delighted his entertainers. As he passed about the settlement, looking at the buildings, he remarked how they were all well built, and kept well apace with modern improvements. He looked at all from the standpoint of co-operation and brotherhood, recognising that love, not competition, was the strongest incentive to bring about the best results in life. After conversing with many members of the Community, he expressed surprise at the strong individuality apparent and was glad of the evidence that communism did not, as many suppose, kill individuality. His keen journalistic alertness and practical judgment viewed with the same interest the details of culinary department, sewing shops, and barns,—all meant life. He remembered the name and countenance of each person he met and the special lines on which they had conversed, and was able to

call each by name and renew conversation, as if with an old friend.

Taken for a drive he remarked the contrast between the way farms and residences were kept up under private ownership and in our communistic homes. Poor people, he said, had taxes as an excuse for seeming negligence. He felt it bitter that the system of taxation put a premium on indolence and levied a fine upon industry and thrift; hard, that the Shakers, who were striving for the expression of the highest ideals in spiritual and industrial life, should be forced by the enactments of government perpetually to beat against wind and tide; and unjust, that those who were doing so much for education should be subject to tax.

His visit included the Sabbath, thus affording opportunity for meeting the whole Society at public worship, for an evening address, and for an address also before the Social Improvement Society, an association among the younger members of the North Family. Meeting Catherine Allen, one of this band, he was delighted to learn that her parents were Rev. John Allen and Ellen Lazarus of Brook Farm, and connected with the North American Phalanx, and other communistic associations. "Then that accounts for your being here. It is a case of the parents sowing and fruition coming to the offspring." He showed the utmost familiarity with the history of communistic enterprise in this and other lands. He saw the fundamental, intrinsic idea in our teachings to be the finding of God in humanity, and remarked: "I cannot fully define my God, for my God is n't finished yet, but is growing, as humanity grows." One point to which he referred over and over again was the enjoyment he experienced in the Shaker songs, especially those originating with the young people. Their compositions interested him. He had never heard, in club or other organisations, so many subjects vital to humanity so intelligently handled, as by that band of young Shakers. He found his lecture, "The New Conscience," used as a textbook, for reference, for quotation. The fact that so much

development along these lines was attained, with all the toil of house and farm, assured him that we need never feel that a proper amount of manual labour could be other than a help to the highest development, and he insisted that "the real workers of the world are the real thinkers of the world."

He described the impression made upon him by his coming to the Shaker Community, as that of sailing a stormy, tempestuous, wave-tossed sea, and suddenly, by some little movement, passing into a quiet stream, winding through peaceful meadows, touched by the sunlight and reflecting the serenity of deep blue skies. In his tribute to the Society, he put before us its ideal, and in his recognition of past accomplishments and the possibilities of that ideal was revealed his capacity for appreciation of all that Shakers had become and had accomplished; never any one rendered a more delicate yet forcible rebuke and warning. He reminded us that this inheritance was not ours, it belonged to humanity, an inheritance of the ages. He begged us to take measures to let its life and light go forth to the world, and uttered a clarion call to make secure our inheritance for the good of the race.

He spoke of his enjoyment of the freedom of the march in religious worship, the principle that body and spirit help each other, and hoped that we would always feel the inspiration too dominant to be willing to drop it. It had been a season of deep soul-refreshing to him. His prophetic utterances took us forward to the time of regenerate humanity, when we could understand God in a larger sense than was possible under present conditions. His matchless eloquence thrilled all hearts and we recognised the justice of the name by which we had heard him called, "the Wendell Phillips of the West."

In the years that intervened between that visit and his triumphant passing to the continuation of his work upon the other side, the feeling of reverence, love, and sympathetic association with this great, modest man grew and strengthened. We felt that we had a true, strong friend in

the outer courts, a brother who understood and loved us, while all the union of spirit, the sympathy that gives strength, the desire that is prayer, went out from our hearts, perpetually, to him. . . .

Their shelter, free from hate and strife, remained always to him "my beloved Mt. Lebanon." "I send my love to all of you," he wrote. "I would like to mention all by name and I believe I remember every one. . . . You are all dear to me." As to their share in the work of regeneration he testified in a letter to Elderess Anna White in 1897:

My dear Sister Anna:

It seems to me as if hardly a day passes that my mind does not turn back to you and the dear people at New Lebanon, whom I shall always hold in such loving remembrance. I was very glad to receive, quite long ago, the copy you sent me of the *Springfield Republican* with a very able article by Sister Catherine. I admire the skill with which she puts her case, and I am sure the article must do a great deal of good. I keep before me on my desk the poems of Sister Martha and Sister Cecilia and the songs of Sister Lucy are always in sight. I wish I could run down this minute and be with you all again during this lovely spring-time.

I have recently been in correspondence with a number of people who seem anxious to start a co-operative movement in America in something the same way the English have done. I have recommended as the most practical step to be taken first, a private conference of the few persons in this country who have actually done something real to show their interest in the work of co-operation. They are the only ones, it seems to me, who are likely to have anything to suggest that would be valuable. I have urged that the North Family be requested to send a representative to this

conference if it be held, and I hope that if the invitation is sent you will find it proper and convenient to accept it. The life which your community has led of actual, practical, and successful co-operation for a hundred years on the basis not of material but of spiritual communion, is to my mind the most admirable and the most successful illustration which the spirit of co-operation has yet received. If you are moved to make any suggestions to me with regard to the general idea, or any of the details, of the movement for giving co-operation a start in this country, you may be sure that I should receive them very gratefully.

He was also interested in the Colorado Co-operative Company. The letters of Mrs. Annie L. Diggs and other leaders to him had a paradisiacal fervour.

We have found in Colorado a country fresh from the hand of God, a mesa in Montrose County, into which we can, by helping one another, by co-operating, conduct the water of life and make the desert as "the garden of the Lord."

He wrote to Mrs. Diggs in 1895:

I was glad to hear from you, and am greatly interested in your co-operative scheme. I believe the movement of deepest significance in our time is this spontaneous turning to co-operation in so many directions. Co-operations, trade-unions, farmers' granges, and the churches must supply us with the material for the new social union to which we are moving. I have not had time to study out your plan, but I will do so, and if it continues to strike me as favourably as it does now, I will become a subscribing member, and I wish on many accounts I could go there to live. Such a movement offers the only equivalent, to us, for the exodus of the Puritans and Pilgrims from England. Without that the American republic would have been impossible. With-

out such kindergartens as these colonies, we shall have no population able to operate the co-operative commonwealth. Are you clear in your mind that you should permit private ownership of land?

Would you welcome some Russian Jews I know of who are looking for a home? . . . Why would it not be a good thing to invite Wayland to take his newspaper to your Happy Valley? . . .

This colony lived several years but the difficulties that beset it proved too great, and in 1901 its stockholders discarded its principal co-operative features, discontinued its paper, *The Altrurian*, to which Lloyd had been an occasional contributor, and organised a capitalistic business which still exists.

So strong was the colonising enthusiasm that action on a national scale was now started to unite the scattered forces of socialists, nationalists, co-operators, and reform groups. The plan was (1) to educate the people in the principles of socialism; (2) to unite all socialists in one fraternal organisation; (3) to establish co-operative colonies and industries and so far as possible to concentrate these colonies and industries in one State until said State was socialised. The chief originator of the idea, Norman Wallace Lermond, set forth the plan in the socialist newspaper *The Coming Nation*, and proposed it to leading men. "It behooves every lover of justice and humanity," he wrote to Lloyd, "who has caught a glimpse of the light from the rising sun of a diviner civilisation to unite." Mr. Lloyd's answers are unfortunately lost, but his attitude was not favourable. He said that should the new organisation succeed in capturing a State, the money power would force it into rebellion and then crush it with all the military power at its command, that it was only "by shrewd and

attractive measures" and "events" that the regenerative forces could be united. When a call was considered, urging all socialists to send delegates to a national conference to be held during the People's party convention at St. Louis in July, 1896, he hung fire. He was slow to risk the hopes and money of the people, even objecting to a supplementary circular asking for a dime from each member for an educational fund. He, however, yielded to the ardent hope of the promoters and added his signature. It was third on the list, following that of Debs, who, while in prison, had been dreaming dreams of escape for the people. The formal organisation, "The Brotherhood of the Co-operative Commonwealth," took place in the fall of 1896. Although Lloyd had declared that he would not accept office, the election by referendum vote resulted in the nearly unanimous choice of him for President. Mr. Lermond's letter announcing this bore the following letterhead:

TO USHER IN

A union of all Socialists in the world.	**The Brotherhood of the Co-operative Commonwealth.**	**Mutualism or the Kingdom of Heaven Here and Now.**

"This move is destined to lead us out of the wilderness," it said, "if our strongest men will lead the way."

Mr. Lloyd, however, adhered to his resolution and did not accept the office. He said that he was unwilling to be "a figurehead," and would only undertake it on the expectation of devoting to it a great deal of effort, that he believed it wise for him to use his powers in bringing before the people the best of all the new orders in emancipation. His refusal was deeply regretted, since upon him alone all the elements seemed

able to agree. Under Rev. Myron W. Reed as President, with Debs as national organiser, the Brotherhood soon grew into the most extensive machine yet created by the advance guards of the American labour movement, with eight departments for the teaching of socialism, for the settlement of colonies, the establishment of industries by building and operating factories and mills, and for political action. The American Railway Union at its final meeting, June 15, 1897, re-organised into the Social Democracy of America, and co-operated with the Brotherhood.

The State selected was Washington, the headquarters Equality Colony, described as "an embryo paradise." Lloyd compared the move to the settlement of Kansas by the Free Soilers, with the difference that in Kansas it had been done to prevent the spread of chattel slavery, while in Washington it was to free the wage-slave already there. But this dream, like the others, failed. Only three thousand members joined; in 1898 its one colony became autonomous and a split occurred in its ally, the Social Democracy, whereby one half, declaring for political action alone, helped to form the Social Democratic party, later the Socialist party, leaving only a small section to follow the lines of co-operating and colonising endeavour. "Another socialist failure," said a newspaper here and there in satisfaction. "Every failure has been a success," wrote Lloyd in his note-book.

Among the many reform sheets at this time was *The Coming Nation*, first published in 1893 at Greensburg, Indiana, by J. A. Wayland. When its circulation reached a profitable figure, Wayland, declaring that he did not desire to heap up profits while millions of his fellows lived in poverty, acquired several thousand

acres at Cave Mills in Tennessee, where a co-operative colony, called Ruskin, was started. Here in a beautiful valley men again began to build, to till, and to educate. Hopes ran high and prosperity smiled upon them, albeit from rude and primitive conditions. One of their plans, which had been long and earnestly contemplated, was to establish a college. When the time came for laying the corner-stone, Lloyd was chosen by the people for the address. It was a unique procession of colonists, free-masons, neighbours, about three hundred in all, which on the afternoon of Sunday, June 19, 1897, marched to the site selected for the first socialist college in history,—"Ruskin College of the New Economy, built by the people to institute freedom." In the corner-stone, which was of Ruskin marble polished and lettered by Ruskin workers, were deposited the charter and by-laws of the association, an historical sketch of Ruskin, roster of stockholders, Ruskin labour checks, anniversary number (204) of *The Coming Nation*, roster of officers and members of Yellow Creek Lodge, No. 319, A. F. and A. M., silver coins of 1897, Lloyd's personal card, and the programme of the day. Here, on a beautiful eminence, they laid a corner-stone which all believed was a small beginning of a great end, and to the group of ardent pioneers Lloyd interpreted in noblest terms the prophetic significance of what they were building. This address was printed in *The Coming Nation* (July 3, 1897), of which four thousand copies were distributed. It was then revised by Mr. Lloyd, and issued as a red-bound pamphlet by the Ruskin press.[1] Within two years, alas, the colony disbanded. It did not fail financially, for after a sale of its property at

[1] Also included in the posthumous volume, *Man, the Social Creator*. See List of Writings in Appendix.

Laying the Cornerstone of Ruskin College of the New Economy at Ruskin, Tennessee, June 19, 1897. The arrow points to Mr. Lloyd.

great reduction all debts were paid and a surplus handed to stockholders, but dissensions arose which made no longer possible this honest experiment of "the life together."

Meanwhile Lloyd had been receiving a series of letters from George Howard Gibson, setting forth the beliefs of another group who were planning a community based upon the teachings of Jesus.

We think [wrote Mr. Gibson] as all evils flow from disobedience to the law, "Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself," all good must depend on obeying it, and that it is folly and sin to wait for a majority of our neighbours (or a plurality of voters) to accept this law before we enthrone it in our own lives. . . . We must put together our property, labour, economic wisdom, knowledge, varying talents, christianising or democratising what we have and are.

The following letters show Lloyd's attitude:

WINNETKA, Illinois, 18 December, 1895.

MY DEAR MR. GIBSON:

I read your letter with great interest and sympathy. Part of your preamble for the "Christian Corporation" I will quote in a paper I am now writing to show how imminent is the recognised reign of love in the world. My friend, Mrs. Annie Diggs, has already written me about this co-operative commonwealth. A strong sympathy stirred me when she wrote, and it stirs again at your words. There is much in me that yearns to take up this cross with some one of the many devoted disciples of the new faith of Peace on Earth and Good Will among men instead of among men after they have become angels. But I feel that my place is where I am, and that my function for the present at least is to continue attempting to do what I am now working at. But I look upon the little crystallisations of co-operative

communities now taking place all over this country as the most religious manifestations of our day, and I often speculate as to whether these, like the monasteries of the middle ages, may not prove to be the only asylums and nurseries of civilisation that will survive the troublous anarchy I fear is coming. I shall be always glad to know how you are getting on, and to hear of your plans, step by step. I am considering whether I could do anything better than to write a history of these co-operative experiments, visiting each of them for that purpose. If I do so, I shall perhaps find you in your Happy Valley in Colorado. With the most affectionate good will, and God speed. . . .

5 Feb., 1896.

I have been thinking closely about your letter every day since it came, wanting to write you and yet hesitating to do so for fear of wounding you. But I think I must speak with great frankness to avoid greater misunderstanding. To plunge into the deepest water at once, I am not a christian in the sense in which you seem to use that word, and not a believer in the wisdom of attempting to organise a society on that basis. I ought, I see now, to have become conscious of the divergence in our views when you sent me the extract from the charter of the "Christian Corporation." But I so thoroughly approved of the substance of the statement therein that the question of terminology did not force itself on me. To me it is doubtful if there was such a person as Christ, though on the whole I believe there was. If there was such a man, he was not, according to my apprehension, God or the Son of God in any other way than you or I am. He was, no doubt, the Shakespeare of Ethics, and a soul of a charm that kept his memory alive while tens of millions were forgotten. But I think it essential to our religious and secular progress to recognise that his teachings, or those attributed to him, contain mistakes, and that even if true for his time, they are not necessarily true for our time. And yet I who say this am now writing a paper to show that his

teachings were the generalisation of the best human social experience of centuries, and the sure clue to the solution of our present social problems. It strengthens my reliance upon the value of that which is valuable in his teaching that I regard him as human—one of us. But I must say that I think a community organised upon the basis that he was the Son of God, and attempting any literal obedience of his words, would be a step backward both in thought and action. To put it in another way, I see that the new relations of humanity must be on a religious basis. But it must be a broader and newer basis than that of Christianity. I do not mean to object to such an attempt as that of the "Christian Corporation," but am only defining my relations to it.

This noble group, giving their property and themselves in an ecstasy of devotion, located their colony, "the Christian Commonwealth," in Muscogee County, Georgia, in 1896. Their paper, *The Social Gospel*, was edited by George Howard Gibson and Ralph Albertson, associated with whom were George D. Herron, William Thurston Brown, Ernest Howard Crosby, James P. Kelley, Benjamin Fay Mills, S. H. Comings, and John Chipman, and through it their message was scattered broadcast. Kindred hearts the country over were watching them solicitously. "I am following your efforts," wrote Lloyd, "with the sincerest sympathy and admiration. Nothing could be better than the spirit in which you are moving." Full of hope, sharing everything in common, the colony began a heroic career. But terrible hardships arose, sad stories of which reached their friends in the North, who came to their aid. However, outside relief could not avail, and after four years' noble endeavour, the brave survivors surrendered.

Other regenerative organisations there were, among them the "Co-Workers Fraternity," a section of the Co-operative Association of America of which Lloyd was a life member, and the Industrial Brotherhood, a co-operative organisation of world-wide scope, whose international union he joined. But this glow of hope was as brief as beautiful. As the century drew to a close, a returning prosperity diverted the people, and the advance phalanx of the American labour movement became again political.

While they existed, Lloyd kept these experiments under his sympathetic observation. They were social incarnations of that rising spirit of the new conscience of which he was so rapturous a herald. As he told the Ruskin colonists: "They are the monasteries in which the light of the new faith is kept burning on the mountain tops until the dark age is over." He believed that theorising should travel side by side with action, and the sight of men and women giving their earnest lives to prove or disprove an impulse, suffering privation in the wilderness to forge experience, won his admiration. Their broken experiments were endorsements of the co-operative idea, each one revealing anew its extraordinary wealth-producing power. When one tragic story after another reached him of fields deserted and members departed, he read success in their downfall.

Always failures? Only within these communities has there been seen, in the wide borders of the United States, a social life where hunger and cold, prostitution, intemperance, poverty, slavery, crime, premature old age, and unnecessary mortality, panic and industrial terror, have been abolished. If they had done this only for a year, they would deserve to be called the only successful "so-

ciety" on this continent, and some of them are generations old. They are little oases of people in our desert of persons. All this has not been done by saints in heaven, but on earth by average men and women.

That these communities have failed—*if they have*—[he put in his note-book] only proves what the break-up of old civilisations, of the trade-unions, etc., proves, that the social problem cannot be solved by separate successes, nor selfish successes of a few, but must be solved in the bosom of society by all for all.

CHAPTER XVIII

"IN CO-OPERATIVE LAND"

HENRY D. LLOYD now in 1897 planned the first of his journeys abroad to bring back to the American people news of the movements for emancipation. "A student of events," he styled himself. He saw that the people were moving along two lines, privately by the development of co-operative industry, and politically by democracy or socialism—terms which he used interchangeably. At that time hopes for co-operation were running high. At the Co-operative Conference in Chicago in June, 1897, his advice was: "Get facts." He was chosen as American delegate to the third congress of the International Co-operative Alliance, of which he was a member, and he started for Delft in September.

> As a delegate of the Ruskin Co-operative Association [he wrote in *The Coming Nation*], I was warmly welcomed, and was made honorary president of the second day's session. Many of the members knew about Ruskin, and all were eager to learn all they could of its kind of co-operation.

As he was familiar with the history and present status of the European co-operative movement through its literature, he was not looking for surprises. But he found one. Conspicuous in the congress was a

group of English delegates, who, with missionary enthusiasm, were preaching to the old co-operators at every opportunity a new gospel. "There was faith, hope, purpose,—the spirit of the pioneers, a breath from the people itself—in the delegates who stood for Labour Copartnership." They told of workmen who were building and operating their own factories and mills, and were about to attempt farming, and who, in a conscious spirit of reform, were extending their beneficent conditions as far as possible, saying: "We must make men as well as money, we must help our brothers." This was the gospel of labour copartnership, a new word and a new idea—the only novelty, Lloyd said, at the congress. It began to dawn upon him that whereas he had thought he knew all about co-operation, he had really not grasped its most significant development. Here was the ideal of the socialists—that the workmen own their instruments of production—achieving itself.

He sought the acquaintance of Henry Vivian, secretary of the Labour Copartnership Association, and Thomas Blandford, enthusiastic preachers of this new faith. Relinquishing his purpose of going to the Continent for special investigations, he determined to go at once with them to England, where a conference was to be held at Rugby, and to see for himself what this new word of co-operation meant. "I have been warming myself by the picture of a fire," he said, "it will be better to go to the fire itself."

The Rugby conference, called to consider the application of the new idea to agriculture, impressed him deeply. He sat there filled with wonder at the scene, a body of earnest working men deliberating in a dignified parliament. A more alert audience, he said,

he had never seen, showing as it did the fire of determination and the enthusiasm of men conscious that they were engaged in a great cause. "It was a sensation to sit in a meeting composed wholly of working men, considering plans for their emancipation, and hear the serene confidence with which they declared themselves to have all the capital they wanted." He was especially impressed by the good temper that prevailed.

There was a sharp rift of variance in opinion in the British delegation at Delft; and yet its members were able to work together. Even in the struggles which the different schools had with each other, as well as in the remarks they made about each other to me privately, there was a consideration and self-restraint, a sort of decent human feeling for each other, and a good fellowship, which was soothing to one accustomed to the much more acrid temper in the controversial regions of New World reform. They were all Britons and knew each other even in their differences.[1]

They were discussing their most vexing problem, what he called the "newest, least successful, hardest, and most encouraging point—farming." He saw its difficulties approached with that reasonableness and common-sense characteristic of the English temperament. "The feeling about the evils of the land situation," he said, "was deep—very deep; I do not think it would be exaggerated if called passionate." But co-operators had long passed the stage of denunciation; what they now wanted to hear of was: "What shall we do about it?" It was not that they did not understand the root of the evil—far from it, but they believed that every great change in political structure has had its way prepared by a corresponding domestic change.

[1] *Labor Copartnership*, April, 1898.

They are so completely in earnest in their land campaign [said Mr. Lloyd] as to begin to march at once. They will not wait till land taxes have been re-imposed on the landlords, or the Australian system of easy and cheap transfers has been adopted; but will go on now, taking things as they are, and will get such land as they can, and will prove that it can be cultivated profitably by the co-operative method.

He found, moreover, that it was not a sordid atmosphere, limited to the purely selfish aim of the acquisition of land and goods; if that were all, he probably would not have remained half an hour, but he saw that while rooted in common-sense and knowledge of affairs, it planned for the emancipation of the workers. So he stayed, and filled his note-book with details about root-crops, piggeries, "the lives of cottages," and the figures of copartnership balance sheets, omitting no gleam of "that moral illumination" which he declared so much more important than their pecuniary success. His admiration grew as he saw that after "a century of hard knocks," their courage to begin again was ever fresh. He marvelled at what he called the "unstaggered cheerfulness" with which they listened to stories of failure, wisely defining the small financial deficiency as "the cost of buying experience."

There is no such word as "failure" left in the vocabulary of a movement which, beginning with the tuppence a week of underpaid working men in garrets and ridiculous little shops in back streets, has in thirty-six years done a business of $4,500,000,000, and divided among the working people $360,000,000 of money in dividends, opening windows of hope into thousands of lives out of which hope had been taxed by the greed and cruelty of power.

Sitting there watching the men behind whom lay

three generations of failure there probably flashed into his mind the struggling attempts at co-operation by his countrymen, which had been filling his correspondence, and he determined to fire their courage by showing the wisdom and the pluck which made the English co-operators say: "Failure is the road to success."

Following this, he made a tour of Great Britain and Ireland, to see labour copartnership at work, comparing it, as he did so, with the many older forms of co-operation. Thus he journeyed to Kettering, Leicester, Burnley, Woolwich, Hebden Bridge, covering the co-operative field, Henry Vivian or Thomas Blandford usually accompanying him. The friendships then formed were warmly cherished.

> We got on famously together [said Mr. Vivian]. He was a delightful companion. I used to admire the way in which he would strike up friendly relations with the most humble and obscure working men at our conferences and draw out the simple story of their lives. An uneducated workman would perhaps take part in a conference and would speak badly but Mr. Lloyd would see that the idea he wished to express was good. After the conference he would talk with the delegate and get to the bottom of the idea.

James Deans took him over the Scottish institutions. "These were three of the most pleasant days in my experience in connection with the co-operative movement," said Mr. Deans in recalling it. He crossed into Ireland to see the co-operative creameries, "the golden veins of the Emerald Isle," and witnessed the remarkable development of agricultural co-operation under the inspiring leadership of Sir Horace Plunkett, between whom and himself there grew a high mutual regard. Mr. Blandford accompanied him and won his

admiration. When he died two years later Mr. Lloyd wrote to Holyoake:

> I was overwhelmed with grief at the news of Mr. Blandford's death. A finer man no movement ever had. He was a co-operative host in himself. He made my trip in Ireland a joy as well as very instructive; his devotion to his cause, and his complete surrender of his comfort, his pleasure, and even his safety, made him a remarkable man. We shall not soon see his like. But his work lives after him, and his friends cannot doubt that all through Great Britain, and even far beyond it, mankind are moving forward to a better future with more hope and strength because of that which he did for them and for the cause of co-operation.

Lloyd gathered facts from all sides, from the private trader, the trade-unionist, the professor of political economy, the reformer, the socialist, the employers such as George Thomson of Huddersfield and Sir George Livesey of the South Metropolitan Gas Company, whose capitalistic labour copartnership he found not less interesting than the one instituted by the working men. No small part of the inspiration gained came from the co-operators themselves. He met the survivors of the first generation, John Malcolm Ludlow and George Jacob Holyoake, both octogenarians whose youthful ideals lived on untouched by the commercialism which was beginning its blight. He met also the leaders in the second and third generation. One and all he plied with minute questions and argument, following all clues, leaving no point unchallenged. They looked upon him as a friend, one who not only saw quickly the full meaning of the movement but who gave effective criticism where it was needed. "Such critics are our best friends and helpers," they said.

Mr. H. D. Lloyd [wrote Holyoake[1]] a wandering advocate of new devices in social life, came from America, spoke at the Kurhaus Banquet at Scheveningen and visited the chief centres of co-operation in England—interesting every one by his wisdom of enquiry, but never disclosing his experience, or range of prior investigation. Though I invited him to the National Liberal Club, and spent two hours with him, and was charmed with the modesty of his manner, I never knew who he was, nor why he cared for the information, until long after.

No achievement enlisted a higher admiration from him than the grey stone building set on a hill at West Kilbride on the Scottish shore, overlooking a marvellous view of sea and mountain, the home built by co-operators as a refuge for their old and ill members, and a playground for the well ones. It was one of the efforts whereby they were striving to get "a newer and higher class of benefits" than those of making and dividing profits. It all arose from a talk between James Deans and Robert Duncanson, who, as they were walking over the Glasgow Green one day, were discussing the case of a co-operator who was getting old and frail. The need of a refuge for such as he stirred in their hearts. "To think of such a thing, was with the co-operators to do it," said Lloyd. This home he considered the finest expression of the movement in Great Britain, and it seems meet that from its doors he should have been bidden good speed on his mission. As he left, Mr. William Barclay's farewell words were: "Go, and spread the news of this co-operative movement. It has been a gospel dear to me a great many years." Lloyd did so gladly, for what he saw had renewed his courage. "To an American, accustomed

[1] *Labour Copartnership*, January, 1898.

to the fierce passions which rage in our industrial world," he said, "going to co-operative land is like reaching harbour after a tempestuous voyage."

When he turned homeward he left behind many warm friends, and bore away a note-book stuffed with facts, and an enthusiastic determination to write the story into a pamphlet for the American people.

This was news to me, and as I found that even among distinguished students of social science, leaders of thought, prominent trade-unionists and agitators and men of affairs in England, there were not a few who were unaware of what was going on under their own windows, it occurred to me that it might be news to some of the people in America.

In December, 1897, he wrote to Blandford:

I have been hard at work at my desk now for several weeks writing out my notes of my trip, and have already enough matter on hand to make quite a respectable little book. I hope to get this out early in the year.

In three months the proofs were being corrected by his English friends and soon the little book, *Labour Copartnership*, which he modestly described as "Notes of a Visit," was on the market, the first of his laboratory investigations to prove to men that they were already living the life of love together, and that it was bringing with it wealth and happiness. Hardly a page but had its stem of fact bearing a flower of hope. At all points he emphasised the superiorities of this new industry, where with each worker both employer and employee, work was well done, and so apportioned that none need be idle, so arranged that conditions were safe and pleasant.

This was one of the first characteristics of the methods of industrial democracy which caught my eye, and inspired me with hope and confidence in its business ability so sedulously decried. . . . Everywhere the British industrial democracy has brightened and lightened and beautified the habitat of work and business. When the democracy opens a new store or new factory, it makes a celebration of it, and goes dancing and singing through the doors of the new opportunity.

He noted that in this form of industry, where a man's mind and heart were in the business, "members" was a new name for "hands," that the consumer was recognised as a partner rather than a victim, that its directors directed, that its successful concerns with missionary zeal hastened to give experience and loans to foster infant organisations, that in its affairs were no secret dealings:

To one used to the secrecy of private business there is something almost startling in the publicity with which the democracy manages its affairs. Any co-operative store or factory is ready to bring out its balance sheet, tell about its profits, how they are divided, etc. I never asked a question in a co-operative counting-room about the business to which there was not immediately a full and frank reply. . . .

He told of all this with faith and fervour as a gospel—a gospel of facts, as his other works had been.

I wrote *Labour Copartnership* because the facts I found in Great Britain of the self-employment of the working men on co-operative principles, and the capitalisation of labour itself, were news to me, and I hoped they would be news to others. I hoped they would be news of glad tidings; news showing that whatever other ways there might be of solving the business problem—the problem of

our times—here was a path of voluntary effort by which the pick of the people might begin their march to self-employment and self-government, pioneering the rest of us.[1]

To enter that radiant region where the "wage fund" and "the supply and demand" of the "labour market" and the "survival of the fittest" were operated in harmony with brotherhood and the golden rule, was for me an adventure so agreeable that I could not resist the invitation to share it with the public.

His book gave the first place to the farm movement, about which he wrote to Charles B. Spahr:

I am firm in my belief that on the whole agricultural co-operation is the most important of the new developments of the movement in England. It was for that reason . . . that I gave it the first place. The fact that it is not in the hands of the belated agricultural labourers themselves may be regrettable but is, after all, only a repetition of the evolution of commercial and productive co-operation itself. The co-operative stores were started by working men as these farms are now being started by co-operative storekeepers.[2] I have formed the conclusion from a variety of circumstances, which I will not stop here to detail, that agricultural co-operation is destined to become a very big thing in England. It is now in the stage in which distributive co-operation was in its early days, the phase of more failures than successes, and the phase in which it still

[1] *Book News*, December, 1898.

[2] Mr. Lloyd was always outspoken in his preference for co-operative action initiated, managed, and financed by the working men themselves; but in the meantime believed in taking what could be had, pointing out that the entire movement had reached its success by passing through a phase of being led by middle class enthusiasts. The movement of the co-operators to start copartnership farms has now been succeeded by a flourishing movement of farmers and labourers, "the co-operators helping only with their blessing," writes Henry Vivian in 1911.

needs the help of leaders outside the workers, as in Ireland, but inside the workers elsewhere. The plant has, I believe, unmistakably got root and is going to be a very large and fruitful tree. In default of initiative on the part of agricultural labourers, co-operative farms are being organised by the class who have co-operative initiative and experience, and I think it is a most happy fact that this is so. It is along these lines of least resistance that agriculture can most easily and quickly be lifted out of its present primitive condition industrially, and brought to its place in the list of the highly organised industries of the world. And as agriculture is the most important of all industries this seemed to me the weightiest thing I saw in Great Britain.

I am thus strenuous about this matter because it seems to me that I have more faith than some of my English co-operative friends in a matter in which faith is of the utmost importance and I would like to use what little influence I can to give them to-day as sturdy a faith as was needed by their predecessors to bring the movement where it is now.

He wrote also to Blandford:

The conviction has steadily grown upon me the longer I have thought on the subject that the co-operators of England are altogether too faint-hearted in their attitude towards farming. You will perhaps think it absurd for me to suppose that I can see any more clearly into this than you who have had so much more experience than I, but yet it may be that my position, apart and on the outside, does give me an advantage as an observer.

It seems to me that the failures in the farming movement ought to be regarded just as, looking backward, we can now see the proper way of looking at the failures of the distributive movement. Of one thing I feel absolutely certain, that co-operative farming in England is going to take no backward steps and that it is to be by far the most important

development that the co-operative movement has yet had. I think our reformers, including co-operators, are too municipal, too citified. I think they have largely lost the "sense of the soil."

He was, of course, criticised for including in his book the South Metropolitan Gas Company's scheme, a capitalistic labour copartnership. He wrote to Sir George Livesey:

Some of my friends in America have criticised me for giving the prominence to your experiment which I did in my book. They insist that I am helping a movement whose purpose is to "nobble" the labour and other reformers. They have, however, entirely failed to convince me. My theory of progress is that it must proceed along a great number of different lines simultaneously. There will never be a single solution for the ills of society, nor a single model for social organisation. I do not call myself a socialist in any sectarian sense, but even if I did, I cannot see why such efforts as yours should not be welcomed. Anything, it seems to me, that raises the general level of intelligence, independence, and morale helps the whole body.

He had a controversy with John Burns on that point. In those days Burns was one of the men whom Lloyd always sought on his visits to England and many were their talks in the study at Battersea or as they journeyed to Hampton Court, or had tea on the Terrace of the House of Commons.

We had good times talking things over [said Burns]. But so loving and kindly was his nature that friends no more than pointed out their difference of opinion. They never carried it any further. A good chap!

Many thanks for your book [Burns wrote to Lloyd], the

conclusions of which I entirely dissent from. Bonus and profit-sharing in the South Metropolitan Gas Works have increased the accidents from three to seven per cent., and have isolated the recipients from the rest of their fellows, which was intended.

Is this true about the accidents? [Lloyd asked Vivian anxiously]. For the other criticism I care nothing. The superior tactics of the capitalist in this case would be abundantly justified even from the most radical point of view if they compelled the advocates of labour on the one side to make a corresponding advance in their tactics. Anything that lifts the plane of this contest above its hitherto too animal features is a public benefactor.

He wrote to Burns:

. . . I do not wish to contradict you, but when you say that you entirely dissent from my conclusions as to labour copartnership I feel very much like saying: "No you don't!" I took great pains in writing that chapter on the South Metropolitan scheme to refrain from uttering a word which might seem to indicate that I thought this was to be looked upon as in any way a solvent of the labour and capital question, and I also indicate all the objections to it that came within my cognisance. I was fully alive to the importance of the view which you urge; and you will see that I quote freely from the officials of the Gas Workers' Union under that head. But none the less I thought the scheme one which was most interesting and well worth describing. Such tactics on the part of capitalists certainly mark a great advance in their methods in the struggle between labour and capital, for they are tactics of civilisation and not merely stratagems of brute economic force. They will certainly tend to compel a re-alignment of the forces of capital and labour in their struggle on far more enlightened lines than those of the old field of battle. If all the em-

ployers in the world should give a share of the profits and a voice in the management it would, I believe, only hasten the day of the triumph of democracy. I agree with Thorold Rogers that revolutions are born of prosperity. I express in my book the conviction that in the labour co-partnership movement, the working man is getting an education in the administration of industry which will not only be of the highest use to him in the socialisation of industry but will be indispensable. We cannot operate a democracy of socialistic industry without democratised or socialistic working men, and the labour copartnership world seems to me an admirable training school for the production of the future presidents and governors of industry. If the world of industry were socialised to-morrow it would be to the working men who had been trained in the labour copartnership works that we should have to turn for our only experienced leaders. I do not know where else we would find any outside of the limited industrial functions of the state and municipality.

Thus he took the trouble to report labour copartnership as important news of the passing day. He greatly respected honourable business success and he interpreted this magnificent movement which was creating material prosperity for the people in terms of the highest spiritual achievement.

It is an established religion, for co-operation is not a method of business merely, but an ideal of conduct, and a theory of human relations. Without cathedrals, creeds, rituals, or priests, it has not only openly professed, but has successfully institutionalised the golden rule in business.

As he expected, it proved to be news. The progress of the working men in making themselves owners of the instruments of production in factory, mill, creamery,

and farm was a surprise to nearly all American readers, even well informed economists having little conception of it. This was almost as true in England, where the story had never been so graphically or comprehensively told. It followed Mrs. Beatrice Potter Webb's and Benjamin Jones's books on co-operation, but was the first to describe the new departure of labour copartnership. In escaping the usual confusion between this and the Rochdale system, to which, as to the familiar story of distributive stores, he paid little attention, he won the special regard of those in the movement. Men like Edward Owen Greening, born and brought up in the ranks, said that he grasped the subject in a wonderful way.

You have succeeded in focusing the results of our work [wrote Robert Halstead], and in presenting the principles and genius of our movement in a way that speaks volumes for your industry in gathering and your insight in discriminating facts, and realising the divergent veins and essential differences of co-operators. All of us who are believers in labour copartnership must feel a great indebtedness to you.

One who has acquired such insight in a short time into our movement [said another] may be well taken as an authority on what is possible in his own country.

Sir George Livesey wrote:

As to your most interesting book on copartnership I can only say I read it with the greatest pleasure and learnt much from it. It is strange that Englishmen should be indebted to an American for the best account of what is going on in their own country in the direction of copartnership. I

Photograph of Mr. Lloyd in 1898.

By Hollinger, New York.

have seen nothing to compare with it and much of the information was quite new to me.

In regard to your special chapter on Workmen Directors in which you do the South Metropolitan Gas Company a great service, I must say it is the best account extant; it is as correct as to the facts as I could have made it and much more interesting than anything I could have written. It passes my comprehension how you did it so well. . . . Of course the Workmen Directors have not worked a revolution in the management either one way or the other, but they have acted as gentlemen and with good common-sense. . . . Your enthusiasm on the question of copartnership is very contagious and your interest in our work very gratifying to us.

Many admirers missed in the book the brilliant fire of his denunciatory work, which had given place to easy, attractive narrative, not overburdened with statistics or propaganda, and now and then rising to a clear note of hope and inspiration. It was no more than it claimed to be, a reporter's account. "You were too modest by half," wrote Spahr. "One page of your say-so was worth dozens from the officials of those [co-operative] societies."

Tho designedly not what is nowadays called "scientific" . . . [Mr. Lloyd wrote to Carroll D. Wright], [it] tells some truths in a manner that I think will reach the people; which all "scientific" matter does not do.

It had its influence, and was to sociological students the most important book of its year. Its figures took people's breath away. It cheered the despondent as he hoped, showing that a nobler spirit was growing in the world. "Mr. Lloyd's mingled humanity and sanity," said Mr. Salter, "never showed to better advantage than

in this book, bringing more light and love into the world." Its message found expression in many of the pulpits. It inspired courage in those who had lost faith in political movements. It revived the interest of many who from the capitalistic tendencies of the co-operative stores had registered co-operation as a failure. It kindled new prestige for the working man. British economists had taken the lead in defining with rigid precision the distinct provinces of management, capital, and labour, making it appear impracticable that working men could ever, as a class, take part in the control of industry; yet under their very eyes was here illuminated the vision of British workmen displaying every grade and type of ability. The brilliant figures of its success could not be denied, and business men were amazed. The facts of co-operation, his book said, had put an end for ever to the superstition that great commercial, financial, and administrative ability was the monopoly of a class.

I have not met in the world of private enterprise, a finer set of young business managers than the intelligent, alert, industrious, and devoted young men of the labour copartnership enterprises of Great Britain.

Those grappling with the labour movement either as students or as working men felt, as Jane Addams said, "a stirring of old faiths."

If the working people are to be the future rulers of the world [wrote Lloyd[1]], as Mr. Gladstone said in one of his most impressive speeches, it is full of good omen that with all the terrible handicaps on them, giving them not a tenth

[1] *New York Journal*, August 2, 1898.

of a chance to win, they have in labour copartnership succeeded in organising the most civilised system of production the modern world of industry knows—one far in advance of anything done by that superior power, the capitalist.

It gave a temporary stimulus to the American movement.

Your book is performing a mighty work [wrote James Rhodes, American Secretary of the International Co-operative Alliance]. From many places I have received letters asking for information how to put farms, workshops, factories, etc., on to a profit-sharing basis, all the result of reading your book.

Farmers' institutes and granges over the country were impressed by the story of the Irish co-operators. Sir Horace Plunkett wrote:

I find that our Irish economic awakening is beginning to have an interest for Irish Americans. I see your hand in this, as I don't think any other American has observed us.

Lloyd sowed the ideas as widely as possible, sending his book, for instance, to William H. Baldwin of the Long Island Railroad and to Stuyvesant Fish of the Illinois Central, commending their special consideration of the chapter on "Workmen Directors"; to the Illinois State Reformatory, and to the Canadian Department of Agriculture; to Booker T. Washington, suggesting that he might by efforts similar to Plunkett's make his school self-supporting; to the municipal specialist Albert Shaw, advising him to read the chapter on Kettering: "The world will never look the same to you again." He also lectured over the

country on "News from Co-operative Land" and "From Hireling to Partner," bringing to the discouraged people the marvellous facts and figures of this movement which he called the great economic event of the 19th century, greater than the trusts, achieved by working men whose aim was to leave the world a little better than they found it.

Money alone could not bring these men to do such work. A vision of brotherhood inspired them; the same vision as that which accompanied the advent of the Christian era.

I remember his consulting me in London as to whether it was his duty to wear only co-operative clothing: his conscience seemed to say to him that he should, and yet, truth to tell, their fit was not equal to the high-water mark of his Regent Street tailor. I do not know how his conscience decided, but to deliver these lectures he always wore a complete set of co-operative clothes, and usually prefaced his talk by declaring himself the best dressed man in the assembly because, he said, there were no stains of human sacrifice on his garments, and while they might not fit perfectly, they were indeed "fit clothes."

He hoped that his book might lead to invitations to Vivian and Blandford to lecture in America, and made a special effort through Gompers to secure for Vivian an invitation to address the annual convention of the American Federation of Labor, offering to contribute towards the expense, but in vain.

Gompers is a good fellow [he wrote to Vivian], but he shows the timidity of the elected person, which is quite as much one of the characteristics of the class as "the endless audacity" which Whitman attributes to them.

I have been very much disappointed [he wrote later, in 1899] by the complete failure of my attempts here to get any of the trade-unions or organisations of labour to take up the co-operative or copartnership movement. Gompers seems positively unable to believe that the co-operative movement is not an insidious enemy to the trade-union movement, but he will come around in time, and we shall have you here, but not as soon as I had hoped.

Indeed his efforts met with opposition, both among trade-unionists and socialists. He saw that the aim of the co-operators and socialists was the same; their methods differed.

Co-operatives believe in home rule, local self-government, private initiative, and industrial democracy. Socialists believe in centralisation and political initiative. What right has either to call the other heretic? Both are right. There will be some industries nationalisable—railroads. Some must remain municipal—gas. Some corporational and co-operative—boot and shoe.[1]

This view he maintained through the years and tried when he could to influence socialists and trade-unionists towards co-operation and co-operatives toward advanced political action. This was an unusual position, but one characteristic of him.

Though he [Lloyd] is himself a socialist [wrote Holyoake[2]], he is a friend of self-helping industry. I am glad to say that he is about to visit Europe again. He has a great idea that united action is possible between socialists and co-operators. He may depend upon it that every reasonable conception of unity will be considered. . . .

[1] Note-book, 1897.
[2] *Labour Copartnership*, February, 1901.

Mr. Lloyd is the first socialist writer . . . who showed this practical sympathy with co-operation.[1]

He did not therefore offer his picture of labour copartnership as a complete solution, but "pending the political regeneration of the whole world at once," he said, "it is one of which no intelligent man of affairs can afford to be ignorant." It is but a half truth, the private or voluntary side of the movement towards emancipation, of which the democratic or political side is the other half; but the world needs half truths, he said, to make up its whole truth. His philosophy did not rest wholly on one side or the other, but recognised their interdependence; now the strongest accent of the needs of the times seemed to be placed on one, now on the other:

I heard a great deal from co-operators against the socialists, and a great deal from the socialists against the co-operators, but to me it seemed quite possible that the philosophic historian of the twenty-first century, looking backward, will see that they were both divisions of the same crusade. Both are moving towards the administration of industry under public motive—the one privately; the other politically. It is idle to ask the people as a whole to democratise industry through government action until there has been developed in the people an industrial conscience and the aptitudes of association which make it workable. Governments are always representative; and if there is not in the constituency the ability and the ethics of democratic industry, it would be idle to ask these of the government. The socialist calls for the ownership and operation by the people of the means of industry. The co-operative movement is training a picked body in the

[1] *Agricultural Economist*, August, 1903.

associated management of agriculture, manufacturing, and commerce—a complete circle of social industry, even if yet a small circle. If the time comes when the governments of the world are forced by public opinion or public necessity to undertake the direction of industry on a large scale, that government, we may be sure, will be successful among whose people there has been educated just the skill and experience which is being gotten ready by the co-operators and above all by labour copartnership in Great Britain. The socialists therefore, it seems to me, ought to look upon the co-operators as their advanced guard, while the co-operators should see that in the programme of the socialists is promise of the universalization of that which they are doing only in spots.

We cannot carry political socialism very much farther unless we develop in the body of the people a co-operative habit. You cannot make a co-operative commonwealth out of non-co-operative citizens. Nothing to-day would be of greater re-enforcement to the democracy of Australia and America than a co-operative movement, . . . under which men are taught to be brothers in industry.

He believed that when the time came for progressive action through the state, the co-operative voters would be the backbone of the political movement.

Nor in reporting this half truth did he intend to present it as a model for Americans to imitate. As we are a different people from the English, our co-operative growth must differentiate itself. But he hoped to encourage the co-operative spirit, which alone could save us, and by showing how one people attacked their problem, to indicate that the same principle and energy would bring us, by another road, to a like success.

I came upon Lloyd one evening in the Boston Public

Gardens [said Theodore Curtis, a tireless worker in the cause of the people]. I was puzzling over the problems that were facing us, and appealed to him for light. I always remember how he threw his arm across my shoulder as we walked along and said: *"I tell you, Curtis, the American working man has got to learn to co-operate."*

He wrote to a correspondent in 1898:

I should be very glad to see you . . . in Winnetka to hear your plans for the Workers' Commercial Company. If you will read my book on labour copartnership, you will see that English co-operation has got to its present success by very humble beginnings. Men competent to co-operate have been selected in England by much hard work and bitter experience. It will be necessary to follow the same path to success in America. Successful co-operation will march only from the body of the common people by the survival of little groups, doing little things in little ways, and great only because unselfish. I think the tendency of the American mind runs too much to believe that success can be organised on a large scale. This is absolutely impossible. Mankind has been at work twenty-five hundred years organising a republic and has never yet succeeded in organising one that could last. Co-operation can be made to succeed in Chicago only by uniting small groups of men engaged in something that brings them into personal contact daily, so that they know each other and each knows what the other is doing. I believe the people will be forced into such unions very soon and look to see co-operation take a firm hold here. But I am confident it can only come in the way I have indicated.

As the century drew to a close, and the various co-operative ventures failed, leaving America lagging far behind Belgium, England, Italy, he said that our problems were greater. We were still under "the spell

of opportunity" in a kind of exaltation and expectation of sudden developments of great fortunes, and would need a generation or two to sober down. Our movement was moreover encountering as its problem a consolidation of industry so far consummated as to make any initiative of individuals or groups almost impossible. He wrote (in 1901) to James Rhodes, who as an Englishman was perhaps not so conscious of the differentiation in co-operative form which would be necessary to meet the American situation:

The English movement began manifestly when there was no such thing known as the modern method and the success on the continent is being won in an economic environment . . . pristine in comparison with ours. . . . It is said to be the purpose of the steel trust to dismantle its works at McKeesport. . . . The natural idea for you or me as co-operators would be that here was a chance to organise the workers there into a co-operative steel works. But here appear some of the characteristic difficulties of the American situation. In the first place the organisation of the trust is so good, or at least we presume it to be so good, that men with less capital and organisation would be at a serious disadvantage. It is I suppose not to be doubted that a steel works to compete with a modern plant would have to have a capital of hundreds of thousands of dollars, and there is the question of patents ensuring a monopoly which the trust would be almost certain to control if there were any such. But the most serious fact of the situation remains. The men of the steel trust are practically the same men as those who are in control of the railroads, and it is a certainty that any co-operative or other competitor of the trust would find it impossible to get transportation at the same rates as the trust. In fact, judging from the experience in coal and oil and cattle, it is a fair presumption that they would often be unable to get transportation at all.

Would you under these circumstances think it wise to advise the steel workers to try co-operation? I am not arguing against co-operation, but I am anxious to see what means of meeting the difficulties a veteran "co-op" has to suggest.

He feared in his last years that the co-operative advance would halt in America until a fundamental economic readjustment had been made. But as America's task was more difficult, so in his belief would her achievement be greater. As the years went by, and no progress could be reported, his faith made him patient:

The co-operative movement abroad is progressing by leaps and bounds [he wrote to Rhodes]. When the American people will start and in what direction they will move are still mysteries to me, but that they will do both in their own good time I feel sure.

He always remained in touch with the movement, national and international. In later tours he made a special study of Belgium's movement, which was advancing with both co-operative and political or socialist sails set, wing and wing. He noted with solicitude an increasing commercialism, and wrote to Holyoake in 1902:

I had looked forward with anticipations of the highest pleasure to meeting you at the International Co-operative Congress. But when I got the programme and found how emasculated the proceedings were to be under the English Co-operative Wholesale Society, I decided that it would not be worth my while to spend a month waiting. . . .

Do you not sometimes think now that Judge Hughes and others made a mistake in dropping the fight in Congress

against the centralising and commercialising influence of the English Co-operative Wholesale Society? In my recent co-operative tour in Europe I found the trail of that serpent everywhere—in Switzerland, Germany, Denmark.

How curious the circular movement of human effort. The wealth created by the idealism of Owen is now strangulating the idealism, and so choking the sources of future wealth.

I would have stayed and fought [he wrote to Hiram Vrooman], if any firing line had been presented, and if American co-operation had been sufficiently developed to give me standing.

But instead of losing faith, he began at once to work over a new book on the movement, in the hope of helping to restore its ideals.

The path to the larger family which this life promises, like the path to democracy, is a long and weary one, tho it is one from which the feet of the people will never turn back.

CHAPTER XIX

"A DEMOCRATIC TRAVELLER"

WHEN a veteran co-operator now suggested that Mr. Lloyd assume leadership, he answered (1898):

I did not write my book . . . with the idea of inviting the responsibility of attempting to play the part of an American Plunkett. In truth, as I intimate in my closing pages, I am very much inclined to think our evolution has possibly gone beyond the point where that would be opportune. I would not say this very confidently, nor would I think it wise to say it with too much explicitness publicly, because it is an unvarying rule with me not to criticise the efforts which others think important, nor to place the different panaceas in competition with each other.

I produced *Labour Copartnership* as one step in a very distinct programme I have set myself. . . . I want to help to make the American people acquainted with the best results of social movements of emancipation abroad.

In *Labour Copartnership* I show the best that has been done by voluntary organisation. In the book I am about to write on New Zealand I shall show the best that has been done by political organisation. After that I think I shall go to Switzerland to describe the results of what has been done there in the way of resuming the railroads. . . . Of what may lie beyond, it would be premature to speak now.

This work absorbs all my energies and involves also a very considerable pecuniary sacrifice. If, therefore, I am

unable to spend the time and the money which you as a co-operator would like to see me give to the work in America, you will understand that it is not because I am indifferent or indolent. I am doing all that I can and sometimes a little more.

He now definitely enrolled himself as "a democratic traveller."

I was much interested by your account of your campaign. . . . But do you know, my dear Mr. Lockwood, I have very nearly made up my mind that a political remedy for the situation of things in this country is beyond our reach. At least until we have in some way effected an economic readjustment. Republican institutions presuppose a certain sort of equality among those who carry them out. The moment you get a chronic mal-distribution of wealth, you have, as the inevitable sequence, a corresponding mal-distribution of political power. The unequal advantage of wealth carries with it unequal advantage in education and in powers of initiative and in social influence. Once allow a very rich class to develop in any country, and as long as they remain the rich they will rule it in all other provinces of its life. More than that, they are compelled by the fact that they are rich to be anti-republican. Whether we can get this economic readjustment by means of the reforms in progressive taxation, government ownership, land restoration, co-operation, etc., which are now being pushed with such success in New Zealand and England, I do not know. I think we are bound to make the effort, and I am going over to New Zealand . . . to make a study of Antipodal democracy on the spot.

In the closing years of the 19th century, progressive thinkers of the world had their eyes on this young country.

There [said Lloyd] waited the last piece of virgin soil on

earth where the white race can spend its governing genius, unhampered by climate, slavery, monarchy, vested rights and vested ruts, immigration, or the enervating seductions of power over subject races.

For many years he had been following its achievements through press, official reports, and legislative bills. He now wished to see it at work.

. . . I want to go there in order to be able to say that I have seen at first hand done . . . by the common people, with no theoretical socialism impelling them, the things which our leaders here tell us cannot be done. These leaders assure us that it is impossible for the people to use their own government for their own benefit unless they change human nature. I want to go to New Zealand and see whether the human nature that has succeeded there is any different from the human nature of the people of the United States; and if it is not, to see why the New Zealanders have so far surpassed us.

It seems to me that the field of theoretical socialism has been worked out. The Utopias have been all written—or, at least, all that we need now. What is especially wanted at this point of our development is a focusing into one view of all the different things that are being done of, by, and for the people in different parts of the world and in different provinces of effort. If the American people could be roused to the point of naturalising all the reforms that have been successfully instituted . . . in town government, national socialism, and in the voluntary field of co-operation, we should have a very nearly ideal Utopia, right here and now. And why can we not naturalise the best things that all these different peoples have done if we are willing to naturalise their average men and women as they come over to us?

If the settlement of Plymouth and Boston was properly

called New England [he wrote to his friend, William Mather], that of Australia can be as appropriately styled Newest England. It is the place where tendencies, aspirations, and talents cramped in England, and now even in New England, find room to leap forward in new social and political realisation. I am going to study this democratic efflorescence with a view to reporting it to our people to help rouse them from their pessimism about the possibility of progress in self-government.

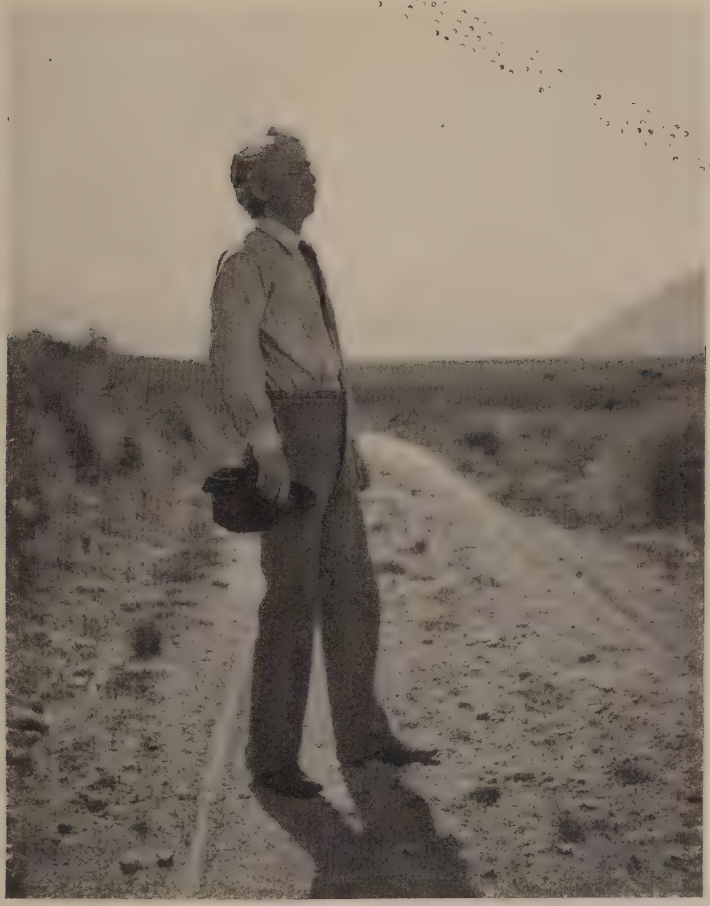
So, early in January, 1899, he and his son William left Winnetka and were soon sailing away through the Golden Gate and over the waters of the Pacific,—modern Argonauts seeking the golden fleece for the people. By February 10 the steamer *Warrimoo* had brought him to that beautiful island which he said stood "isolated by destiny to be an experiment station, a laboratory of democracy." He at once began visiting state departments, meeting administrators, and talking columns to interviewers, so that the public soon knew why "this expert analyst of men and methods" had come to their shores and hoped that the institutions would not disappoint him. He was surprised to find how eager was the Australasian public to know of American conditions, and was obliged to tell of our plight:

The closest observers of the American situation, however, feel that we are now in the period of darkness which precedes the brighter day. There can be no greater mistake than to suppose that the public feeling of America is indifferent to the situation of the working man, or to the political corruption of which some of our foreign critics seem to be very fond of reminding us. On the contrary, there never was a time when the public opinion of America was in a condition of more active ebullition than now. Everywhere the

people are meeting publicly and privately to discuss the economic and social conditions, and to seek a way out. . . . Don't doubt this, that though the present conflict between the monopolists and the great body of the public may lead to a great struggle—even to a revolution—there is no country in the world where the problems of national life are receiving more careful study, and where the outlook for a solution on very broad and advanced lines is more probable than in the United States of America.

As he had only three and a half months to gather material he moved speedily from one progressive institution to another, not neglecting détours to catch nature's inspiration in scenery which he said was a synopsis of the best of Norway, Switzerland, Italy, and England, "with occasional patches of Gehenna in the pumice country around the hot lakes." To have seen this as a background for the rarer spectacle of the democratic heart of its people working through golden rule institutions in the most prosperous country of the world, was an inspiring experience. If he were without ties elsewhere, this was the land, he said, where he should come to live and die. Often before these beauties, whether of nature or democracy, his son's camera was called into service, now to catch a co-operative group at work, or a new tent home on the forest's edge, or to snap "Dad" drinking in New Zealand's mountain air and its visions of liberty and peace. Full bulletins were sent home:

Wellington, New Zealand, February 12, 1899.—We arrived in midsummer with a temperature of fifty-five degrees, so cold that we could see our breath, and with a regular Noah's ark rain. . . . Mr. Lusk's letter to Sir Robert Stout was the first we presented. It secured us



Drinking in New Zealand's Mountain Air and its Visions of Liberty and Peace.

entrance to this very comfortable club where we are quartered.

. . . The first thing I did on arriving here was to "throw down" the New Zealand government. When I took my cablegram to the telegraph office, which is also the post-office, they refused to take "Lloyd, Winnetka" as a proper message. There must be, the official very superiorly said, at least three words. I stated to deaf ears that I had so telegraphed repeatedly from all the leading cities and summer resorts of Europe, Asia, and Africa. They made me add a word, "Well," and pay $1.60 for it. . . . When I got to the club I was told that there had been a dozen calls at the telephone for me. I went to it. "We find you are right about being able to cable the address alone; do you wish the third word dropped?" I certainly did. A few minutes afterwards I was called out from lunch to receive an ambassador from the government who tremblingly and humbly handed me back my money with an abject apology for having given me so much trouble. I patted the government on the head, and told it to go home and never do so any more and all would be forgiven and forgotten. That almost paid me for coming to New Zealand; think of such a thing with the Western Union Telegraph Company.

To-day has been very busy, but uneventful; and began with an interview. . . . Then a . . . talk with the Minister of Education. The rest of the day I gave to the Minister of Railways and am to go with him to-day to visit the shops where the government builds its locomotives. The principle on which the government of New Zealand runs its railroads is that as rapidly as the profits of operation increase above three per cent., the rate they pay for borrowed money to build them with, rates to the people shall be reduced. . . .

Wellington, Feb. 17.—I have got all through my work here at the departments, and secured innumerable documents, and many interesting points of view which I could never have secured except by coming. . . .

Feb. 21.—Christchurch.—It seems very curious, almost inconsiderate, to be going about in the midst of roses and ripening fruits while you are shivering in . . . blizzards. . . . We have travelled one hundred seventy-six miles to-day . . . to examine some of the village settlements. One of the government officials has been delegated to go about with me, and the railroad department has put a "bird-cage car" on the train for us. . . . "The gentlemen of America" are everywhere received with great curiosity and great warmth. We have been "put up" at both the leading clubs here. To-morrow we go to Cheviot where the government took possession of Ready Money Robinson's 40,000 acres at the value he had put on it for taxation. . . .

This attempt of mine to digest all the departments of a national government in "twenty minutes for refreshments" is a good deal of a strain. . . . I have been interviewing labour leaders,—ministers of departments, country squires. . . . I have never worked so hard, I believe, as in the ten days since I arrived. . . .

Kurow, March 6.—One of our pleasant experiences yesterday was visiting the estate of a great landlord who said, speaking of the size of his farm in an offhand way, that "It ran fifteen miles back from the house." . . .

Kurioi, April 15.—We are at last out of the cooking-stove country, where hot water and steam come boiling and blowing out of almost every hillside and valley. But we are really not quite out, for all day long to-day we have been in sight of a volcano which was smoking, and which every now and then pours out a cloud of ashes. As this is only a short distance away from another mountain which a few years ago without a word of warning and without ever having been known to have had an eruption before, blew off a large part of its top, covered hundreds of square miles with ashes, buried villages, and killed a great many people, we have travelled with a becoming sense of the insecurity

Mr. Lloyd and his Son Starting out from Kurow, New Zealand.

of earthly affairs. And last night we slept at Tokaanu, which means "floating earth," where you cannot dig three feet without getting into hot water, and where they are shaken by earthquakes as regularly as by chills and fever in "Eden." We went to bed in faint hopes of being killed in our beds by some delightfully novel experience, but waked up disappointedly alive. We barely escaped another sensation. There were heavy rains the day before and our driver told us that if we had been a day earlier we could not have got across the river. As a matter of fact, the stage before us had been unable to ford the swollen river, and had had to camp all night at the river's edge, with no house within ten miles. Bridges are an almost unknown luxury. We have crossed scores of rivers, but almost always have had to ford them. The Waikato was too swift and deep for that, so we were ferried across thus—the horses were taken out of the coach, driven into the water and made to swim across—they were "ferried" on the same principle as that on which the Irishman worked his passage on the canals—by leading the mule. Then the coach was run into the river at a shallow place. A Maori ran his big canoe up under it, so that when he pulled out, the coach was astraddle of the canoe with the wheels in the water. Then two of them paddled a quarter of a mile up above the landing place and shot across, the downward current being so strong that we just had time to get across by the time the current swept us down the quarter mile. . . .

On the Whanganui, April 17.—Yesterday, we finished our course of N. Z. coaching and arrived at Pipiriki. . . . I have done about one thousand and fifty miles . . . of coaching. . . . I have at last repaired all the weight I lost on the *Warrimoo*, and if the scales at Pareto be believed, three lbs. more, as the scalemaster here yesterday checked me off as one hundred and fifty-two lbs. But those are the scales by which he sells; perhaps he sold me.

I am writing this in a canoe on the Whanganui above P.

. . . We are out for a two days' trip, with four Maoris. We are to camp out to-night near a Maori village. We have to force our way up over twenty-three rapids. No pen—not even Ruskin's—could describe the beauty of the rock-bound, moss-trimmed, fern-clad, glen-led stream up which we are going. The Maoris are grunting, chanting, whistling old Maori music, while the parson bird and the pigeon answer from the shore.

Our track is between two almost unbroken ferneries and rockeries often hundreds of feet high, luxuriant to the top with semi-tropical evergreen foliage. At every turn we hear the spatter or the roar of waterfalls, great or little, and dells, clefts, and gorges green with ferns and mosses and "bush," blue with sky, white and crystal with falling water, come down to the river in every direction. The sunshine of a cloudless day gilds everything, except the glossy leaves of the Tutti thickets, which it turns to gleaming silver, too bright for the eyes. When we escape from a rapid, and pass into a lake-like reach where in the still water both banks are reflected with all their greys, greens, and yellows, to the last leaf, trickle, and rock, and we seem to be lifted up like birds, and to be moving in the air with as much of the gorge below us as above, we are beauty-drunk. One of the quaint features is the appearance in the wild greenery of Lombardy poplars and weeping willows planted by the early missionaries. The Maoris say: "The missionaries taught us to lift our eyes in prayer, and while we prayed, they stole the ground from under our feet." Here, as at Honolulu, some of the very richest people are the descendants of the missionaries, and land is usually their principal possession.

Thus with every facility at command, he learned the point of view, not of one party or class, but of all, conferred with parliamentarians, with scientists, workmen settlers, took tea with the wives of statesmen, visited "baron" landowners and roustabouts. His

fame as an expert observer and student had preceded him. They knew him as one whose all-absorbing purpose was to work for human progress.

He had not been in New Zealand many days, even hours, before he realised that he had not come in vain. Like the rest of the world in 1899, he found it "in the flooding tide of a new prosperity." Nevertheless even here in an uncitified country where the main occupation was agriculture, and the farmers rather than the workmen were the radicals, he found labour troubles of the same kind as those of the United States.[1] Workmen were demanding their share of the new prosperity. He had known of course from the press that the New Zealanders were grappling with the problem in a novel way. So almost his first request was to see a strike. As an American citizen, that word suggested armed Pinkertons, street riots, starving mothers and babies. Doubtless knowing this, his friend smiled at his request.

We were driven to a charming spot in Christchurch, bordering on "The Domain," or public park, on the banks of the Avon where English willows turn their hoar leaves to a stream as beautiful as its namesake. We approached an interesting Gothic building which did not look like a factory or trades-union hall, and passed into a long, open room, with vaulted ceilings, galleries, stained glass windows.

On either side of a long table sat representatives of employers and employees, with a white-wigged Judge between them, all busy in controversy. This was a New Zealand strike. The sight and the statements which his friend whispered to him as they stood watching gave him an instant decision that this new social invention of compulsory arbitration had the first claim on his curiosity. The Act provides for a Board of

[1] See Appendix.

Conciliation, one for every district court, and a Board of Arbitration for the whole state. Both are so constituted as to contain representatives nominated in one case or elected in the other by associations of employers and employees, and a third person who in the case of the Arbitration Court is a judge of the Supreme Court. In case of a dispute between labour and capital, the Act has a three-fold compulsory feature, namely arbitration, if either party wishes it, publicity of the case, and obedience to the award.

Then Mr. Lloyd began to use his probe and lens as an expert social scientist to test this invention. He observed its workings, and talked it over with every type of man, with the political economist from Oxford University, the New Zealand labour advocate, with large employers, with senators. Its author, William Pember Reeves, proved to be a man whose heart and genius captivated him, and he and Lloyd became devoted friends. The more he studied the Act the more enthusiastic he became, and at the end of his tour, after studying all the achievements of this wonderful country, "so many," he said, "that the traveller hardly knows which way to turn," he pronounced this not merely a novelty in a subordinate field of legislation, but a new growth of the living organism of society. He saw that it was equalising the weak and the strong, both among working men and capitalists, giving the victory, as near as possible, to the right, and not to the merely strong; that it was blazing the trail for international arbitration, and that "commonwealth of nations" of which he was dreaming. To turn from its peace to some of the strike legislation of other lands, was, he said, "like passing from the mountain air of New Zealand into the torture chamber of some mediæval castle."

He was fortunate in seeing the initial operation of the old-age pension system, the first in the world, and the most popular among New Zealanders of all their reforms. "There is nowhere a kinder people," he said, "kind to the unfortunate and the stranger; and the popularity of this helping hand to the forlorn aged is a part of this chivalry." He discussed it with its originator, Premier Richard J. Seddon, whom he described as "a new man fresh from the multitudes, with a head that feels and a heart that thinks."

> Next to Lincoln, Mr. Seddon is the most remarkable man in politics I have yet met.[1] He has immense physical power, and a mind that works like a dynamo. I never saw his equal in anticipating the points you were going to make, or one who had his material better in hand.

Lloyd sat beside the magistrate in Wellington when he examined the applicants for pensions, a pathetic group, "the flotsam and jetsam of the work-a-day life of New Zealand." He was pleased to insert in his notes, as he listened, some legislative details which had resulted from the kindly influence of women's suffrage. Later at Christchurch, he saw the first payment under the new law, and watched the men and women as they appeared at the post-office savings bank, going in with anxious looks and coming out happy. At no time was his interest more deeply aroused than by the Public Trustee, then John C. Martin, with whom he spent hours listening to one instance after another when he was able to preside like a kind fate over the destinies entrusted to him. To Lloyd this office seemed the most

[1] An interview in *Lyttelton Times*, February 21, 1899. As Lloyd never met Lincoln, it is likely that he used some other expression.

human aspect in which any society of our day presents itself to its individual citizens.

He approached the railroad situation with the keen interest of one who had all his manhood been studying the question, and who had left a land agog with a discussion of private and public ownership. He went pretty well over the lines, observing their practical workings, and it is no sentimental exaggeration to say that here, where, as he said, the hand of the public was on the throttle, he found love at work. Where the people were the railway king no favouritism was shown. There was no discrimination to the largest shipper, no rebates. "A lift" was given to each class according to its need. Children were carried free to school, lime or breeding cattle brought free to the farmers, and donations to charitable institutions. As he stood on the platform at Wellington, a train came in bringing country children to see the city sights; returning trains took city children out to the foot of the mountains, "to look at waterfalls and fern trees," he said, "and hear the tui bird ring its silver bell."

But he especially tried to gather any light as to how Australasia answers the hard questions which private ownership puts to public ownership. His conclusion was that even in this unfavourable ground for testing the public side, the balance was in its favour. One result, he claimed, was incontrovertible, the public highways had become the public business; while the practical workings were delegated to officials, every detail of general policy was an expression of the people's will. He found that the democracy, running its roads for service, not for profit, produced beneficent results inconceivable to private ownership, as for instance, when it voluntarily reduced freight rates and fares, or

on building a new road, insured to the public the rise in value of bordering land. In methods of road-building he found it pre-eminent. This was done by men working co-operatively and without the aid of the sweating contractor, by unemployed and casuals who were given "the mercy of employment," and changed as they worked into permanent settlers. Old were given work as well as young, delicate as well as robust. "We know," he said, "that we could look through the whole world of private highways for only one instance like this, and look in vain."

With special detail he surveyed the comparative experiences with railroads under non-political commissioners and under the political system as a department of the government. There was no telling, he said, how soon this might become a practical question even in America. In general the attitude of the people was such that it was safe to say that the highways of Australasia would never become private property. When English capitalists offered to build important connecting lines, although the government approved, the people by referendum vote said no. Their far-sighted democracy was no accident. They had profited, he said, by witnessing the helplessness of their British and American cousins before the owners of the highways.

Strange to say, in that wide country so recently held only in nature's tenure, there had grown up a system of land legislation and land monopoly more pernicious than that of England. Vast estates, many held by absentee corporations who would neither sell nor cultivate, had become the greatest curse of the nation. Fearlessly had the premier and the ministers of state set to work to prevent the mass of the people

who own no land from becoming serfs. Lloyd went about the country to see how they had done this by the use of "that ancient, constitutional, and inalienable weapon—the tax," and to see in operation the two laws, one to prevent future monopoly in public lands, the other to break up by purchase, compulsory if need be, existing private monopoly. He visited Cheviot, the first of the estates which the state had resumed and cut into "land for the people." As he traversed its roads, one vying in beauty with the rarest of the Riviera, and talked with the settlers in its new villages, with the farmers on the roadside as he had done with the administrative officials, he found the facts of its success as lovely as its prospect of mountain and meadow.

Feb. 24.—These last few days have been given to our visit to Cheviot. It has been a brilliant success. The weather has been as fine September weather as heart could wish; the scenery of the air-swept, treeless, tumultuous sort that the foothills of the Rockies give in Colorado and Wyoming. The spectacle of the thriving farms, buttressed with golden stacks of grain as big as the barns or bigger, and the prosperous towns, where only five years ago, there was nothing but a manor-house and vast expanses of sheep land—a population of twelve hundred, where there were less than fifty—was most inspiring.

With characteristic balance he tried hard not to be "carried away," not to be too glad. "I took special pains," he said, "to find out what causes of dissatisfaction, if any, there might be, and what the shortcomings were, for the temptation to become enthusiastic was almost overpowering." But there was no denying the gain of 14% in the productivity of

"A Democratic Traveller"

Mr. Lloyd from a photograph taken in Wellington, New Zealand, 1899, by Wrigglesworth and Binns

the land, nor the increased quantities of wool, of wheat, of lambs, and more important than the lambs, he said, were "the kiddies," who will live and if need be die for New Zealand.

He went to Waimate to witness the balloting for a newly resumed estate. He found the houses "filled to the eaves" with applicants. Although the examinations are usually private, the authorities courteously allowed him to be present. When the time for balloting came and the question arose as to who should be "scrutineer" to read and announce the ballots, several voices called, "Let the people nominate." By acclamation "the democratic traveller" from America was chosen and thus had the happiness of helping in the distribution of one of the finest estates resumed by the democracy. The state remains the landlord, giving the land under a new legislative feature, the "lease in perpetuity." He filled his note-book with the novel and kindly methods of this rare landlord, who when he forecloses a mortgage restores to the tenant the value of his improvements, who gives land to the moneyless without any cash payment, who when he finds himself making a profit reduces the rents, who also safeguards certain rights of the dispossessed private owners, so that the new system goes into effect with no social bitterness. Thus he saw New Zealand in the act of driving out the land barons, creating a happy, prosperous yeomanry, and moving slowly to its ultimate goal,—the nationalisation of every foot of land. They are well on their way, he said, to a realisation of what no people have yet had—an inalienable fatherland. "Speculation in land is dead, and that is the beginning of the end."

Although the only real novelties he discovered were

the Compulsory Arbitration Act, and the Minimum Wage Law of Victoria, he joyously recorded myriad ways by which the Australasian peoples were saving themselves through the state—"Government and Company Unlimited" he called it; how they elected to train themselves scientifically in all manner of industries, and established state schools of viticulture, horticulture, dairy culture, sent over the lands the best mining and soil analysis experts in the world, built co-operative dairies, sugar mills, cold-storage warehouses, slaughter-houses, in some colonies carrying the coal, crushing the ore, irrigating the land. When he left, their success was widening into a more radical programme, ownership of the coal mines.

His survey of not quite three months in New Zealand and one in Australia being over, his public programme was for the time subordinated to the private. He had contemplated visiting Japan, a country with which he believed that the world would have much to reckon in the near future, stopping also at Java for a glimpse of Holland's successful treatment of the native races, a story little known by Americans and one soon to be greatly needed. But a cable announcing the date of his second son's Class Day made the travellers hastily turn homeward. Many parting messages revealed the place he had won in the warm hearts of this kindly race.

> I feel more drawn toward your great nation by having had the honour of meeting and knowing you than would have been otherwise possible [was the parting message of Edward Tregear, Secretary of Labour]. New Zealand will feel that it has some ownership now in you and your work and "telepathy without wires" will be set up between Wellington and Winnetka. . . .

From the Victorian Socialists' League the secretary wrote:

> My comrades wave their hands to you—in friendship and in greetings—may you be spared long for the service of humanity.

The travellers now had an exciting race to reach Harvard by Class Day. They barely caught the *Warrimoo* which cleared on May 26. Fortune favoured, for at Vancouver they struck a red-letter day in Canadian railway history, when the new swift service between Montreal and Vancouver was being inaugurated by two four-day expresses, one flying east and the other west. There was some public interest in this Phineas Fogg globe race. At Winnipeg a telegram from the *New York World* caught the train asking him for a two-thousand-word story to be given the Montreal correspondent. In spite of a delay from the discovery of a boulder on the track in a tunnel, "train No. 1" drew up in Montreal on time to the minute. Then came the dash for Boston and the travellers arrived two hours before the Class Day exercises, having come 10,000 miles in twenty-nine days. Mr. Lloyd began at once to talk out his experiences in the columns of Boston and Chicago papers, and to spread the ideas in lectures and magazines. He brought a greeting from East to West. "The Australasians," he said, "are intensely fond of America, and I carry their messages of love, as well as their experiences in government to the American people."

As a strike was in progress in St. Louis, his expert information on the Compulsory Arbitration Act was at once sought by leading citizens there, and thus the new importation of facts by the democratic

traveller found a ready demand. His first task was to get before the public an account of the law in a little book, *A Country Without Strikes*. It was quickly done in the journalistic style, being in the publisher's hands seven months after he had landed in New Zealand. Small as it was, it represents a great achievement on his part, for it was written in a time of deep depression. To have turned from this sight of New Zealand's statesmen saving the people's liberties to his helplessness before the great problems of his own country must have had its share in disheartening him. "If I wrote that book under the conditions I did," he said afterward, "*I can do anything*. No man ever wrote under greater difficulties." Although it nowhere glows with his usual charm or strength of style, it had the merit of being the first adequate account of the complicated provisions of the Act and its workings.

There could have been no more timely work. The conflicts in the labour world were growing more intense. Many cities, European and American, were suffering from strikes. Anxious statesmen and workers for progress felt it a boon to have put in their hands this compact volume whose very title was welcome. To learn of "a country without strikes," which was not "Altruria" but "Actualia," sent again a leaven of hope through society. Men rose from the reading with a feeling of elation. Reviews filled the papers and Lloyd wrote and lectured, not caring how often he repeated so long as he sent the idea vibrating through every group of minds he encountered. Among the grateful letters was the following, the last which he was to receive from his beloved friend, John P. Altgeld:

ALTGELD, DARROW, & THOMPSON, UNITY BUILDING.
June 19, 1901.

DEAR MR. LLOYD:

Many thanks for your kind words about my little book. I cannot tell you how sweet they are to me. It is one of my children that the world is not frowning on.

You will see from the heading of this letter that I have gone to work and am trying to make an honest (?) living. Although I have a deep conviction that a reformer ought not to have to work.

I have not yet congratulated you on the tremendous success of your little book on New Zealand. Nearly every paper in this country quoted from it. I know of nothing that has done so much to educate our people as that little book. Even if the sales have not been large it has done its work and you should be very happy about it. Remember me to Mrs. Lloyd and accept my benediction.

JOHN P. ALTGELD.[1]

A widespread discussion of the relative merits of compulsory and voluntary arbitration followed its publication. The idea of compulsion proved a stumbling block to the ordinary conception of individual liberty, but Mr. Lloyd said that this was the kind of compulsion which gave liberty. He considered the term compulsory extremely infelicitous. It should have been named state arbitration, for it meant only arbitration by law and was no more compulsory than all the functions of government rendered necessary by an intractable minority.

If we always say "compulsory arbitration" we ought also always to say "compulsory taxation" or "compulsory sanitation." . . . Compulsory arbitration adopted by the majority after public discussion among a self-governing people is voluntary arbitration.

[1] Lloyd's letters to Altgeld have not been found.

In view of its success in New Zealand and the failure of voluntary arbitration everywhere, he declared that the compulsory feature alone vitalised it. He did not have the support of the trade-unions in this any more than in *Labour Copartnership*. They feared the courts. To this objection his answer was in part:

> Courts are poor things at best, but they average infinitely higher in justice than war, especially private war. . . . Labour troubles are passing under the control of the judges, and will do so more and more. "Capitalist judges!" the working men say. Far better for the striker that the "capitalist judge" sit in such an arbitration court than in a star chamber. . . . The working men of America reject the procedure of Australasia only to submit to something far worse. They have a compulsory arbitration much more odious. The defeat of strikes by injunction often entailing imprisonment has become their frequent experience. The Australasian working men think a judge—even if a "capitalist tool"—who sits in an arbitration court where by law they are given recognition, hearing, facts, publicity, statement, and protection, all in full, is better than a judge who sits in a star chamber dispensing government by injunction, with reserves of Gatling guns and generals on horseback just outside his door.[1]

Indeed his sympathies were democratically with the body of the people.

> There could be no better credential for the idea of arbitration courts [he wrote] than the fact that the leaders on both sides are vehemently, passionately, opposed to it. Enemies in all else, union labour and union capital are friends in their fright at the suggestion that the public shall compel them to adopt rules of order instead of a military code. . . .

[1] *New York Journal*, September 24, 1901.

They are class leaders of class movements seeking class advantage; the public is their quarry.

He saw that the true secret of this discussion about compulsion was that the third party, the people, did not want arbitration. In a dejected moment, he said that he sometimes thought the Americans preferred to fight, that they were warlike and fighters to their finger-tips, and were just entering their Roman period.

The American people do not yet want arbitration by courts. They have not yet thought enough or suffered enough. They are sure to suffer enough to make them think enough.

Samuel Gompers opposed the idea in the press. To John Mitchell, President of the United Mine Workers of America, Lloyd sent literature and wrote:

The main objection to compulsory arbitration in America is only a practical one, and that is that we have not yet had sufficient experience with arbitration to have become an arbitrating people. When the Americans have become indoctrinated with the ideas of arbitration, and when they then find (as they surely will) that every once in a while some intractable minority of employers or workmen defeat an arbitration which the whole country knows to be of vital importance, there will be very little hesitation in taking the next step and making arbitration compulsory. The true statement of my position is arbitration voluntarily, if possible; compulsory, if necessary. Compulsory arbitration, even in New Zealand, is only for the minority and for the exceptional labour trouble.

In advocating this measure, he again showed his balanced temperament. Whereas he believed in the

most radical reconstruction of society, he yet saw clearly the value of this next step.

> It does not pacify the greatest war of all, the war which underlies the labour wars, the war between the House of the Million and the House of the Millionaire, the age-long war between the rich and the poor, in which emancipation of slaves and serfs and the enfranchisements of peoples were episodes, and which may be now nearing its final crisis. But tho a conservative measure, and operating only within the boundaries of a world of social injustice, it is a vast improvement on the manners and methods of war, and would sweeten humanity for a sweeter solution of the greater question.

Although, like labour copartnership, it was continually doomed to death by doctrinaires, he believed that the idea was growing. He himself headed a movement which drafted for Massachusetts a law calling for "an industrial court." In New York, Kansas, Canada, similar bills were considered, a plank drafted on the New Zealand method, minus the compulsory element, was adopted by the next National Democratic Convention, while the Industrial Commission sitting in Washington, D. C., minutely discussed the New Zealand plan, and thereby filled the press with quotations from *A Country Without Strikes*.

Two months after his book appeared, a conciliation and arbitration conference was called in Chicago by the National Civic Federation. Compulsory arbitration was touched upon in the chairman's opening address, referred to by nearly every speaker, and deprecated by representatives of both capital and labour. One session was devoted to its workings in New Zealand. The *Chicago Tribune*[1] in reporting this said:

[1] *Chicago Tribune*, December 18, 1900.

It is a significant fact, and one probably unknown to most of those attending this conference, that the one citizen of this country who has recently been to New Zealand, and after a careful study of the situation there, has written the story of the operation of compulsory arbitration in that island, was not invited to this conference. . . . His book . . . has at least shown remarkable results in the one country where that plan has been tried, and while it contains no recommendation that the same plan be tried in this country, his contribution to a discussion on the subject should naturally be of peculiar importance.

In a few months the Labour Department at Wellington was inundated with letters of enquiry from all parts of the world. "It is almost impossible to . . . send pages of writing . . ." the department wrote to Lloyd, "and we do not care to praise up our own acts. Your book has filled the gap." It also had its influence in Australia, as shown by the words of Hon. B. R. Wise, Attorney-General for New South Wales:

Mr. Lloyd's exposition of the workings and aims of the New Zealand Industrial and Arbitration Act was widely read in this state; and his influence contributed in no small degree to the passage of our industrial arbitration act.

The whole story of his New Zealand tour he wrote in *Newest England.* In this account, where statistics were graced with tender descriptions of nature and human nature, and his early fires of style now and then flashed into view, every page was full of his deep passion for human betterment and bore indirect testimony that the beloved American people were ever in his mind. He knew that they were depressed, worried with daily cares, but needed to know. So he made the story not technical nor ponderous, but popular, clear, pictorial,

even gay. Its numbers may seem small, he said, to those whose imaginations have become imperial, but the breadth of the spirit revealed must enlarge the democratic horizon of every thinker who reads of their achievements. He did not fill the pages with blasting contrasts, although his aim was not so much to tell us about New Zealand, as to help save America. He merely said: Look on this picture of an oppressed people. See by what a Titanic effort they saved themselves, and are in wisdom rebuilding their society, with no weapons save those of the state. They are not an extraordinary people. They have not been obliged, except in one or two cases, even to create new legislative inventions. They have merely searched their history for precedents, and have carried these out in a whole-hearted manner.

When all the world was discussing the various projects for preserving free government, this story scattered broadcast the impetus of the most forward democracy of the age and set people dreaming, hoping. A minor result was that at the next apportionment of homestead claims, the United States Department of the Interior arranged for its being done by lot.

I believe that New Zealand has a very important message for the rest of us [he wrote to a friend]. I consider her as having an especial right to be considered the political brain of the modern world and I hope we shall find it is also a contemporaneous posterity. . . . I regard the work done . . . as a far more instructive episode than the French Revolution, and one which accomplished a great deal more original and valuable work; and, consequently, the one which is more than any other episode worth the careful study of the American people. New Zealand has pointed out the way for peaceful revolution, if there is any such way.

As this depends on the gentlemen on the other side, I confess that my hopes are not strong.

A student of Lloyd's philosophy in so far as he lived to express it, must see that his publishing of these facts was due to his simple recognition that the future, however ideal, must grow out of the present. He wished to reveal not so much a programme as to exhibit a people's power to deliver itself. He hoped to help awaken an impulse to grapple with our tyranny before it had consummated. He aimed to give peaceful reconstructive measures a fair showing. He was reporting progress, not making final solutions. These are experiments on trial, he said again and again to his critics.

People constantly misunderstand my purpose [he wrote to Edward Everett Hale]. They seem to think I want the United States to imitate New Zealand; on the contrary, I want our country to give New Zealand something to imitate.

Of course, this is "laboratory" work [he wrote to Mr. Salter]. But are not the most important scientific and industrial achievements of our times the result of things first proved feasible in the laboratory? "With one accord they all began to make excuse." If people would only use half the grey matter for reasons for doing things which they now consume in devising reasons for doing nothing, ours would be a much farther evolved world than it is.

He followed up his book by articles and lectures, and indeed became so identified with the subject that Frank Parsons wrote to him: "My dear Henry D. Zealand." His friends among ministers and officials in New Zealand were encouraged by his endorsement.

His enthusiasm for our social experiments contributed much to our determination to give them a fair trial [writes

Attorney-General Findlay]. He silenced the critics of our Arbitration and Conciliation Act who pointed to the shortcomings of that measure, by vivid pictures of the effect of strikes in your great democracy.

His contact here with our late Premier, with the present Chief Justice, and with most of our Judges, did much to hearten them in a determined perseverance to make the best of our novel social experience. His life labours, the good words he said here and said in his books, for us and for our humanitarian laws, have made his name to-day in New Zealand a name admired and loved.

Of *Newest England* William Pember Reeves said:

His book has for New Zealanders, as for all students of human progress, a permanent value. It gives the fresh impressions of one who was on the spot in the first years, and who, as an intelligent, unprejudiced outsider, with no party bias, gives a picture of the every-day life as he saw it. I have written the purely historical side of New Zealand democracy, but Lloyd was the only one to give pictorial accounts and concrete evidence of the actual every-day working of these experiments, such, for instance, as the cutting up of the great estate which he witnessed, and the first group of old people drawing their pensions. These early years and the scenes they brought will never recur, and for such actual fresh impressions the student of the future, but for this book, would have to spend years searching through old newspaper files. This gives the book a permanent place in New Zealand chronicles.

I have no hesitation in saying [wrote John Rigg, member of Parliament] that there is accurate information in it regarding New Zealand of which nine tenths of the inhabitants are ignorant.

"This lion democracy of the Antipodes," as Lloyd called it, had a valiant defender while he lived. After the

A visit to the John Boyle O'Reilly statue in the Boston Fenway "personally conducted" one summer day in 1900 by Edward Everett Hale. The photograph was taken by Sir John Cockburn, Agent General of South Australia, and the figures from right to left are Lieutenant-General Sir Andrew Clarke, Dr. Edward Everett Hale, William Pember Reeves, Minister of Labour of New Zealand, and Mr. Lloyd.

publication of his books the press of Australia, Europe, and America abounded in stories of New Zealand's impending ruin. People were told that its industries were paralysed, its democratic experiments failures, its financial credit impaired. At these moments, he appeared equipped with the latest figures and thwarted the "conscious and unconscious conspiracy" by which he said that the men who looked with terror upon New Zealand legislation were watching for an opportunity to knife its policy. He disproved the report that Premier Seddon had admitted the Compulsory Arbitration law to be a failure by publishing Seddon's own words. He answered the pessimistic book of T. Grattan Grey, which closely followed his.

Sedulous efforts are being made [he wrote to Sir Joseph Ward] . . . to create the belief among our people that New Zealand is paying the penalty for its democratic policy. . . . I am doing what I can to combat these forces. . . . It is a great pleasure, for I love the New Zealanders and New Zealand institutions.

He saw clearly that there were coming storms through which her ship of state would have to be piloted. It was safe to predict, he said, that in a few years the same struggle with monopolistic combinations would be taking place as in the United States, although in a much less acute form. But in combating them New Zealand would have an enormous advantage through her government ownership of railways, and the absence of vast fortunes, so that the preventing or nationalising of trusts could be more easily effected.

. . . There is a black cloud in the sky of New Zealand's near future, but it is England's, not New Zealand's. As a

result of the investment, hardly "reproductive," in the South African war . . . Great Britain is rushing straight, head on, to a financial crisis, the like of which she has never known, one of the first effects of which will be the transfer for ever of the financial supremacy of the world from London to New York. New Zealand's money matters, public and private, are almost inextricably bound up with those of Great Britain, and this panic may shake her to the very foundations. But New Zealand was able, by the democratisation of credit, to bid defiance to the panic of 1893, and was the only country that did so. If her statesmen are equally ready and democratic they may be able to keep the next panic—under their laws against "undesirable immigrants"—from landing on their shores.[1]

He wrote to Premier Seddon sending him a copy of Owen's pamphlet, *The Guernsey Market House Plan of Payments*.

95 Mt. Vernon St., Boston, Nov. 18, 1901.

. . . I have noticed with great interest the frequent references which you have made in your speeches in Parliament and elsewhere to the desirability of in some way freeing New Zealand from the incubus which private capitalistic banking places upon its credit, public and private. This is a subject which is likely to become of the first importance the moment the next pinch of hard times is felt in your "fortunate isle." This pinch I am inclined to think may come soon and without much warning. The financial equilibrium of England I believe to be very seriously endangered by its investments in gunpowder in South Africa, which are locking up an appalling amount of its floating capital. The German crisis has cut off a large part of our American market abroad for copper. The English crisis will have a similar effect upon the New Zealand market for meat, dairy products, and its other exportable

[1] *New York Evening Post*, December 9, 1901.

produce. The New Zealand government will then face the dilemma of having to find instantly some adequate means of employing labour profitably, so as to maintain the prosperity of the people, or of seeing the conservative party come into power on a wave of discontent. Whatever may be their professions, the inevitable result of their administration will be destruction of the liberal régime established by your wise leadership during the past ten years. Possibly the Guernsey plan may help suggest a policy for this emergency.

With the invaluable natural wealth still virgin in New Zealand and with its industrial and capable population, New Zealand ought to be able to defy any financial reverse and its resultant political reverse, if some machinery of credit can be found which can put the labour and the natural resources together in the work of the production of wealth.

My fears for New Zealand are on quite a different basis from yours [he wrote to his father]. I am afraid she may fail because she has not gone far enough. Her financial and currency system leaves her still tied tight to the purse-strings of Lombard Street. Her land and labour reforms ought to be made ten times as extensive. What has been done is merely an object-lesson showing how land and work can be given. What is wanted, now, is that they actually be given to *all*. Their taxation of the larger incomes and estates is too timid. Most of all, they need more population. The more men the more wealth under the proper political economy.

His faith in the energy and integrity of the race was such that he believed the country had still a great future. Although little sectarian socialism was talked, that was, he thought, the fixed purpose toward which it was steadily moving. By its negative action in interfering with wealth concentration, and its positive creation of new democratic wealth, it had made itself a country, he said, for those Americans to study who

wanted to know how their own sins could be forgiven. He never broke the circuit between himself and this wonderful land, nor lost the friendly touch of its fine statesmen. Their official literature, their warm personal letters continued to reach him, and he reciprocated by keeping them abreast of his own work. Almost the last message he had was from one of them, Edward Tregear, which arrived about three weeks before he died:

Goodby, dear Friend, may you have health and strength to carry on the heavy fight.

CHAPTER XX

"OUR OLD ENEMY"

MR. LLOYD could never stray far from the central problem—monopoly. In these years he continually returned to the attack upon what he called "our old enemy, the oil trust," as upon all the other tyrannies. They were pushing their conquest with impudent persistence, he said, as if they thought the people were fools. They no longer feared to crack the whip. The first question of the reporters on his reaching London in 1897 was, How is the oil trust standing? "Stronger than ever," he said. "Its stock has gone up in the last six months $60,000,000, and nearly all of that in ninety days. Why? No one knows. They are extending their boundaries, and they have the world in their hands. There never has been anything like it." He wrote to Mr. Moritz Pinner[1]:

I wonder if you saw the *Independent* of March 4, 1897, with the Symposium on Trusts? . . . I commend especially to your attention the article by the lawyer of the oil trust, entitled "War on Wealth." You see the attitude taken by these men is precisely similar to that of the champions of slavery before the war. Any criticism of their methods and any attempt to introduce any kind of reform is at once met by the cry of "war on society," "war on property." . . .

[1] See Appendix.

You are of course watching the newspapers, and have not failed to observe how in the proposed tariff legislation, as in all other directions, the power of the trusts is steadily gaining ground. The people of America are in full retreat before them like the Greeks before the Turks, and just as certainly they will be massacred.

"Only adversity," he had often said, "will teach the American people,—and *they are going to have plenty of it;* . . . they will stir when they begin to suffer." "That day has now come," he wrote in 1897 in a German paper.[1] The "economic pain," formerly confined to farmers and working men, had spread to the upper middle class, who had seen valuable stocks turned to dry leaves in their strong boxes. All history, he said, is full of the rapidity with which a class that has attained to comfort and independence acts when it feels that its liberties and its prosperity are in danger. "This class is to-day in undisguised revolt." A greater change in public opinion on social questions had never been seen perhaps in the world's history. But it was largely unexpressed and unorganised. The people found themselves powerless. The trusts by universal bribery and large campaign contributions to both parties, had nullified investigation, prevented punishment, and ensured the enactment of favourable laws, such as the recent tariff legislation for the sugar trust, "the most impudent of the trusts." There was arising an "almost furious anger," he said, which might have some interesting dénouement unless prosperity or a foreign war intervened to divert the people. He saw signs that both the prosperity and the war were imminent. One day at this time, looking down upon the bustling London world, he said that the American

[1] *Sociale Praxis*, Charlottenberg, Berlin, June 24, 1897.

business kings were going to make an empire beside which the British would be "a mere fly-speck," "*and they are going to begin by taking Cuba.*" The next year the explosion of the American battle-ship, the *Maine*, in the waters of Cuba precipitated the war with Spain. He now viewed with apprehension, tempered by what philosophy he could command, the beginnings of his country's imperialism.[1]

When, in the last days of 1895, the Venezuelan crisis had threatened war between the United States and England, he had written to the *Chicago Tribune*[2] and the *London Daily Chronicle*,[3] upholding the enforcement of the policy of the Monroe Doctrine, for he was, as he wrote to Professor Ely, "the extremest kind of a Monroe Doctrine man." To one who expressed surprise at this, he had written:

> . . . I . . . will confess that I wrote what I did with great reluctance and pain. But when called upon as I was by the Editor of the *Tribune* for my opinion as a citizen I had to respond, and, responding, I had to say what I believed.
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> One who is dwelling upon visions of the Co-operative Commonwealth, and who wishes to proclaim the brotherhood of man as the supreme law of social life cannot but feel shocked and grieved when he finds that public duty as he conceives it compels him to contemplate the possibility of war. But precisely such has been the experience in the past of every party that advocated peace and brotherhood. The French Revolution, our War of Independence (with which possibly you do not, as an Englishman, sympathise), and the late Civil War were all directly brought about by the advocacy of the principles of the brotherhood of man. If war comes between the United States and Great Britain

[1] See Appendix. [2] December 24, 1895. [3] January 28, 1896.

on this Venezuelan business, I must look upon it as an incident in the same sequence of events. The Great Britain of Lord Salisbury, of India, of Africa, of Ireland, of the House of Lords, and the English landed system, encroaching upon a neighbouring republic, refusing arbitration, represents to me, in this day, the same forces as those which in the past have stood against liberty and progress. The determination of the American people to use their power to protect the other republics on this continent seems to me the most respectable manifestation of public opinion this generation has seen. I see no difference in principle between this action, and that by which the American Colonies bound themselves together in 1774 by Committees of Correspondence to advise and help each other.

I would extend the Monroe Doctrine to the defence of every Republic as far as Andorra and San Marino, and to the assistance of every people seeking to establish the republic. If anything could save America from her apparently impending Midas-like doom it would be such a mission. But it is too much to hope for.

To W. T. Stead he wrote (1895):

. . . Of course you understand the American position on the Venezuela matter,—President's message, the action of Congress, the press, public opinion,—all is predicated on the refusal of Lord Salisbury to arbitrate. If the territory and the right of the dispute both belong to England, the people here will be perfectly content. All they have to say is: Arbitrate. The thirteen hundred English authors, and the Prince of Wales, and the others who have been cabling their "appreciations" of peace, have produced but little effect because they have so conspicuously refrained from uttering the three little peace words: "We will arbitrate." They seem to desire to get peace, but not to give peace. There could be no greater mistake than to suppose the American people have even the faintest desire to grasp at

the privileges pertaining to imperial position. Their propositions, for instance, as to the settlement of this Venezuela trouble, might, if the English are right, result in your getting a great accession of territory. But it could not in any event result in any such gain to the United States. An American audience would not know what was meant by "the privileges pertaining to imperial position." No policy involving them has ever been practised or even discussed in American politics. But that there shall be no encroachments by European powers, and no oppression of neighbouring republics, that simple American idea our people have taken in with their mother-milk, and there will be rude disillusion for any who think the sentiment can be trifled with. It is this sentiment which gives us the belief that we have such an interest in the Venezuelan affair as to warrant us in asking to be satisfied that the proceedings of Great Britain are based on right, and not on force. For that—full satisfaction—all that is necessary is that we know the settlement was made by arbitration. The arbitration need not be with us. Our Commission was appointed solely for our own information. But if it reports that *prima facie* the case appears to be against England, and if Salisbury still refuses to arbitrate, we have to choose between surrendering the only article of faith and honour we have in our creed of foreign relations, and going to the defence of Venezuela. The only misgiving I have as to the outcome is based on my conception of Lord Salisbury and the kind of men who surround him. They are of the class which has always made the great mistakes of history; they know so little of life that they are as blind to their own interests as to those of the people.

To another he wrote:

. . . I do not anticipate war because I believe that this country has passed so thoroughly under Anti-American and Anti-Republican influences that the virtue to make sacrifices

to our duty no longer remains. But if we do not step out of our money-making and comfort to fulfil our mission to defend and *extend* liberty, it will be the most lamentable moral failure this country has made.

He was therefore now in 1898 sympathetic with the Spanish War to the extent of wishing to free Cuba, regarding the conflict as an inevitable one between two irreconcilable civilisations; but when our soldiers began to be slaughtered through our own greed and mismanagement, he sent hot, indignant letters to Mr. Bowles:

I found in New Haven the other day that *since the war opened* a contract for millions of black powder cartridges had been given to the Winchester Arms Company. We read in the *Republican* that the American gunners cannot locate the Spanish on shore because these use smokeless powder. Meanwhile our War Department is preparing to guide the Spanish gunners to the exact locality of our boys. There is more that is black about that than the powder. Why cannot American powder manufacturers supply smokeless powder? Can we not buy smokeless powder abroad if they cannot do so? . . .

There are Spaniards in our rear as well as in our front. Go for them! . . .

. . . I think that any pretence of believing in the honesty of a man known to have attempted to bribe delegates at a national presidential convention is misplaced ingenuousness. Such a man will engage in any corruption as naturally as a duck takes to water. . . . He and the men he trains with—our million-hunters—think it is right to make money by any means that are successful. Success is their ethical standard. For such a man to handle hundreds of millions honestly is impossible. He will not steal it vulgarly, but he will steal for his friends, his backers, his corporations, by

all sorts of tricks and contrivances in contracts, etc. And it would be better for us if he did steal vulgarly, for then he would not steal so much. If all this has not been proved and proved up to the hilt, nothing has ever been proved, or ever will be. . . . The facts of our situation are ten times clearer and stronger than those which established the Hebrew prophets in business. In truth it is no longer a question among well informed men whether these facts are facts, but whether the American people have the wit to care. A people who would allow a notorious corruptionist and traitor (for such are the appropriate terms for such a vote buyer) to be put at the head of a government department without a storm of protest, are either too rotten to be self-governing, or too small for so big a thing as a republic. . . .

Concerning the terrible conditions of the army camps, he wrote:

Aug. 25, 1898.

Is not this an . . . opportunity for the *Republican* to serve itself and the public? The people are being hopelessly bewildered by the conflict of statement between Alger's report of the idyllic conditions he found at Montauk Point . . . and the accounts in the newspapers. . . . Could n't you send two or three good men and a doctor, and make a formal spread of what they reported? . . . The people are now being invaded in their most sacred susceptibilities—their love for their sons and their soldiers—by the same spirit of insensate and insatiate and anarchistic greed which they have condoned in the business world in the railroads and trusts, and they don't like it. I hope this will help them wake up in time to save something of their homes and liberties and honour. But if they are to do so the lesson of all this must be driven home faithfully by their public teachers.

He wrote of camp conditions in a Labour Day article in the *New York Journal:*

I wanted one hundred [copies] [he wrote to Arthur Brisbane], to send to men like Gladden . . . as a way of helping to get into circulation the idea that the scandals . . . are not war, but capitalism. These are almost the first wounds (they will not be the last) the comfortable middle class (who rather than the working class made up the bulk of the volunteers) have received in their physical bodies from capitalism, and I think it of the utmost importance that while the fever and hemorrhage are still on they should have them interpreted. . . .

Sept. 10, 1898.

. . . I think another psychological moment has now arrived—to attack McKinley as being the real author of the evils of Algerism. Unless I am very much mistaken we have already entered the upper rapids of a great revulsion of public feeling against McKinley. . . . McKinley is a mere muff, what our Tom Mackin calls "a macaroni statesman," a statesman whose back is of the magnificent firmness of boiled macaroni. It is physically, morally, and politically impossible for McKinley to do what is right in this crisis. It is too near the election to overcome the impression that has been made on the public mind by the mismanagement of the campaign. I go nowhere that I do not find the least well informed people perfectly well aware that the escape of our army at Santiago from a crushing defeat to a victory was a mere fluke. I believe that within sixty days McKinley's political career will have been closed for ever. . . .

. . . You say McKinley is honest. What difference does it make if a man is what is called "personally honest"—tho I have never been able to find out what that meant—if he devotes his life to professional or official dishonesty? And what other description can be given of a man who as Chairman of the Ways and Means Committee and as candidate for President "fries the fat" out of manufacturers, corporations, and business men who want tariff discriminations and

other special favours, and who as President gives appointments on the same principle and confesses his rascality by doing it so that it cannot become known to the public, as your extract from the *Evening Post* proves?

Can an egg have a dishonest yolk and yet pass as an honest egg because the shell has not been broken? Is the "personal" honesty of such a purveyor of tariff and nominational privileges as McKinley has been anything but a shell honesty? And shall we ever have a right to demand official honesty as long as we do not demand that men shall be honest clear through? . . .

When the war turned to the subjugation of the Filipinos, he said that, in becoming accomplices in the spoliation of other people, the Americans would prepare themselves for the hands of a despoiler of their own property and liberty. His far-sighted philosophy alone sustained him.

Our imperialism is a great danger, . . . but I have courage to believe that right will triumph and that both the English and American peoples will finally succeed in getting control of their governments and giving the world an exhibition of true democracy—democracy which can invent a way to maintain paternal relations with dependent peoples without the cruel exploitation of the capitalist and without the wrong of taxation without consent.

. . . There will probably never again be another Armenia, never again will the great nations indulge the impossibly selfish dream of achieving salvation—political or industrial—for themselves alone. It will be a great prelude to the fraternalisation of the races, to have *all* the inferior nations under the protectorate of the greater ones. But there will come with all this terrible abuses and faithlessnesses. We shall forget that within our own borders there are also two civilisations at war with each other, and the lust to get

empire abroad will darken the counsels of justice at home. But we are borne on by great currents of social evolution, and we can do little to change their direction. I am actually frightened by the acceleration already begun of all the corruptions, scoundrelisms, privileges, tyrannies growing so rapidly before. But I believe I can still see a greater sweep of good than of evil in the Titanic convulsions obviously ahead of us, and in that faith I rest with what serenity I can. It was an idle dream that we could progress from perfection to perfection while the Chinese ossified, and the Cubans and Philippine people were disembowelled, and the Africans continued to eat each other, and I am content to wake from it.

In his budget of news to Major Huntington, he wrote:

Chicago is being swept off its feet by the "expansion" craze. Franklin MacVeagh read a paper on that side before the Literary Club reception this month that was really impassioned. Marshall Field was present as his guest and congratulated him afterwards with auriferous smiles. Our business men are all poll-parrotting the cry that American production has outrun American consumption and we must seek markets for the surplus abroad. So America pays hundreds of millions to begin the policy of colonies and expansion which ruined Spain, and Spain betakes herself, happier choice, to "domestic problems." So the dancers reverse in the great waltz of nations.

He wrote to Mr. Bowles:

There is one point about the Philippine business to which I see no allusion but which I *guess* to be of real importance in understanding the secret springs of our policy. I surmise that the Catholic Church has had a potent hand in pushing us on against the Philippines. The vast power and wealth of the Church there would go as they went in Mexico if the Filipinos had their country to themselves. Is it true that

on the day Manila fell the Philippine Catholics transferred their property to Cardinal Gibbons? See if you don't find a Catholic cat in this meal!

He resolved to go some day to the Philippines and bring back to Americans the true story of our dominion. He was studying enlightened methods of dealing with "so-called inferior races," and reading William Lee Rees's life of Sir George Grey. He wrote to Franklin MacVeagh commending the book to his attention:

I know that the book will profoundly influence your opinions; and since your opinions have the great influence that they have on our public opinion, I regard this as an important result to achieve. Sir George Grey, little known as he is to the people of this country, will certainly rank in the future as one of the greatest geniuses of government that our century has produced, if not the greatest. It is, I believe, no exaggeration to say that his administration as Governor in Australia and New Zealand and in South Africa will be felt in more good ways and by more millions of people for centuries to come than the work of any other man of his time.

His correspondence now shows him at every opportunity watching events, informing and stimulating the people, venturing as an unseen power to influence leading men, trying to raise the temperature of those who had not yet grasped the astounding situation. James Creelman, correspondent of the *New York Journal*, who met him at this time, says:

He told me that we were entering the last struggle against the trusts that would be made with any hope of success, and urged me to fight for the good cause as if I knew that its loss would mean the beginning of the downfall of my country.

The steel trust, now being organised as the Federal Steel Company, promised, he thought, to be the most dangerous of all. He spread a bit of inside information in regard to it through his many avenues of influence. To Sir William Mather, he wrote (1898):

I have just learned something with regard to the proposed steel trust that has lately been organised in America that it seems to me is of as much importance to you in England as to us here. It is a combination of the Rockefeller and other interests in iron-ore and steel mills and the related shipping interest. The Carnegies, ostensibly, are not in the trust but have some kind of a working understanding with it. The stock of this trust has been listed on the New York Stock Exchange and will soon become one of the active securities.

By a curious chance, I got the other day a perfectly trustworthy report of some remarks of Governor —— with regard to this steel trust which seems to me such a revelation of intended massacre that I want to report them to you. He made his remarks to a man of importance in the financial world, who repeated them to my informant, who is an entirely accurate and credible person—a man of consequence, in the financial swim, but who hates the sort of thing he is compelled to do. Governor —— said to this man, whom he was seeking to influence to recommend the securities of the new trust:

"The preferred stock is now about sixty-seven, the common about twenty-eight. They are good things to buy. We shall pay a dividend on both stocks and the common will go to par. We have the mines and the mills, and the railroads connecting them and the shipping facilities and many subsidiary enterprises, and we are going to manufacture our steel with economies that will make it cheaper than it ever has been before and cheaper than it is anywhere else in the world. *But we are going to raise the price.* In the past we have had to make concessions to our working

men. As long as the mills were competitors, when one gave way as to hours or wages the others had to do the same. *But there is to be an end to all that sort of thing now.*"

With one hand the consumers of every industry, you see, are to be put under tribute; for iron and steel ore are the bread of industry. With the other hand the labour of the mines, the mills, and the allied trades is to be crushed down. Machinery, houses, railroads, travel, transportation, living, working, are all to be made scarcer and dearer than they have been.

But there is even more than this. My informant, who is exceedingly well posted as to financial matters, tells me that some of the most important mines and mills that are going into this combination have never made any money. Such, for instance, are those of Mr. Rockefeller, whose ventures in the iron mines of Michigan and Minnesota, and the steel works at Superior have been notoriously unprofitable. But my informant says that the owners of these unprofitable mines and mills are going to make millions out of them in the stock market. They have put in these properties at four or five times their true value, and in the boom which they intend to create expect to unload at a magnificent profit.

Could there be a more appalling programme than this? The robbery of the consumer, the ruin of the working men, and the debauching of the public with a grand stock exchange gamble, to end in collapse and devastation for estates, investors, widows and orphans, who are to be "bunkoed"? I keep wondering every day whether the drift of events in which we are caught has not reached its last possible intolerability; but every day seems to bring some new possibility of oppression, some new submission to wrong. . . .

By another curious chance, I had no sooner heard this disclosure of the plans of the insiders of the trust than I learned from another friend, of his own personal knowledge, that in one afternoon the Governor of one of our greatest

States and one of our best known United States Senators had danced attendance upon another prominent member of this trust on business connected with it. So important was this man, and so subordinate to him were these officials, that when he wanted to see them, he made them come to him instead of going to them.

This American steel trust will use as part of its competitive arsenal for overcoming its English competitors its power to break down the wages of its men. It would, in other words, take out of its men part of the cheapness with which it will undersell the British manufacturer. This trust will no doubt sell cheap abroad and dear at home, behind the shelter of the protective tariff. That sort of thing has been done before. The British manufacturer needs to bestir himself. Just what he can do I will have to leave to him to find out, but to make known these facts will certainly help.

To an Amsterdam friend, he wrote, two months later (Dec. 27, 1898):

. . . It will pay you to watch the speculation in New York in the securities of the Federal Steel Company. The common stock which was put upon the market at thirty has already advanced to fifty and by skilful manipulation has been made the most active stock in Wall Street. Hundreds of thousands of shares have been sold in single days, and this "security" has taken the place on the roulette table that until now has been held by sugar. Mr. Rockefeller is a prince of speculative manipulators. Through the oil exchanges which existed in the oil regions up to within a few years for the purpose of dealing in oil certificates, he absolutely drained every cent of speculative money out of the inhabitants of those districts. So brilliant and unscrupulous was the game he played that he absolutely killed the exchanges, and to-day I believe not one of them remains.

He is evidently the hand which is now moving the pawns

in the game of speculation in the securities of the steel trust, and it will be as well worth watching as the path of a comet in the sky.

The effect of the competition of this American company upon European manufacturers of steel cannot fail to be momentous. . . .

Writing of this to many correspondents, he added special pleas. To an American editor, he wrote:

The middle-class people ought to be awakened to see that they are even more interested than the working men because they have more to lose. Such a régime as this is going to take all they have unless they can break it, and break it quickly.

I want to report them to you [he wrote to Edward Everett Hale], that you may help to raise the alarm, if the people can be made to hear.

Wherever he found men stirring against "our old enemy," he did his best to second their efforts, convinced that now, while the people were still vigorous, was the moment to arouse them.

It is the hope of the situation that in every stronghold of our feudalism there are a choice few who hate the lords of the manor and are only waiting for the chance to put down the drawbridges and let the common people in—and the lords out!

When a case of railroad discrimination in favour of the oil trust now came into the Massachusetts courts, he wrote to Mr. Bowles:

The persistent continuance of this policy of discrimination by the trust and the railroads is so defiant and threatens,

in what it means, such a subversion of all the foundations of law and order and true property, that it seems to me absolutely terrible. . . . If we are to allow such things as that to go on, allow the competitors who insure us a fair market to be destroyed, see their property transferred by flagrant wrong to concentrated wealth, and by the monopoly thus obtained, our property transferred to centralised wealth; our highways made mere avenues of discrimination and privilege; and all the other institutions of society, to the universities and pulpits, used as agencies to debauch public opinion into sustaining this piratical political economy,—we shall have no country and no liberty left. And we have already, as you must admit, travelled a long way towards such a consummation. It seems to me the time has come to do something. I, for one, do not feel content to sit down and see a treason like this go on to its consummation.

When the Loud bill, a postal reform measure, was pending in Congress in 1898, he used his influence to defeat it and wrote to Mr. Bowles:

I regard this matter as to the treatment of the post-office deficits as, on all sides, one of the most serious now before the public. It is a matter of the greatest consequence to have the *Republican* right with regard to it, for it is almost the only paper left in America which possesses that highest of all intellectual achievements—character. But let me point out briefly two or three considerations that bear on this question. First, any one who proposes in this stage of progress to increase postal rates on any class of matter takes a step in the opposite direction from all those that have marked the development of our postal system,—one of the greatest triumphs of civilisation. Especially is this true at a time when all progressive minds are working in the direction of further reductions. Henniker Heaton, for instance, of the English House of Commons, is pressing every year with better chances of success a plan for imperial

penny-postage and ultimately international postage. Second, the presumption that the plan of the Loud bill to increase revenues by increasing rates of postage is reactionary becomes a certainty in view of the fact that our postal deficit is demonstrably due to the exactions, to use the mildest words, of the railroads. The railroads charge the government one hundred per cent. a year for the use of the postal cars; their lobby prevented the passage of the bill introduced by the government for the power to purchase the postal cars; the railroads charge extortionate rates for the carriage of the mails; the express company lobby has prevented the post-office from undertaking the parcels-post which the English post-office carries on at a good profit. . . . Third, it seems to me a calamitous thing that when the people's post-office has been crippled by such depredations, it should be proposed to remedy it by opening the way for further depredations. Because the post-office is robbed by the railroads of ten million dollars a year, the Loud bill proposes to raise the rates on second-class matter, to a point which will throw that business also into the hands of the express companies, and will result in a still further deficit. Thus because they have submitted to one wrong, the people are to be made the victims of another; and the very exposure of previous abuses is taken advantage of to make them the victims of more.

All these considerations relate only to the welfare of the post-office itself; but public interests concerned are of the weightiest character. Not the least of these is the crippling effect which the new rates will have on a large class of reform publications. The proper line of attack upon the postal deficit is to remove its causes; and in doing this, the whole question of bringing the railroads into proper subjection to the public interests will come in as a matter of course. This seems to me the economic and statesmanlike way of attacking this problem. The Loud bill, in failing to seek to reach the real causes of the postal deficit, it seems to me, places itself under the grave suspicion of being prompted

by sinister interests. This bill in its general aspects is of a piece with the Interstate Commerce act, the Anti-Trust act, which have only had the effect of making the evils against which they were directed more serious than before. Even the reform struggles of this unfortunate people, it seems, are to have only the effect of making their condition worse than it was.

That the bill was defeated was largely due to the work of James L. Cowles,[1] "who," as Mr. Lloyd wrote to Joseph Medill, "was able to checkmate the scheme by bringing the Eastern newspapers to see the Express hand in the Postal Reform glove." That Lloyd's own efforts were not fruitless is shown by Mr. Cowles's generous words:

> He was a source of inspiration to me. . . . His encouraging letters spurred me on to continue my great task and never more than when in January, 1897, he wrote to me: "There is a bill now pending in Congress that to my mind is the most insidious attack ever made on the liberty and independence of the American press. I think you can defeat it." That came to me as a clarion call and I did your brother's bidding. One of the officers of the Chicago, Burlington and Quincy Railroad, testifying in the spring of 1898, said that the arsenal whence the weapons were taken that defeated Mr. Loud's attack on the press was my book, and my articles in the *Outlook*, the articles inspired by your brother's words.

At the same time occurred what he deemed one of the saddest incidents in the history of the relations between the trusts and the people—the abandonment by Toledo of its suit against the Standard Oil Company. The magnificent struggle whereby that city

[1] Author of *General Freight and Passenger Post, Railway Mail Pay*, etc.

had kept its natural gas supply he had told triumphantly in *Wealth Against Commonwealth*. That all should be so soon surrendered was depressing.

If a city which had the nerve and the brains to do what Toledo did [he wrote to A. E. Macomber, the attorney who had assisted him in his book], has not the spunk to compel its public officials to press a suit of this character, which it is my judgment, and I believe yours, could be brought to a successful issue, I do not know where we are to look for any hope of a successful struggle with these commercial monsters.

He wrote to Mayor Jones:

Is it too late to do anything to arrest this awful depredation? . . . Our aspirations for brotherhood and a better order of things must take concrete forms of resistance to outrages like this at some point of their development. Such has been the course of all the progress of the past, and ours is to be no exception. It seems to me a most lamentable thing that the people of Toledo should be despoiled . . . and not a hand raised to save them, and that so courageous and prudent an enterprise of municipalisation should come to so untimely an end. If no other means are provided for the protection of the people, they will some day take their protection in their own hands, and their methods will be so rough that many of their friends as well as their enemies will wish that another system had been followed, but then it will be too late.

Another stronghold was lost when The Kingdom Publishing Company with its periodical *The Kingdom*, edited by advanced professors and ministers, was forced to suspend. As a result of its publication of George A. Gates's pamphlet, *A Foe to American Schools*, which claimed that the American Book Company controlled

the text-books of the public schools, it was sued by the Company for $300,000 damages and lost the case. Lloyd acted as receiver for its defence fund. The issue thus raised regarding the influencing of the opinions of the young was, he considered, one of the most momentous that could be presented to the American people.

At this time a leading magnate was detected in a scandalous offence, the story of which became known in a small circle of the church and press, and produced a great shock under the surface. The chief witness became the subject of an open and virulent persecution. As the sensational episode developed, the powers of church, state, society, and the courts were wielded to shield the guilty magnate, while the poor and innocent man faced ruin. Mr. Lloyd became much stirred, saw that the opportunity to learn the right version reached as many as possible of the moulders of public opinion, including ministers, editors, professors, and one or two novelists, and urged them to bring it into the light. He believed that its publication would have a great effect in opening the eyes of the people. The original scandal he reiterated was unimportant except as the occasion for the development of a living drama, revealing the power of wealth over all the great institutions of our democracy. His interest was that of a man deeply and patriotically concerned for what he called "the terrible portents of this astounding episode." "It offers an opportunity," he said, "to strike a blow at the most dangerous enemy the American people have to-day, that if delivered as it can be by shrewd and yet brave men might easily be crippling. . . . If this moves on to the consummation which is now promised, an opportunity will have been lost for the salvation of this country which may never recur."

But although the story became known in every newspaper office in a great metropolis, and was hanging fire for two years, it was never published. Unconnected bits appeared now and then and mystified the public. Mr. Lloyd was dismayed at this new evidence of the helplessness of the people. He said he was forced to feel that the silence of the press was due to a cowardly fear of the money of the other side. "We were not given our country by that sort of spirit, and we cannot keep it so."

Attorney-General F. S. Monnett of Ohio was in 1898 waging his fight against the Standard Oil Company. As it had not heeded a decree obtained by his predecessor forfeiting its Ohio charter, Judge Monnett took steps to punish for contempt. The suit aroused strong sentiment against the Standard, especially when a statement appeared in the press of its attempt at bribery. Monnett then filed a bill of complaint in the Supreme Court of Ohio in case No. 2294, and set forth the entire history of the attempted bribery of himself and his predecessor. In the following October, wishing to get testimony supporting this charge on file before he retired from office, he served notices upon the Standard Oil attorneys that depositions would be taken in his office on October 26 (1899). An order of the Supreme Court, however, summarily prevented this action as "premature." Monnett wrote of this to Lloyd, saying:

> The only thing left for me to do would have been to have gone on and taken the testimony before our own officer, and then have been sent to jail for contempt of court. . . .

This news stirred Mr. Lloyd profoundly, and he offered Judge Monnett every assistance.

I received a telegram and letter from him following it up [said Judge Monnett], . . . stating that I should go ahead and take the depositions in defiance of the Court and go to jail for contempt, . . . and that he would come and *sit in jail by my side as many days as I was obliged to serve in confinement.*

In December, 1899, the Court, having forbidden the taking of evidence, ordered the allegations stricken from the files because of lack of evidence, and Monnett's successor dismissed all the suits. Mr. Lloyd tried to persuade Judge Monnett to write the history of this contest, but as in the cases of Rice and Sherman, the Independents, and other instances where he made similar suggestions, he met with no success. Thus in bitterness of spirit did he witness one downfall after another of the people's side. He wrote a brief manuscript, "The Nullification of the People's Will":

I have been watching the social horizon as a student for more than twenty years, and there has not been a day of that twenty years as there was not a day before when the clouds of the power that makes our problem did not rise higher and grow greater and darker. From the beginning the people have been fighting a losing fight. Tammany was killed the first time in 1870. . . . Dr. Parkhurst and his young men killed Tammany off again only a few years ago. Never was there a finer vindication of all the claims made for self-government than in the course of the American people in dealing with the railroad problem. The charges that railroad men were using their power over freight rates as a means of selecting favourites in each industry who should be the only men allowed to succeed in business, brought out by the most independent, public-spirited, and fearless press in the world, were subjected to the most careful investigation by grand juries, State legislatures, the courts, the national Congress. The facts were overwhelmingly proved

to be as charged. This settled, the proper remedy was debated in the American way and given an American decision. The Interstate Commerce Commission was instituted. Nothing was ever more clearly and properly a verdict of the popular will than that which led to the creation of this tribunal. Jackson said he would hang Calhoun if he carried out his threats of nullification. But the great shippers and the railroad officials and the United States Supreme Court have nullified all this work of the people and there has been no Jackson.

In these and scores of other affairs, State as well as national, in canals and interstate railroads, as well as in gas and street cars, government has become a means not of expressing but of nullifying the people's declared will; of invading not defending the people's homes, and despoiling not promoting the common welfare. There is, herein, no government. There are many names which might be given these acts, as ready to your tongue as mine, but they are not government. Before the Supremest Court of all, the court of the sovereign people, who still possess all the powers they have not delegated to their agents, and who never delegated the powers to sell special privileges for bribes or campaign contributions, these acts of no government, of anti-government, confer no rights, pass no titles, create no property.

There was now being swiftly ushered in the greatest era in trust development. While Mr. Lloyd was in New Zealand a friend wrote him:

Never before has there been such a rush and mania for forming trusts as in the last three months. Over one hundred of these "Industrials" capitalised at over $3,000,000,000 have been organised under the "Laws of New Jersey." . . . I never saw or heard of anything like it. . . . Even Matthew Marshall and the *New York Sun* advised them to make haste a little more slowly, George Gunton fears that

too much of a good thing at a time may sicken even the readers of his magazine, and lastly Lyman J. Gage and Chauncey M. Depew advised the bankers of New York to be careful how they accepted the stock of these new "Industrials" as collateral for loans. . . . U. S. Attorney-General Griggs recently stated that neither the Sherman Anti-Trust law nor any other constitutional act would enable the Federal Government to handle the trust problems, it must be attended to if at all by the several States. The *Times-Herald* and *N. Y. World* then secured the opinions of nearly all the Governors and Attorney-Generals of States and the consensus of these incompetents was that the States are powerless.

The trusts were now using their power, said Lloyd, in ways which would not have been attempted ten years before. During these closing years of the old century, and the opening ones of the new, he was watching and studying with deep concern their increasing dominion. In the presidential campaign of 1900 they were a direct issue for the first time. Unconsciousness of danger was fast disappearing. Periodicals were filled with recitals of corruption. Enlightened opinion was forcing legislation against the trusts in a majority of the States, but with no result. Rulers who were not in earnest or not thorough were going through forms of anti-trust legislation and government investigation in Washington, which was giving great comfort, said Lloyd, to many good people—the "too good"—who could believe in its sincerity:

> Watch the farce to-day of anti-trust legislation in Washington. See the confectionery-makers of Congress making their pretty little candy castles to imprison the giant tyrants of the trusts.

The railroads were the mainsprings of their power.

A few railroad kings were planning complete possession of the highways. "The whole country is veneered with railway commissions," he told the Massachusetts Reform Club in 1902. "The Interstate Commerce Commission has fought the railroads to the death—its death," he said. What have "mountains of strenuousness" done against the trusts? he asked, reviewing the work of the Congress of 1902. It passed the Elkins Amendment, prohibiting rebates, but failed to provide any means for carrying out the prohibition, or to confer power to declare that rates shall be just, for the danger had now become in his opinion not discriminating, but extortionate rates. Meanwhile the courts, State and Federal, were declaring legislation for the relief of labour, timid as it was, "unconstitutional." As he saw the avenues of relief and self-government closing while the tyranny widened, he was panic-stricken, and watched with apprehension the approach of a crisis. "We are in the rapids of a new era," he said. When some event brought him face to face with the oppression his anger flamed out. The outlook for the mass of the people was very dubious. He saw the difficulty of organised action, for South was divided against North, East against West, white against black, rich against poor, native against foreigner, Catholic against Protestant. In a letter in 1900, he wrote:

> The situation of affairs in this country is desperate beyond belief. The people are so divisible it is almost impossible to unite them, and the few, who can unite, are likely to possess everything and everybody. For escape my only hope is in the gentlemen on the other side—that they may go too far too fast. Men drunk with power sometimes do that.

The years had strengthened his earlier opinions on

the trusts' administration. He renewed his charges that they were "cruel incompetents," unable to achieve the attempt to manage their own business and that of every one else. He again denied their other claims, such as that of giving cheapness and creating wealth. He wrote to Carroll D. Wright, Commissioner of Labour, in 1898:

> . . . I have never yet succeeded in obtaining any evidence that the oil trust has made oil cheap. On the contrary it is perfectly evident that it is dearer than it would be were it not for them. The methods of the trust are not economic methods. The directing force is too distant in its centralisation to make it an economic agent. I am a sceptic throughout with regard to the praises which it is the fashion to bestow on "the great industry." I note, as one of the most recent facts going my way, that in Queensland, Australia, the small sugar-grower can produce sugar cheaper than the large concern. If monopoly and highly centralised industries are cheaper than those in which the self-interest and the vigilance of the proprietor is in direct contact with methods and markets, all past human experience has gone for naught.

In commenting on a thesis of Sidney Webb's, "The result of the great capitalists' co-operation secures the best possible organisation of the world," he wrote in 1902:

> In that sentence Mr. Webb has expressed what I believe to be the strongest bulwark in public opinion for the great monopolies of our time. It is because the people believe this to be true that they submit to the things these great capitalist co-operations are doing. Even if this co-operation were as good as possible under existing circumstances, it seems to me he would have no right to say that it is the best possible. I think it would be easy to show that the great

combinations are doing business destructive of wealth—among other ways by the denial of use to human energy and natural resources.

He was investigating the cost of such a demonstration, and intended to have it done as soon as he was released from his financial stress. He believed that the method of unification being achieved by the co-operators of the world was a superior form to that of the trust. His ideas are found in his last note-books:

In the field of concentration the labour-saving machinery of the high finance and high commerce, such as corporations and combinations of corporations, the salient, significant thing is not the concentration of wealth and power which "the school of plausibility" like Atkinson worship. These splendid conquests are but the usurpations of selfishness taking possession for itself of that which is the really great thing here. And that is the morale and intellect and experience, by which the people have finally gained the ability to work together in large masses and in great enterprises. It is their discipline, their intelligence, their trustworthiness, that makes it possible for the ten thousand employees of the great railroads to obey a single will sitting thousands of miles away. The Vanderbilt or the Gould or the Rockefeller is but the passing exploiter of this new power of the people. We say the concentrations do better, cheaper, etc., and we give to those self-seeking adventurers who have seized upon this new wealth of the people's power to associate, the credit of being its creators. They are really its hinderers, interceptors, cripplers. It will be more when they have been pushed aside. This distinction between the temporary glory of the conquerors and the new resource which made the people worth conquering is fundamental. Once it is recognised it will be seen that here are the buds of the new civilisation we all hope for. Not least of these new powers of co-operation is that by which the

people of any town in the United States of standing can sell pieces of paper promises called bonds in any money market here or abroad, and get water-works, gas, or any other of the great conveniences and necessities of modern city life.

Wilshire says (*Magazine*, July, 1902, p. 27) that the purpose of the trusts is to prevent overproduction. This is absurd. The purpose of the trusts is to prevent the benefit of a new process of production from accruing to the benefit of the people. Also to prevent the capitalists . . . [illegible] from being disturbed; also to prevent the people, who would be much more powerful in politics if they got the benefit of the new wealth they create, from getting that wealth and that power. It is the use of certain new processes of communication, production, distribution, by the capitalists for their own benefit at the cost of the people. It is a step exactly analogous to the usurpation of the ownership of the land by the head of the clan, who from being the protector of the tribe becomes its landlord. It is exactly analogous to the mutiny in India, when the English made the tax-gatherer the landowner. It is embezzlement. It is a not necessary step in economic evolution. It is pure spoliation. It is a defiance of the principle of representative responsibility and the stewardship of wealth.

He believed that the sooner their career of wreckage was stopped the better, as letters and notes show. He wrote to an English correspondent in 1898, when English employers had, he believed, abandoned their friendliness to trade-unions and deliberately entered upon a policy of extermination:

The world is rapidly moving forward to a great crisis. . . . I am profoundly impressed by the reactionary course which seems to be threatened in England, imitating America, with regard to trade-unions. However, the sooner the

working people, and the people, become thoroughly convinced that the trade-union proposition is no social solution, the better, I suppose. My conviction of this, however, would by no means restrain me from doing everything that I possibly could in behalf of the trade-unions. I believe in fighting for every inch of the ground; and I believe also that the turning point, which must be found somewhere, should be found as far as possible this side of ruin. It is for this reason that I thoroughly disbelieve in the policy of some socialists of letting everything drift into the hands of the trusts with the idea that we can then, by a *coup d'économie*, change masters from monopolist to democracy. Just as we are about to shake ourselves for this grand transformation, we may find, too late, that the process of preparation has annihilated us.

[1]The current socialistic and popular view of the trusts, let them go on, we will take them by-and-by, is,

1. Wholly unscientific. The trust is not a necessary result, an inevitable end of our business system. It is only because we tolerate the wholesale betrayal and disregard of ideals by the men who are in charge of industry. There are many thousands of men who refuse to allow greed to be the ruling passion of their lives. What they have done, others can do; what they have done, we could make the ideal of all by education. If we would enforce the representative responsibility of wealth and power in industry, we would immediately put an end to this whole embezzlement. . . .

2. The people of New Zealand and Switzerland[2] have not waited till the trust was the master. They have seen that the railroads and the coal companies, etc., etc., would be the masters if left to themselves and have stopped them in their mad career.

[1] Note-book, 1902.

[2]New Zealand at this time was taking peaceful possession of its coal mines, and Switzerland of its railroads.

3. The socialist position is wholly immoral. It leaves entirely out of consideration not the moral and economic questions whether the things now done by the rich men in the process of forming these trusts are economically profitable—like shut-downs—but it disregards the moral question whether it is right. And among these moral questions are questions like the wholesale murder of the poor; the wholesale domination of the standard of life among all classes; the encouragement of vice among the rich; the lowering of the standard of morals among the influential classes; the sacrifice of the family, the individual, the state.

No one can survey the present state of business and industrial affairs without coming to the conclusion that it is wholly wicked; wholly unprofitable; wholly unallowable to any one with the least sense of true interest and true religion. It should not be allowed to go on to its consummation. It should be erased now and for ever.

Over and over again his last words, public and private, said that the people must take possession. A note sketched in his note-book of March, 1903, shows his position:

Millionaire—Billionaire—Trillionaire—we want nothing they have which belongs to them. We want only what they have which belongs to us. Even things they have which they wrongfully took from us they may keep,—their yachts, their racers, their lace, their palaces. There 's not an honest palace in the world—but let them keep them. But the opportunities they have taken from us—those they cannot keep. The chances to build people's palaces, those they must give back to the people. Their tawdry, vulgar trappings of luxury and fashion, they can keep. The mutilated nature they call their parks and preserves, they can keep. But they must take down their "No Trespass" signs on the resources of nature, land, manufacturing, machinery, they call "theirs," when they are only stewards.

What they have that is ours and that we need—that we want back—the ownership of our coal, oil, iron, highways, inventions, tools of livelihood, keys of opportunity. They themselves call themselves trustees. Well, we are of age. We ask for an accounting. We will take back the trust; we will administer it ourselves. These men are embezzlers, if they refuse to deliver it up.

"Its government must be recovered by the American people," he said, "peacefully, if possible, but it must be recovered." He fervently hoped that the world had passed beyond the possibility of repeating primitive cruelty as of the French Revolution. Talking informally to the Ethical Society one evening in 1903, he spoke of the possibility of our progress being through some crisis of revolution, as to the successful conclusion of which he was absolutely sanguine, and said that cataclysms were as much a part of evolution as the less dynamic processes on which so much emphasis is placed by the academicians nowadays. He corrected a sensational report of these remarks in the *Chicago Chronicle*[1]:

At the supper of the Ethical Society at the Hull House last night I did not advocate revolution, and there was no applause of revolution by the Ethical Society. What I said was that our socialism might not be all evolutionary, that there might be "some touches of revolutionary socialism," but that if it came it would be because the men who are getting the control of all our industry and politics denied the people peaceful outlet of relief and redress.

No one but a fool would advocate revolution. No one but a fool would believe revolution impossible. Coming events cast their phrases before. The "higher law" came years before the emancipation proclamation. A new

[1] *Chicago Chronicle*, March 3 and 5, 1903.

phrase, "the higher property," is already heard. What is that the herald of?

Of the men of the trusts who were rising more prominently into view, he rarely spoke publicly. He continued his assertion that they ought to be in jail, and privately suggested their banishment. In 1898, in an address to the Nineteenth Century Club in New York, he said, speaking of the applause which had greeted a great jurist when he branded the betrayers of Philadelphia:

> We listen to a clapping of hands which we must hope will not cease in this country until it has clapped the doors of a palace of justice on men who, formidable as they are, are not as formidable to us of the Republic realised, as Charles I. and Louis XVI. were to the Puritan and Huguenot ancestors of whom we boast. If we take the pedigree, we must take the example too. Vengeance is mine? Overcome evil with good? Yes. But if we do adopt this Tolstoian code, let our mercy be for both small and great, to all, not to the great alone. Put the big thieves in jail, or let out the little ones.

"The craziest fools in history," he said they were to believe that they could hold under arbitrary power a liberty-loving people like the Americans. "We do not wish to pursue, to humiliate these men," he said to Senate committees in Maine and Massachusetts, "but we must domesticate them into good citizens—fellow citizens."

The margin of compensation which he advocated in case of expropriation was becoming narrower. When in 1898 Mayor Pingree of Detroit warned the public that certain street railway bonds were illegal and void, and advocated the "forfeiture of all licenses and leases

obtained by fraud," Lloyd congratulated him on his "pernicious activities," and quoted him with approval in a public address:

In this he voices a public opinion which means to municipalise and nationalise many things, but will never municipalise and nationalise the financial dropsy of void, watered, and fraudulent stocks and bonds.

In 1901 he wrote to Professor Bemis:

I don't regard our situation as so simple as to be settled by mere "government ownership" of monopolies. I care nothing for the denunciation nor even punishment of our Captain Kidds, and I do not think they have been created by our social institutions but by the violation of them. But here is the point as I see it. Through their usurpations, violations, etc., these men have become the *masters* of us. If we buy them out, we but worsen our position, for then we become their slaves as bondsmen. No reform will be a real reform that does not destroy the *present predominance* of this property and its owners. The very utmost I would leave them, either by expropriation or taxation, would be enough to maintain their living on its present scale. I know all that can be said as to this not being now "a practical question." I say in reply that anything short of this will also like all our half reforms prove still less "practical."

When he lectured in Providence in 1902, Mr. Koopman, librarian of Brown University, entered the following in his diary:

Henry D. Lloyd spoke at Bell Street Chapel last evening on New Zealand in particular, but more on democracy in general. After the lecture, Sidney A. Sherman, Robert Grieve, and I walked down to the station with him and saw him off for Boston. He talked with us about the future

government purchase of monopolies, which he believed to be certain, and laid stress on the danger of saddling a perpetual bonded debt on the country in payment to the monopolists. Lloyd would pay them in moderate, even generous, life-annuities, which would wipe out the debt in one generation. Lloyd is an elegant, modest gentleman—a born aristocrat to look at—who is also an orator, writer, sociologist, and patriot of the first rank.

The trustees must all render up their trusts [he wrote in one of his last articles]. For this expropriation there must be compensation of course, but the trustee will do well, in haggling about the price, to remember that ordinary trustees have to give an accounting.

To vanquish our enemy, "the too rich," and to triumph was the task and the destiny he saw before the people.

To face the truth that the naked issue of our times is with wealth overgrown until tyrannical and criminal, that it has become *the* public enemy, and that we have to democratise this power makes us flinch, as even Cromwell did. But such is our task. We can celebrate George Washington only by looking independence into the eyes of our king. And we know that we shall vanquish this public enemy—the too rich—because all the great literary men from Isaiah and Plato to Emerson and Ruskin have been for us and against him, and nothing has ever been able to stand against the pen.

Emerson's words, "justice with heart of steel," described our need. When he saw the gentle and valiant Mayor Jones relaxing in the severity of his judgments against the oil trust, he wrote:

I believe, of course, with you that there should be a kindly tone in the discussion of this social question, but I believe also that we must be stern as well as good-natured.

Only stern and good-natured people can make a democracy work—good-natured in giving to each other through their government all they get from each other through their government; stern to exterminate the thieves of reciprocity who would take all and give nothing.

With the years his warnings were more impassioned. "Our dream, our fathers' dream, of a political paradise of equals is over," were among his last words. But under all, his faith never faltered.

You ask me if I can offer you any words of comfort [he wrote to an anxious reformer in 1899]. The fact that you ask such a question is one of the evidences that words of comfort will come to be in promising supply. Look back ten years at the amount of literature produced on these questions, and look back ten years and compare the status then with the concentration that has gone on since. Is it not evidence that we are rapidly approaching the time when the people will move under the spur of the sufferings of which you speak to a remedy? Read the translation of the newly discovered work by Aristotle on the Athenian Constitution, and see there how the same causes sent the people forward. I see great suffering, terrible crises in the immediate future, but that does not appall me. They are to be birth-pangs.

CHAPTER XXI

"IN THE RAPIDS OF A NEW ERA"

LLOYD courageously kept his gaze on the light which streaked the far horizon. His moments of despondency were buried in his own heart or closed in his note-book, or confided to a friend. Their effect on his public work was to increase his vigilance and to accelerate his efforts to gather messages of hope. Spreading broadcast the news of triumphant democracy, his books and lectures opened the century with that constructive note which he believed was to dominate. On the last midnight of the nineteenth century he was among the citizens who at the steps of the Massachusetts State-house greeted the twentieth.

Mrs. Lloyd and I, who stood near the buildings on your right hand, half-way towards Beacon Street [he wrote to Edward Everett Hale], heard every syllable you said, and were proud, for Boston, the people, the occasion, and ourselves, that the approach of the new century had such a Herald!

To a symposium on "What may be in the Twentieth Century,"[1] he contributed a brief prophecy:

. . . A score of men will become the masters of society. This will be the turning-point. The social alarm now

[1] The *Congregationalist*, January, 1901.

gathering in the middle-class heart will overflow, and the social revolution will be the due evolutionary successor of the industrial revolution. Equal power will be as invariable a function of citizenship as the equal franchise. Power will flow in every house and shop as freely as water. All men will become capitalists and all capitalists co-operators. The working-day will be shortened far beyond the eight-hour-day dream. Leisure and independence will become rights as universal and commonplace as the abolition of serfdom. The people will have the time and freedom to be democrats.

Women, released from the economic pressure which has forced them to deny their best nature and compete in unnatural industry with men, will be re-sexed. The thrift infanticide, which would depopulate the world, will itself be prevented—the more people, the more brotherhood and the more wealth; life will be more prized than the conventionalities; all motherhood will become immaculate, every child legitimate, and every father responsible. The smoke nuisance in the cities will be abolished, and so will the cities themselves. The new rapid transit, making it possible for cities to be four or five hundred miles in diameter and yet keep the farthest point within an hour of the centre, will complete the suburbanisation of every metropolis.

Every house will be a centre of sunshine and scenery, and every school a garden school. The population will be educated back to their old home—the soil. The great political word of the twentieth century will be empires—Russian and American. They will achieve unity brutally, to the great grief of those professors of love who have made a private luxury of brotherhood instead of getting on the road with it ahead of the professors of lyddite. But, as we have so often seen in history, the unity of the peace of the people will follow the unity of brutality—*Pax Romana*, *Pax Brittanica*, *Pax Humana*. As at the beginning of the last era, so at the beginning of this, imperialism will build the roads on which will travel the new gospel that will destroy imperialism.

The winter home was now fixed in Boston, as the sons were at Harvard University. Mr. Lloyd was thus temporarily separated from his "Study." "But he says he misses here his 'outer brain,'" said a Boston news-letter. "By this original expression he designates his collection of books, papers, and notes of all sorts, which in years past he has gathered about him in his Western home." He missed as well his chosen field of local endeavour, Chicago. He wrote to a friend: "Your reluctance to call me a Bostonian is no greater than mine to be called one. I would never be willing to leave Chicago for any arena smaller." Thus unsettled, he turned again to his journeys to gather hints for "a way out." The most urgent call was to Switzerland.

In 1888, I received from a friend then travelling in Switzerland a letter telling me of the initiative and referendum [wrote W. G. Eggleston]. Believing that I had something that was new to Mr. Lloyd, I took the letter to him. "Yes," he said, "I have heard of it and some day I 'm going to Switzerland to see about it."

That day had now come. The Americans had lost control of their government; theirs was, he said, "a government of representatives, by representatives, for representatives." With the judgment of a skilled social reporter, he realised that here in old Switzerland, as in youthful New Zealand, was economic news.

Switzerland is in a very important way a more timely example for us than New Zealand; while the New Zealand policy is more advanced, the Swiss is more democratic. More has been done in New Zealand, but in Switzerland more has been done by the people. . . . My point is not to present the Swiss people as a perfect demo-

cracy . . . but to give a picture of a people really deciding for themselves, whether they decide rightly or not. . . . When a Switzer has nothing else to do, he whittles on the Constitution.

Not only was the story needed by the Americans but by the world at large, absorbed as it was in the problems presented by the private ownership of public utilities. Switzerland showed the only instance where an entire nation had by wholly democratic processes, by debate and mandate, taken possession of such property. This "hoary democracy," he said, leads the world in keeping balanced, in the political field, the respective powers of the individual and of organisation, though it applies the secret nowhere else in its life. Early in 1901, he sailed on his new quest, "a study of Alpine democracy —the Alpine glow!" He was also to get material for his second book on co-operation.

. . . I want to get the latest information about co-operation [he wrote to Holyoake], for a book which I want to put out, to induce the American people to enter this path of private democracy complementing the political one. . . . I have little hopes of the success of political democracy unless there exists among the people a thorough appreciation of private democracy based on their practical experience and success in it. I hope to contribute some facts and inspiration to our people along both lines of social effort. I believe that when the people of America begin to move, they will move with great rapidity, huge energy, and with corresponding success; if they are going to realise this they must move along both lines—the lines of co-operation and democracy.

On the steamer was the millionaire, Levi Z. Leiter, and he and Lloyd had good talks as the hours spun

slowly into days. He said to Mr. Leiter that men of his class whose fortune had been made a generation ago "in what is known as legitimate business" were making a fatal mistake in allowing themselves to be identified with the criminal rich. "You are entirely right," answered Mr. Leiter, "but then—the investments these men have to offer are very attractive." In commenting on this Mr. Lloyd said that this avarice of the "eminently respectable" makes them the most dangerous class, since they make the market for the criminals who bribe and despoil. He wrote to Mr. Bowles (1901):

> The recent Devil's Dance on the stock exchange is the first of a series of At Homes which my pet John D. Rockefeller is going to give the people of this country. His career on the oil exchanges of Pennsylvania was a sort of dress rehearsal for it. There never has been a speculative orgy like that in the oil regions. The South Sea Bubble was nothing in comparison, though of course famous while this is generally unknown. It has occurred to me that an article or two in the *Republican* telling this oil exchange story with special reference to its applicability and warning now would . . . perhaps do a great deal of good. . . . Mr. L. Z. Leiter was with me on the *Fürst Bismarck* and he tells me that Johnnie now controls a thousand millions of banking capital. This capital, as the recent episode in Wall Street shows, he is going to use with all his skill as a speculative bludgeon, and you can find the financial history of Wall Street and the speculative public for the next ten years written in advance in the story of the ruin of Pennsylvania in the same field. I was going to propose this to my friend Van Benthuysen of the *World*, but I think the articles would have more effect on public opinion if done by the *Republican*—and that is what I am gunning for.

Landing in Genoa, Mr. Lloyd studied various parts of the Italian socialist and co-operative fields. Some of his personal experiences he wrote home to please his parents:

Just as I arrived in Rome, a bill was presented to the Italian Parliament for compulsory arbitration based on my account in *C. W. S.*,[1] and going to see a prominent man there on another matter I found that he had *W. A. C.*[2] on the shelf behind me, and had just published a review of *C. W. S.* in the principal Italian review. However, you would get a very wrong impression if you thought my path was usually strewn with roses in that fashion. On the contrary, I was actually turned very brusquely out of a man's house in Bologna, as a beggar, together with a highly respectable professor of that ancient city whom I had taken along as an interpreter. The gentleman whose letter of introduction I bore in asking my inhospitable host to *assist* me (in my investigations) used a word which in Italian is sometimes employed in begging. With true Italian precipitation my friend did not stop even to see who the letter was from, but showed us to the door as if afraid we would insist immediately on picking his pockets. But he was abject enough the next morning, and was my slave every minute of the rest of my stay. . . .

In Switzerland he laid the foundation for his book, and attended the international conference for labour legislation in Berne. Passing into Germany, then to Belgium and England, he surveyed their socialist and co-operative movements. He wrote to his friend, Professor Stephan Bauer, of Basle:

I was very glad to hear from you. I count you as one of my permanent acquisitions in Europe, if you will not resent a proprietary phrase which asserts no title but that of affection.

[1] *A Country Without Strikes.* [2] *Wealth Against Commonwealth.*

I had a great time in Germany, seeing and tapping Bebel, Bernstein, Arons, Singer, the Vorwaerts people, Kautsky, Barth, Cruger, Haulsitka, and a lot more. In Belgium, especially at Ghent, is the most remarkable movement I have seen anywhere. The trade-unions, socialists, co-operators, and the people generally, all united in one movement, with stores, bakeries, art studios, pharmacies, doctors, newspapers, party machinery, social organisations, etc., for the avowed purpose of establishing a better world! . . . It is in advance of everything anywhere else. . . . Some of the German Social Democratic people are considering the publication of some of my books. I would much like to have you do the translating.

As to the prospects for the success or failure of the Labour Legislation Branch for which you ask my opinion, I can only apply to that the rule I use for my own consolation as to all "the best laid plans of mice or men," in which I embark my hopes or energies. We can but do that which seems to fall to us to be done and in that do our best and let the results take care of themselves. I do not believe that any intelligent effort is wasted though it may easily be that we never see the fruit. The American and English working men have troubles of their own, and have little energy to spend on any other thing than getting alive through to-day for to-morrow.

He also met Alfred von der Leyen of Berlin, Hugo Poetzsch, "who can open all socialist doors in Germany," Milliet, "the best informed man in Switzerland," Greulich, veteran of the Swiss working men's movement, Hans Mueller, head of the Swiss co-operators, Anseele, "the greatest, tho the quietest man in Europe." In England he found the co-operators enthusiastically adding to their advance a system of making themselves co-operative landlords, and he was present and spoke at the opening of their first estate,

the Ealing Tenants, Limited. He had a talk with William T. Stead, on Budget night.

. . . He called at Mowbray House [wrote Stead[1]], and I had the pleasure of renewing the acquaintance of one of the most charming, cultured, and thoughtful of those Americans who have devoted their lives to the study of the social evolution of moral society. We were both eight years older than when we last met, and greyer, if not wiser. I was delighted to see Mr. Lloyd and to hear from his own lips the ripened conclusions at which he had arrived after much wandering to and fro over the whole earth.

"What is your hope in America?" said I, going to the centre of things at a bound.

"I am at a loss," said Mr. Lloyd, "as to the position of affairs in America. I see no light anywhere on the American horizon. The situation . . . is so perplexing, and in many respects so hopeless, that I came over to Europe in order to see whether from the outside I could get a viewpoint which would enable me to form a clearer idea as to the probable course of events. . . ."

"What is the net result?" I said.

"It seems to me," said he, "that we are entering upon a new era. The expansion of American trade is going to be the great phenomenon of the immediate future. Our industries, organised as they have never been before, directed by men of great capacity, audacity, and ambition, will undertake the direction of the productive capacity of the world. What has occurred or what is about to occur reminds me of what happened in your own country when you struck down the Dutch on the seas, and made yourselves the great traders of the world. The expansion of England which took place in the over-sea trade is now going to take place in America, under different conditions. We have been training for it

[1] *Review of Reviews*, May 15, 1901.

for some time, but the American trust has now filled its arsenals, disciplined its armies, and is now about to set the pace to the world in all matters of industry and production. I do not see what there is that is going to stand up against it. On the contrary, it seems to me that the producers of the old world will prefer to stand in with the trust rather than to oppose it. The Napoleons of industry who are about to undertake the conquest of the old world will do like the other Napoleons, and embody in their conquering legions as allies the best of your men. But the direction, the ideas, the control, will be in the hands of the American trust. The trust is virtually supreme in the United States, and when it has achieved the economic subjection of the old world it may consolidate the plutocratic system, against which the American people may be powerless. Yes, the evolution of the American trust has become a great international and European question. In Germany they are very uneasy. Things are bad there, and in England also you are likely to have a difficult time."

"Yes," I said, "and therein lies the hope of the situation, for in the immediate future the road to salvation lies along the path of tribulation. . . ."

"In America that road seems to be closed to us at present," said Mr. Lloyd. "We have a surplus of fifteen millions with a much greater potential surplus. . . . Nevertheless, in no country but America . . . is there such a well-organised, vigorously sustained campaign against this malady of the modern state as there is among the band of thinkers and reformers who are combating the evil in the United States."

"And how do you find things in England?" I asked.

"In the House of Commons there are a few individuals who have their minds open to the light of the coming day, among whom I should put John Burns very nearly in the first rank. Burns impresses me much. He will go far. His career has only begun. In the near future he will play a great part."

". . . And what do you think of the Liberal Party?"

"It has perished," he said, "with the fulfilment of its old ideals. What is called the Liberal Party has no mandate, has no programme, and therefore has no courage and no influence. It seems to me that it was buried with Mr. Gladstone, and it will know no resurrection. The future lies with other men and other ideals."

"If you see no light in Westminster," I said, "what do you think about Spring Gardens?"

"Yes," said Mr. Lloyd, "the London County Council is doing good work; but what fills me with the greatest hope is the progress of the co-operative movement in England. That seems to me one of the greatest things of our time—the most hopeful, the most promising. . . ."

Stead then remarked that Lloyd's view of the trusts was necessarily gloomy, since should they prove that great national industries could be controlled by a few individuals the chief practical argument against socialism would disappear. Mr. Lloyd objected, however, saying that the trust proved only that a few men had the organising genius, but not that the people as a whole were capable of administering them.

"But," he went on to say, "I think your co-operative movement in England does prove that the people have got the capacity, and it is to my mind the brightest point in the whole dark horizon. I was particularly struck, for instance, with the scheme of co-operative housing which has been elaborated by your co-operators, and which, I believe, is to be publicly inaugurated this very week. . . . No doubt you are all interested in the housing schemes of the London County Council; but there is something infinitely more attractive, to my mind, in a co-operative system which enables working men to build their houses and to become their own landlords, without coming upon the rates, and without establishing an antagonism of interests between the

municipal landlord and the individual tenant. There is no social experiment the development of which I shall watch with greater interest, than this co-operative building scheme of Mr. Vivian's. It seems to me that it is along such lines that the progress to a happier state of society is to be secured."

. . . I gently chaffed Mr. Lloyd for the excessive admiration of the New Zealanders. "You put no vinegar in your salad," said I.

"Well," said Mr. Lloyd, "when I wrote *Wealth Against Commonwealth*, I came to the conclusion that I would not resort to the ordinary devices of book-makers by putting in qualifying words which blunt the sharp outlines of the salient facts. I was determined I would tell the truth exactly as I saw it. . . ."

"And so," I answered, "as you painted the devil jet black, you . . . painted New Zealand as an archangel white as snow."

"I painted it as I found it," said Mr. Lloyd. "The book is the expression of the impressions left upon my mind as the result of a long, painstaking examination of New Zealand as it is to-day. It is a picture not without shadows. There are economic difficulties ahead, the chief of which may be traced to the excessive dependence of New Zealand upon the English market and the English Stock Exchange, but take it all in all, the chief doubt is whether there can be any sequel worthy to follow so splendid a first volume. . . ."

Mr. Lloyd sailed home in April, lacking the full material for his books. Few who met him divined that under his charming easy grace there lay a depression that was making work almost impossible. A friend said: "As soon as I saw him I knew that the mainspring was broken." He himself felt that he should not live more than two years, and to his sister, straining every nerve to save the lives of her children, he

spoke of the strange contrast between her efforts and his longing that life should end. "For weeks," he wrote to her, "I have been swimming in a shoreless ocean, but I think I see land at last." It was his fervent prayer that the strength wasted in this unnecessary battle might in some way be given him again for his work. Thus he pushed bravely onward to the immediate tasks, "the day's work," which such a nature feels that it must, in bare justice, render to society.

I am not fit to write, I do not do the things I ought to do to live. . . . I have come back from my European trip full of new ideas and yet lacking the energy to execute them. By the way here is an entry I made yesterday in my notebook—Tact is knowing what you can do and fact is doing it. Well, I seem to have the tact, but the fact eludes me so far. The situation has grown so colossal and so extraordinary. Every socialistic and populistic movement growing less, while the capitalistic grows greater. I am thinking of going next week to a convention in Indianapolis to unite the various sections of the socialist party—a forlorn hope, I fear.

In this year he was arranging a disposal of his property. He was often picturesquely but inaccurately described as a "millionare socialist." He was, indeed, a man of means, "unfortunately of the capitalist class," he once said. A clearness of vision characterised him on this side of life as on others. He respected certain forms of property, the desire for which was, he declared, a universal human attribute. "Every citizen must have his field," he said. His business friends declare that he possessed extraordinary capacity for far-sighted investment, was familiar with the intri-

cacies of stocks and the market, and had he chosen to devote to the pursuit of money his entire effort, might have won an immense possession. After leaving journalism, however, his income from the *Tribune* stock, and an annuity accruing to his wife from her father's estate, assured the family independence, and he never again engaged in money-getting. His books brought no profit, and were copyrighted merely to protect him against alterations and unauthorised and garbled reprints. Whereas it is often rumoured of financial editors that they acquire a fortune in the course of their professional work, "Mr. Lloyd," said Robert Patterson, managing editor of the *Chicago Tribune*, "was almost the solitary exception in that respect."

The junction in him of radicalism and wealth made an occasional critic say that he was not consistent. When confronted by Joseph Medill with this point, he declared that he would be perfectly willing to give up his share "*when the others did.*" Indeed theories advocating a more even distribution of opportunities and the abolition of the profit system came with a good grace from one with profits to sacrifice, and who with every heart-beat was giving the result of his opportunities for the benefit of all. His social theories carried forward meant what would seem to many like self-sacrifice; not so to him, who regarded the good of all as bringing the greatest good to the individual. So highly did he value property that he was scrupulously careful about expenditure. When he gave, it was with the maximum of conscientious thought. In his conceptions of the financial side of the labour movement he was as democratic as elsewhere. He felt strongly that it must be self-supporting, repeatedly pointing out that subsidised causes did not live. "The people must

create their own success," he said. Therefore, while he never ceased to give, it was usually in the form of guidance and information. With any material help, there came always the maximum gift, himself. He spent all the revenue possible gathering and making into books the helpful facts, promoted investigation by others, and sent literature into all countries.

In one of his notes, he jotted down an analysis of property as of two kinds, that made by the individual alone which was sacred to him, and that of social origin bringing the power to control others. In his own life, he apparently made some such distinction, since all the small sums which he received for articles or the fees occasionally accepted for lectures—all money earned—he kept in a separate bank account, and used in precious personal ways, as in gifts to his wife or mother. All the other property he voluntarily devoted as far as possible to social service. He owned besides the *Tribune* stock and the Sakonnet home, a strip of Winnetka shore, the gift of his father-in-law, a small farm, and sixteen acres in 63d Street, Chicago. The real estate was unproductive, and for the last two decades of his life meant a burden of taxes and assessments. In the nineties he was further embarrassed by the *Tribune's* ceasing to pay dividends because of its building operations. This prolonged stress he called his "forty years in the financial wilderness," and during it his plans for good stood in abeyance. "Until I endow myself," he said, "I shall not be able to do a fractional part of what I would like to do." He was now in 1901 contemplating giving away his Chicago acres for social service. He considered endowing a chair at Harvard, following some of the lines of work at Tuskegee and Hampton, which he considered the

best educational institutions in the country. "I often wish white boys had as good a chance." He now wrote to President Eliot of Harvard University:

Will you allow me to write you of a plan which has been forming itself in my mind for a school which would apply the principles of manual training in the field of agriculture? The work would be something like that which is done by the garden schools of Europe. You perhaps know the interesting report on this subject which has been issued by the Bureau of Education in Washington. The schools for Negroes and Indians at Tuskegee and Hampton (Virginia) are also illustrations of what I refer to. Our State Agricultural Universities also do something of the same work, but not in exactly the direction which seems to me would be most useful. They are what might be called "trade" schools—to fit pupils for the trade of farming. It seems to me what is needed also is a school or college which shall show how horticulture, agriculture, sylviculture, etc., can be made adjuncts of the general culture of our schools.

I am the owner of some valuable property in Chicago, unimproved but in the midst of an improved district, with not even a mortgage on it; and some unimproved property suburban to Chicago, near to the Chicago & North-Western Railroad. I have thought that possibly I might give this as an endowment for the establishment of such a school as I have hinted at above and that I might do this on the lines followed as I understand by Dr. Pearson, in some of his recent gifts. That is, that the college receiving the endowment might pay me a fair annuity for my life, calculated on the present value of the property, taking the property at once in fee. The annuity should be, of course, a fair sum for the actual value so conveyed from the annuitant's point of view, so that so far as that was concerned, there will be no further obligation on my part; but I would also, in consideration of this annuity, devote myself to such work in the organisation of this department as you might wish.

I would visit the principal schools and colleges here and abroad, in which such instruction is given, paying my own expenses, and gather information as a starting point from which to proceed with the plans for the organisation of the school. I would then, after you had decided as to what plan of organisation to adopt, give such of my time and efforts to the organisation and promotion of the school as was agreeable to you. You would, of course, get your own information as to the value of the property in question. As to that in Chicago, I should say that the value was several hundred thousand dollars (three, or more), and that of the suburban property, though much less at the present time, likely to advance to fifty thousand dollars or more.

I write you this tentatively, to draw from you an expression of opinion as to how it impresses you.

Faithfully yours,
H. D. Lloyd.

To which President Eliot replied:

Asticou, Maine, 10 August, 1901.

Dear Sir:

Among the letters which I seem to have reserved for answering in vacation is one from you dated May 22d, at No. 95 Mt. Vernon Street, Boston. . . .

I availed myself of an early opportunity to consult our Corporation about the enquiry you made therein. I beg to say now that the Corporation felt unable to co-operate with you in the proposed undertaking, (1) because they do not invest in unimproved real estate; (2) because they would not know how to determine the annuity which ought to be paid to you as the annual value of the specific unimproved real estate described in your letter; (3) because they are completely uninformed as to your fitness for the task of deciding on the organisation of the proposed school; and finally because the kind of school which you seem to have in mind does not appear to them to be a part of a university's

work, but rather of secondary school work. For these reasons I am obliged to say that our Corporation, so far as they can gather your intentions from your letter of May 22d, would not be inclined to take part in your undertaking.

You ask for my opinion in the matter, and I venture to add that the best place for putting into execution your general idea would seem to me to be a good normal school to which you would offer a definite sum of money, say $400,000, the income of which should be devoted to providing for the pupils of the school practical instruction in horticulture, arboriculture, and landscape gardening.

Very truly yours,
CHARLES W. ELIOT.

His final plan was to bequeath his Winnetka land for a public park, and to donate the sixteen acres in Chicago to the people as a place where they might enjoy absolute freedom of speech. One section of the Chicago land was to be reserved for children, another for a public building, while the major part was to be an open-air forum. But on finding himself suddenly confronting death before his children had inherited the estates coming to them, he made a short will, on his death-bed, leaving all at the disposal of his wife.

In the fall of 1901 Mr. Lloyd faced a third winter away from his Winnetka study. In September, however, he embarked on a lecture tour arranged by the university association of Chicago, before the Economic Leagues now formed in the principal cities of the far West, where a movement was being made to inaugurate reforms, with *Newest England* as a basis. As a campaign document, a cheaper edition of his book was called for.

I would myself be very glad to see the book . . . published at any reduced price, if there were a fair prospect

that that would result in wide distribution. I am perfectly willing to take any risks with regard to royalties, for I have never written any of my books with an expectation of any profit.

Starting in at Los Angeles he initiated the season's course. He was much impressed by the promise of the Pacific.

. . . I am convinced that the development of the Pacific is destined to go forward at a rate which will astonish the world. The rapidity with which the Atlantic States developed is no indication of the rapidity with which the States on this side of the continent will forge to the front within the next few years. Here across the Pacific Ocean the old and new worlds meet, and the Pacific is destined within the course of a few years to become one vast Mediterranean Sea teeming with the commerce of millions. The history of the development of the Pacific will show something entirely new and unique in the development of nations and countries. Even those who live here and are eye witnesses of what has already been done have but an inadequate conception of the possibilities of the country.[1]

This tour was supplemented by others in the Eastern States where he brought the last word of the people's achievements abroad; the story of New Zealand, of co-operation in Italy, and of "the people's perpetual constitutional convention" in Switzerland; of the marvellous organisation of the German socialist party,—Germany was the one spot in the world, he said, where one might expect sensational developments at any time—; of Belgium's more perfect form of socialism. At the last lecture of the year he was given an ovation on the platform of old Cooper Union, where, as a youth

[1] From an interview in the *Seattle Daily Times*, October 12, 1901.

of twenty-two, he had stood with New York's grey-haired leaders in reform.

In his lectures Mr. Lloyd added the charm and force of his personality to that of his words, and more nearly revealed his higher thought than in his books. They were known however only to his audiences or to those who read certain newspaper reports. He made no attempt whatever to publish them. He was often called the Wendell Phillips of the labour movement and in many respects the parallel held good, but he was far more a writer than an orator. Although he spoke easily and eloquently extemporaneously, most of his speeches were prepared without pressure in the quiet of his study, and expressed his thought in words chosen with consummate skill. With an enunciation not always clear and a physique too delicate for robust delivery, he yet held audiences in intense interest and enthusiasm. He did this by the force of his thought and his heart. He spoke because he had something he must say. He dared to tell the truth. From him the people had the joy of hearing that brave demand for justice which was trembling in their outraged hearts. He found them "hungry for information." In a happy hour, he gave a survey of problems and solutions, lightened by humour and human touches, all so simply done that few realised the profundity which led them to the core of the question. In debate and discussion he was very felicitous.

> Those who heard him for the first time [said Daniel Kissam Young] were surprised at his low voice and lack of gesticulation, but in a few minutes he won his audience, and before he had finished he was sure to prove himself a true orator in the best sense of the word.

He made a second journey to Europe in 1902 to

complete the material for the Swiss book, and for the new book on co-operation, studying meanwhile such special subjects as people's banks in Italy, Switzerland, and Germany, and the farmers' sales associations in Germany and France. As he journeyed, he told the people of one country what the others were doing, and thus spreading news of progress and good fellowship, became a messenger of progressive internationalism. Next to Switzerland his closest study was of the people's movement in Belgium. He was exhilarated by the success with which the workers had there organised themselves as co-operators, trade-unionists, socialists, and practical politicians simultaneously and successfully. The story of this was to form a main part of the book to follow that on Switzerland. No work in English described this movement.

I have been busy ever since my return [he wrote to Vivian] getting together my co-operative materials. I think I see an opportunity for producing a book which will fill a place no other book has sought and which may help to restore the ideals of the movement to their sovereignty in its practical manifestations.

He believed, however, that the international development of capitalism was going to make all constructive reform slow and unsatisfactory for many years to come. Particularly was this true of the republic he loved. At the turn of the century, he had given up all hope that anything was going to arrest its imperialisation. He wrote to Moritz Pinner and Edward Everett Hale in 1900:

If William Lloyd Garrison or Wendell Phillips were to arrive in such time as this, their attempt to free the slaves would end in failure. All that can be done now is to sow

seed where ground can be found. . . . This seed . . . will not sprout *next* season. After the field has been swept by fire, it may come up as the maples and birches follow the pine of the primeval forest! For the present our lot is pine!

He noticed in all countries that the tide of progress which a few years before had seemed so strong was receding. All we can do is to wait, he said, "the tide will surely turn." He wrote to Professor Bauer (1901):

The Swiss ideas of direct legislation are making more progress among the Americans than any other political novelties, but on the whole the reform energy here is ebbing, and I believe the same to be true the world over. People are sinking into a coma, which is I predict the sleep before a very great awakening. But there will come first a religious excitement of the first order, whence or how I cannot of course pretend to tell, but I am no observer of public opinion if this is not hatching everywhere.

I send back your E. W. [*Ethical Worlds*] to-day [he wrote to Mr. Salter]. . . . Coit[1] I recognise as a leader, *i.e.* a leader in utterance. The real leaders are events and the masses. All that those who call themselves leaders—I mean who are called leaders—can do is to give phrase and form to the words and deeds forced out of the people by the pressure of evils, and aspirations. Events in this greater sense of the increase of pressure and aspiration are moving forward with a rapidity and power which suggest the whirl of the sun-spots. Economic unity is achieving itself—tho by detestable means—and preparing the first social stage or theatre of more than national size since that made ready by the Roman unity. The Roman unity gave Christianity —the highest ideal there was—roads and open doors. Behind our militant commercialism—close behind it—moves the better than Christian spirit which is to give the

[1] Dr. Stanton Coit of the West London Ethical Society.

world its next "new era." I believe with Coit that the key-word of that new era is democracy—a red, yellow, white, black democracy. It is to realise another instalment of Dante's ideal of the fulfilment of the destiny of humanity in the sum total of the fulfilment of all the faculties of all the men who compose humanity—a statement of democracy made six hundred years ago and never bettered.

He wrote to Mr. Pinner:

. . . Since we have last exchanged views and greetings I have been in Europe making the acquaintance of some of the leading socialists of Germany, Italy, Belgium, and Switzerland. The more I see of Europe the more of an American I am. There is a belated evolution there and even their remedies are behind our problems. But what our remedy is to be I confess I do not see. I cherish a hope that we may have the wit to make a salad of all the good ideas of Europe and Australasia—their co-operation, socialism, trade-unionism, land resumption, etc.,—and start where they have stopped. But I sometimes think I see chilling intimations that our whole destiny is to exhaust ourselves in creating another of the vast unities called empires which by bringing the peoples together in masses promote universal brotherhood tho at the expense of the promoters.

The dominant note on his return from his last travels was his prediction of "the Americanisation of the world." For reasons of economy in the operation of productive industry, he believed, as he had told Mr. Stead, that the American business men would in a short time take possession of the large industries of the world. The Goths and Vandals were coming again, he said, with the trust and the long-distance telephone. The American genius for conquest surpassed any ever known. This conviction appeared in his correspon-

dence and notes, and in an article, "The Next World-Power."

There is nowhere else, and never before has existed, such a set of men as the present rulers of American industry—nowhere men so strong, keen, unscrupulous, nowhere men with such a nose for dollars, nowhere men with so many dollars. Europe is too slow and too poor to withstand them. While it is talking, the Americans will be doing. The consolidation of the principal European industries with the American will be accomplished, while the Europeans are still talking about what they would do if it should be attempted. The development of the trusts in America has been only the rehearsal, the real play is now about to begin on the stage of the world's industry.

He wrote to Sir William Mather (1902):

You are so much wiser a business man and public man than I that nothing could excuse my presumption in the matter I am going to suggest except that it relates to a subject which I have rather made a specialty.

Rather a formidable opening! I take it for granted that American capital will soon flow largely into investments in English railroads. I am informed, and believe that American methods of loading and hauling freight, etc., etc., managing the personnel, etc., etc., will permit American railroad capitalists to pay present prices for your railroad stocks, and realise handsome profits out of the increased receipts possible through their control. They will *control* of course; they will not buy for the present investment value, but for that which they can give. Now here is my point: With this appearance of American control there will appear in every important English industry new competitors, in alliance with the American control, and receiving from it secret and preferential rates which will enable it to drive every English concern it attacks out of existence. . . .

No civilisation was ever looted as these American billionaires—I speak advisedly, Carnegie told a friend of mine he was worth $600,000,000—will loot English and Continental wealth when they perfect their schemes for the control of transportation the world over. . . .

What remedy can there be found for such a prospective looting of all English business except through the *immediate* nationalisation of your railroads? . . .

But let me now say one thing which I regard as of the first importance, but which no one on your side seems to have thought of. The mischief of the "Americanisation" I speak of is not at all going to be done by "the conquest" of you English by us Americans. . . . It is going to be with you, as with us, the conquest of all by a few—of all the English and American people by a few Englishmen and Americans. . . .

In August, 1903, he wrote what were to prove his last words on this matter:

Up to date these men have had little reason to doubt that they know the American people better than the reformers do. They push forward the consummation of their plans for complete control, paying public opinion the delicate compliment of virtuous and perpetual disclaimer. They sit at ease in their assurance that we will stand the thing, but not the name. All this raises one of the profoundest legal, economic, sociological, and constitutional questions of our times. This complex question is none the less profound because it takes this simple form: Do you like it?

Such was the *impasse* into which he saw the people of the world driven. "We are in at the death of an expiring principle," he said. "The conspiracy ends in one, and one cannot conspire with himself." On this dark horizon of property become an international tyrant, he saw two lights gleaming—the international

co-operative and socialist movements. In quality he said they were the only remedy in sight, but in quantity pathetically small. Even their programmes he considered were not yet adequate to meet this imperial capitalism, being still too parochial and provincial. Europe was as yet standing helpless before the new problem which America was sending.

After talking with their leading men [he wrote in his notes], one sees perfectly well that no solution will come from them. The problem has outstripped them. America has made the mischief, she must find the remedy. . . . We must have a new socialistic and co-operative impulse and programme. America must take up the scattered achievements of the pioneers of other countries and generalise and fuse, mould and quicken them into a form as broad as the evil she has brought on the world. America must therefore produce imperial reformers, as well as imperial monopolies and tyrants. The task then before the American reformer is the greatest one men have ever faced.

In spite of moments of doubt, his faith prevailed that his country would rise equal to this destiny. Before the disproportion between the evil and the remedy, he took refuge in the American ability to make short-cuts out of any difficulty.

One thing which keeps up my courage in the decidedly depressing circumstances of our present social situation [he wrote to Charles Contini, Italian co-operator], is that I believe that our practical genius will always, before real destruction comes, cut its way out by whatever unconventional path. . . . There are many millions of the people who feel just as you do about the monopolies. . . . Their education is proceeding rapidly. They do not move because they do not yet see how to move. Wiser men than they are in doubt as to the precise form of the remedy, are

they not? But if slow to begin, they will I believe be quick to finish once they set to work. . . . Almost everywhere in American business the conspiracy described in *Wealth Against Commonwealth* exists, and is growing worse.

Writing to Professor Frank Parsons, zealous compatriot, he let his hopes run away with his pen: "We have much to learn from Europe, but we are going to reciprocate by teaching them more reform in some coming quarter of an hour than they ever guessed in all their history." On one of his last printed pages shines the steady light of his larger faith:

> The hope of ages for a better world is becoming the conscious will to create it in our own day. . . . Many and powerful are the "friends" who seek to turn the people aside or call them back. They love the people, but not yet can they trust the people. . . . But the people did not stop in 1776, though they knew every republic had been a failure. They press forward, not to love, liberty, and equality, but to more love, more liberty, more equality.

His watchful eye was already noting unwonted signs here and there, which showed, he said, that the people were losing their patience,—"little cyclones of temper," he called them. He saw that something was stirring deep down in the places where the people do their thinking. The breaking point was coming. "'When the People complain, they are always right.' The People are complaining again."

But none of the books which he was designing was to be on this subject of the growing tyranny. When importuned by a friend to write one, he answered:

> Later I may think it necessary to make another *exposé* of

the American trust movement, but I am inclined to think that I can now leave that work to others. There is no danger that either the students on one side, or the tyrants on the other, will leave the public at rest.

CHAPTER XXII

"HARD, VERY HARD COAL"

WHILE Mr. Lloyd's advocacy of compulsory arbitration was filling the press, the greatest strike in American history furnished a remarkable demonstration of its value, and flashed into the people's experience a vivid picture of the forces in combat. The scene lay in the mine regions of Pennsylvania, where there existed a natural monopoly of anthracite coal. In the closing thirty-six years of the nineteenth century all the mines had passed into the ownership of a few great coal-carrying corporations, an evolution of which Lloyd had been a close observer. The condition of the workers under this régime of "Company stores," "Company houses," "Company doctors," had become unendurable; the Company lived they said "not only by mining coal but by mining miners." The difficulty of united action for relief was great, owing to there being over twenty nationalities among them. In 1900, ten years after the organisation of the United Mine Workers of America, the anthracite section numbered less than 8000. Under the leadership of John Mitchell, these and their fellow-workers determined to struggle for a chance to live as befitted American standards, and at the gate of winter over a hundred thousand

refused to work. Mr. Lloyd pointed the lesson, writing to the *New York World*, September 15, 1900:

> The public that submits to the wars upon itself of coal strikes and coal trusts forfeits all rights to the name of American people. It is not a people, only a collection of persons, a national mob of persons living in economic anarchy.
>
> When we become civilised industrially we will compel labour and capital to take their street fights into a court-room of public arbitration and we will tolerate either in coal or anything else no monopoly except our own monopoly, that of a people supplying itself at cost.

When a Republican "boss" prominent in the National Civic Federation, which was endeavouring to settle the trouble,—a presidential election was impending,—stated publicly that there was no coal trust, and pronounced the workmen prosperous and contented, *The Strike of Millionaires Against Miners* was able to do further good through its descriptions of miners' sufferings, which were used by the press of New York, Chicago, even of Texas, as still applicable. The strike achieved a ten per cent. increase in wages, but as it was more than counterbalanced by an increase in the cost of living, the miners found themselves worse off than before. It was evident that the vital issue was still to be met, and both sides prepared for the contest. By 1902 practically every miner was a member of the union. It being imperative to obtain new conditions, the miners endeavoured to arrange a conference with their employers, but these refused, saying that there could not be two masters in the management of business. The men, through the mediation of the Civic Federation, lessened their demands and again offered to submit

the dispute to a board of arbitration, but in vain. They then voted to strike.

Accordingly, one May morning when the whistles sounded there was no response, miners started gardening or went elsewhere in search of work, breaker boys enjoyed a holiday. Even picketing was unnecessary, as only the pumps needed to protect the mines were running. Wall Street, unable to comprehend the new spirit of emancipation, believed that all would soon blow over. The operators maintained an attitude of "a fight to a finish." Thus was ushered in one of the most thrilling chapters in our people's history. In two weeks, $10,000,000 had been lost, soft coal smoke was blackening the cities, New York's supply of anthracite was almost exhausted. Every effort toward arbitration was repulsed by the coal companies. Still the thousands of idle men, seventy per cent. of whom were not English speaking, kept peaceful resistance while armoured trains brought in several thousand special Coal and Iron Police, ready for June 2, when the men protecting the mines had threatened to strike. On that day eighty per cent. of these men deserted their post. Then business houses began to shut down. A committee from the New York Board of Trade and Transportation travelled to Washington to confer with the President, asking him to intervene, which caused the operators to repeat their refrain of "no concession," "no arbitration."

Public sentiment was becoming excited and indignant, for every mine was closed and the strike was costing $1,000,000 a day. The President, anxious to intervene, was casting about for some legitimate method, either ex-officio or informal. The funds of the strikers began to dwindle, their spirits were de-

pressed, and it was a well-guarded secret at headquarters that it required great energy to keep the ranks unbroken.

Renewed efforts for a settlement were met again by a statement in the press by George F. Baer, leading operator:

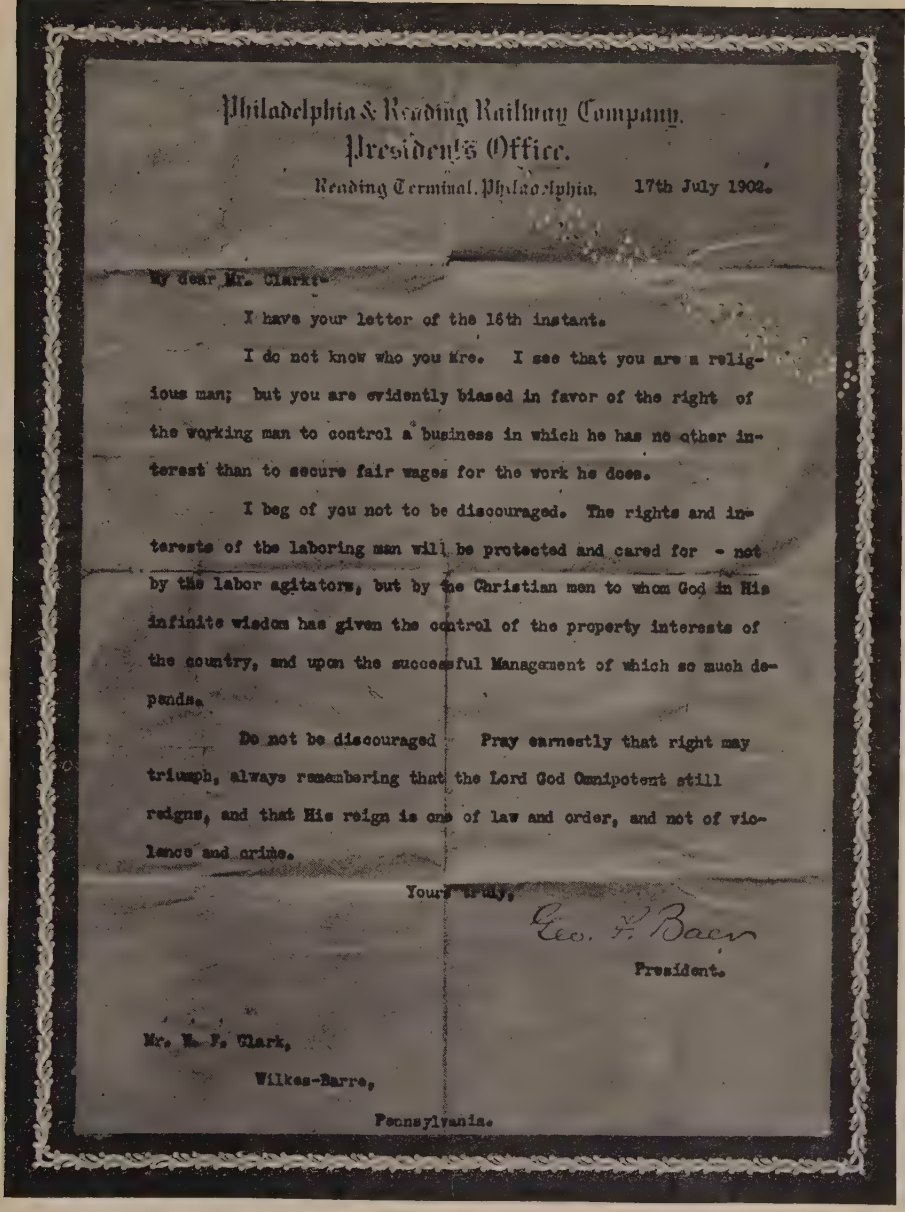
> We will give no consideration to any plan of arbitration or mediation or to any interference on the part of any outside party.

A private appeal to Mr. Baer elicited the now famous answer, which was photographed at Lloyd's suggestion:

> I do not know who you are. I see that you are a religious man, but you are evidently biassed in favour of the right of the working man to control a business in which he has no other interest than to obtain fair wages for the work he does.
>
> I beg of you not to be discouraged. The rights and interests of the labouring man will be protected and cared for—not by the labour agitators, but by the Christian men to whom God in His infinite wisdom has given the control of the property interests of the country, and upon the successful management of which so much depends.
>
> Do not be discouraged. Pray earnestly that right may triumph, always remembering that the Lord God Omnipotent still reigns, and that His reign is one of law and order and not of violence and crime.

Contributions now came into the treasury of the miners' union from all parts of America, and even from far-off South Wales. General Gobin of Pennsylvania issued "shoot-to-kill" orders to his troops who were moving against unarmed strikers. When the *New York Journal*[1] telegraphed Lloyd to organise a committee to further a settlement, he answered:

[1] *New York Journal*, August 23, 1902.



Philadelphia & Reading Railway Company.
President's Office.
Reading Terminal, Philadelphia. 17th July 1902.

My dear Mr. Clark:-

I have your letter of the 16th instant.

I do not know who you are. I see that you are a religious man; but you are evidently biased in favor of the right of the working man to control a business in which he has no other interest than to secure fair wages for the work he does.

I beg of you not to be discouraged. The rights and interests of the laboring man will be protected and cared for - not by the labor agitators, but by the Christian men to whom God in His infinite wisdom has given the control of the property interests of the country, and upon the successful Management of which so much depends.

Do not be discouraged. Pray earnestly that right may triumph, always remembering that the Lord God Omnipotent still reigns, and that His reign is one of law and order, and not of violence and crime.

Yours truly,

Geo. F. Baer

President.

Mr. W. J. Clark,
Wilkes-Barre,
Pennsylvania.

The Letter of George F. Baer.

However the property was got, and thereby hangs a tale, the monopoly of anthracite coal in Pennsylvania is private property and has all the rights of such property. The essence of that right is to administer the property within the law for the benefit of the private owners. If the people want this property administered for their benefit, let them make themselves the owners.

It is self-stultification for the public to demand of the owners of this property that they treat as sacred, duties like that of arbitration, which the public itself disregards.

If the public does not care enough for itself as labourer to protect the living wage, the rights of organisation, collective bargaining, arbitration, and the right to work, nor enough for itself as consumer to protect its supply of heat, light, and power, how can it have the cheek to ask monopolies to do these things for it?

The people of the whole country are making the unpleasant discovery that they have one more master added to scores they already knew of.

The only committee for self-respecting Americans to join in this matter is a committee of all the citizens, to transfer the ownership of the two necessities of life concerned—employment and coal—from the hands of private self-interest to those of public self-interest.

The public safety is the supreme law.

If the coal mines are not in full operation and the markets, including the American army, navy, and government departments, supplied at a reasonable price by September 1st—the beginning of fall—with winter only two or three months away, an emergency, industrial, military, naval, postal, social, and vital as affecting the public health, will be created that will call for emergency measures.

The people ought then to rise in a committee of the whole to demand that the President call an extra session of Congress to act, even to the extent of declaring martial law in the coal-fields, and taking national possession of them and the railroads. No confiscation, of course, unless the mine-

owners give us another Shays's rebellion in the mountains of Pennsylvania. But action first and compensation afterward. There is, I am informed, in one of the States—perhaps it is Pennsylvania—a law by which public service corporations, as electric railroad companies, needing private property, can take it summarily under some twist of the power of eminent domain and pay afterward a value determined afterward.

Let us have a committee of the whole to put the public in possession of such a power over the coal monopoly, over all the monopolies.

As autumn approached public opinion became alarmed. Many petitions for a special session were sent to President Roosevelt. Even Republican bosses of Pennsylvania failed to move the operators, whose now familiar litany, "no arbitration," was again heard. The idea of a compulsory arbitration law was bruited, and there was a rumour that Governor Stone of Pennsylvania was favourable to calling a special session of the Legislature to enact one. The Prime Minister of Australia, touring the country, publicly pronounced it incredible that a handful of men should be allowed to paralyse an entire nation.

In the middle of September, in the eighteenth week of the strike, a crisis seemed to be reached. Mr. Baer formally announced the operators' ultimatum that they would brook no interference, would treat with their own men, and, unless these reported for work on the same scale of wages as before, their places would be filled. The day after this announcement, Lloyd, who was at Sakonnet boiling with indignation, wrote to Father Power at Spring Valley:

LITTLE COMPTON, R. I., Sept. 17, '02.

MY DEAR FRIEND:

I think I must go to Pennsylvania to see this other

great strike of millionaires against miners. You brought up John Mitchell. Will you give me a word of introduction to him? . . .

Although help was now coming in without diminution to the strikers,—the bituminous miners were giving ten per cent. of their earnings, which in the end amounted to $1,400,000,—funds were still insufficient, but Mitchell declared that the men would starve before they would yield. He made an elaborate public statement in answer to Mr. Baer, declaring that the wages paid were not just:

There is another generation coming up—a generation of little children prematurely doomed to the whirl of the mill and the noise and blackness of the breaker. It is for these little children we are fighting. We have not underestimated the strength of our opponents; we have not overestimated our own power of resistance. Accustomed always to live upon little, a little less is no unendurable hardship. It was with a quaking of hearts that we asked for our last pay envelopes; but in the grimy and bruised hand of the miner was the little white hand of a child, a child like the children of the rich, and in the heart of the miner was the soul-rooted determination to starve to the last crust of bread and fight out the long dreary battle to win a life for the child and obtain for it a place in the world in keeping with advancing civilisation.[1]

He further stated that the miners did not wish to interfere in the management of the properties, offered again to submit their demands to an impartial board of arbitrators, and to abide by the result. He said that every effort had been made to preserve peace in a voluntarily idle population of three quarters of a

[1] *New York Herald*, 29 September, 1902.

million. "It is due," he said, "to the activity of our officers and the loyalty and self-restraint of our members that we have been more successful in allaying violence than the Coal and Iron Police in inciting it. . . ."

Public sentiment against the obduracy of the operators was growing. Winter was at hand, and the country was facing a fuel famine. In some towns coal cost $20 a ton. Mark Twain sent a laugh through the press:

HON. SEC'Y OF TREASURY, WASHINGTON, D. C.

SIR:

Prices for customary kinds of winter fuel having reached the altitude which puts them out of the reach of literary persons in straitened circumstances, I desire to place with you the following order:—

45 tons best old dry government bonds suitable for furnace, gold 7%, 1864, preferred.

12 tons early greenbacks, range size, suitable for cooking.

8 barrels seasoned 25 and 50 ct. postal currency, vintage of 1866, eligible for kindlings.

Please deliver with all convenient despatch at my house, in Riverdale, at lowest rates for spot cash, and send bill to

Your obliged servant,

MARK TWAIN,

who will be very grateful and will vote right.

Even conservative citizens were being led rapidly into radical positions. The passing of a compulsory arbitration law was continually suggested. Hundreds of copies of Lloyd's *Country Without Strikes* were sent to editors for review and to influential men, including President Roosevelt, and to leaders among operators and miners. In the current *Atlantic Monthly*, his article, "The Australasian Cure for Coal Wars,"

told again the story with the latest news that New Zealand was about to establish state coal mines. Here and there voices were raised, now of a minister, now of a judge, now of a body of citizens, declaring it to be right for the State to compel owners to operate, or itself to condemn the mines and operate them through lessees. The government administration became alarmed. But not so the operators, who declared that there was not the slightest change in their policy. President Roosevelt now determined to act. On the morning of October 2, the presidents of the great coal roads and Mitchell, with three colleagues, met at the White House, while the country waited breathlessly for the result. In answer to the President's appeal to sink their differences and to allow coal mining to be immediately resumed, pending arbitration, Mitchell instantly agreed, but the operators angrily refused. They, however, stated their willingness, if the miners would abandon their organisation, to submit the grievances presented by them as individuals to their several Courts of Common Pleas and abide by their decision. Thus ended in defeat one of the most remarkable conferences ever held in the White House. Mitchell's demeanour was so dignified, concerned, reasonable, that the President personally thanked him. The bearing of the operators, on the other hand, shocked the whole country, being one of defiance and resentment, from the moment of arrival until they whirled away in their private car.

The conflict now became more intense. As in this interview the operators had claimed that the only reason coal was not mined was the violence against non-union miners, and that given sufficient State and Federal troops there would be no trouble, the next

step was to take them at their word. Governor Stone then rushed the entire National Guard of Pennsylvania into the mine regions. Mitchell answered this by an appeal for peace, calling upon all miners, union and non-union, to declare whether or not work was interfered with by violence. In answer 350 local unions, without a dissenting voice, except one sub-section, declared that work was not interfered with, and agreed to remain firm. "We will stay on strike until the bluebirds call again," telegraphed one section. But in spite of the troops mines were not opened, coal was $25.00 a ton, in twenty cities the bins were nearly empty. Mass meetings were held all over the country. A national convention of private citizens at Detroit passed a resolution asking the condemnation of the railroads and mines in order to supply the public. The Republican politicians threatened a bill annulling the charters. Still rang out firmly the operators' refrain, no concession, no recognition of the union, and no advance beyond the ten per cent. granted in 1900. Lloyd was now journeying full speed to Wilkesbarre. He wrote to his wife:

WILKESBARRE, PA., Oct. 7, 1902.

. . . I got here last night. . . . My day began well—an interview with Mitchell, talks with some of the miners, a visit to the Military Camp, which is as superfluous a luxury for Wilkesbarre, absolutely quiet and orderly, as a jail would be for heaven. But my programme of further talks with Mitchell and the leaders was suddenly interrupted by the abrupt . . . departure of all of them for New York. It is thought here that this means a settlement. The finest episode of the strike has been the answer the miners have made, to-day, to Gov. Stone's calling out of the whole State guard. They have held meetings all over the anthracite

country, and unanimously decided not to go back to work. The meetings were public, non-union men were invited as well as union men, Mitchell and the other heads did not go near the meetings, which were all under the control of the *local* forces, and yet so far as heard from to-night not one man voted to go back to work. What can troops do with men who will neither work nor riot? . . .

He suspected that the whole affair was a ruse, that the strike was forced as a means toward such a combination of hard and soft coal interests as to enhance permanently the price of anthracite, and to force bituminous into a wider use than ever before, at the sacrifice of individual health and municipal beauty. He telegraphed to the White House:

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT, WASHINGTON, D. C.:

Allow me suggest indications justify investigation whether conspiracy exists between hard and soft coal interests. Bituminous miners are working and supply unlimited. Anthracite shortage affords extraordinary commercial opportunity to market bituminous and yet it is withheld. Why? Probably both interests working create permanent fuel trust governing anthracite, bituminous, and all branches from mines to retail yards. Give us publicity and prevention.

HENRY DEMAREST LLOYD.

He wrote to Mr. Bowles:

Here I think is the real clue to what is going on. The strike was forced as a single move in a much greater game. . . . They have got the thing so far along . . . that even a little place on the prairies like Winnetka has its "exclusive agent." John Graham Brooks said at the 20th Century Club Saturday that one of the leading coal men of the country *two years ago* told him that plans were under way

for a combination of hard and soft coal interests! "And you will see," he said, "that we will accomplish it." Well, you see it now being accomplished under your eyes. There is no paper can handle this as The *Republican*. . . . You have New England all at your back, and in front of you the cruelest trust yet in the hatching, and perhaps scotchable. Roosevelt is a boy in these matters.

TOLEDO, OHIO, Oct. 10, 1902.

I have stopped at Golden Rule Sammy's[1] house for a night on my way back from Detroit whither I ran to "size up" the Coal Conference. There was a lull in anthracite which seemed to presage peace, and I thought I might perhaps leave Pennsylvania for good. But it is quite evident from such talk as that of G—— and H——, and the latest move of the operators that they are planning to do a piece of the devil's work there. So I am going back to-morrow, stopping at Cleveland for a peep at Tom Johnson's show.

President Roosevelt now, on October 10, sent Secretary of War Root to New York, to confer with Pierpont Morgan on his yacht. In three days Morgan, representing the operators, appeared at the White House and informed the President that they would accept the arbitration of a commission appointed by him! On the day Roosevelt was choosing his commission, Lloyd wrote:

WILKESBARRE, PA., Oct. 14, 1902.

DEAR MR. MITCHELL:

Even if the strike is settled you will need lots of money for your women and children, and here is my trifle. I enclose Father Power's note of introduction, tho I hardly need it.

I want to say to you that I am at your service if I can be of any use to you and the miners. If I can help you,

[1] Samuel Jones, Mayor of Toledo.

publicly or privately, in raising money, defending the Union, preparing matter for publication, getting ready your case for the proposed arbitration—anything, command me. I will lay aside my other business and give my time to this, paying my own expenses.

You need not answer this; I will call to see you.

Thus did Mitchell, facing the prospect of defending the rights of hundreds of thousands of poor men against the might of corporate wealth, feel the strong arm of a stranger upholding him.

I have offered Mitchell my assistance in preparing the miners' case before the proposed commission [he wrote to his wife], and he has gratefully accepted. It promises to be a very important and historic proceeding, unless the mine-owners, fearful of the revelations it would make, make such concessions as to bring the whole difference to an end. This will interrupt my work on my books, but I feel as if I could do no less. And I will gain very valuable and practical experience. . . .

Mrs. —— and Miss —— turned up at the Mitchell headquarters last night, and were deeply grateful to me for railroading them and Mr. —— to an immediate interview. But the way these investigating people behave disgusts me. Working people on strike, starving—500,000 of them here—are only specimens to them, like bugs to an entomologist. They seem unable to grasp the idea of any general social question, and fly from scandals about labour to scandals about capital as if the truth were to be found by some system of balancing faults. Mr. —— in his talk with Mitchell, and other miners' leaders, showed every fault of manner and mind that a besotted ancestral conservative could manifest, until I was ashamed not only because I had introduced him, but because he was a fellow-being. He actually denied that there was anything out of the way

in the mine-owners' conduct in increasing the size of the car the miners have to fill from one ton to two tons, without increasing the pay or even letting the miners know that the cars were being built larger and larger. The miners say the cars must be made of live-oak, for they are always growing. . . .

Oct. 16. . . . It has been an intensely interesting day. I have been on the inside of things, knowing the news before the newspaper men, and knowing many things they do not. The arbitration scheme—so-called—proposed by the operators and accepted by Mitchell with slight modifications looks to me still like a "bunko" game. These men here see this, but are in a measure forced to go in because they cannot afford to risk the loss of public favour, which would mean the loss of support, especially cash support. . . .

Oct. 17. . . . This morning I spent with Mitchell and the man who is going to help prepare his case before the Commission. The miners have spent $1,000,000 on this strike and have a good deal still to spend. Measured as strikes are measured by statisticians, in days of idleness for all added together, it has been a 22,000,000-day strike—the greatest strike in history. It is more than twice as great as all the strikes, put together, of any average recent year. I am to help Mitchell get the facts of the capitalisation and excessive profits of the coal roads. It will be quite a job but it is after all a small contribution to a great struggle, and a very important one. The information will have to be sought mainly in the records of the Interstate Commerce Commission at Washington. It is said the Commission will begin at once. If so, we shall have to hustle. . . .

New York, Oct. 18. I have changed my spot again. Mr. Weyl—who has charge of the preparation of a part of Mitchell's case—and I have come on to New York to get some material. To-night we go to Washington to see

Carroll D. Wright. There is something fishy about this Arbitration Commission. Some things indicate that it is not to be an arbitration commission at all. . . . If Mitchell and the miners get the slightest idea that they are being unfairly dealt with—tricked—they won't vote on Monday to go back to work. It makes me boil with indignation to see how implicitly it has been taken for granted by Roosevelt and the negotiators on that side that the working men are an inferior class, not entitled to the treatment which business people, or any others, would demand as a matter of course. I have no other news than this fresh indignation. . . .

When the Commission was appointed, the miners in a delegate convention at Wilkesbarre unanimously endorsed it, ordered all to report for work the next morning, and in great enthusiasm rose and sang "My Country, 'tis of Thee." As the months had been full of tension and distress, so now was the rush of joy in proportion. In mining towns church and school bells rang through the noon hour, fire companies paraded clanging their engines, houses were decorated. The whole country breathed a sigh of relief. Even Baer was pleased. Lloyd, as happy as the rest, telegraphed the news to his wife from the convention. Mitchell was a popular hero. A day of rejoicing, "Mitchell Day," was proclaimed throughout the mining region. The red ribbon badges which Lloyd wore then and to the convention previous were preserved among his trophies. He was much impressed with the dramatic contrast between the way in which the two sides accepted arbitration, the miners doing so in open convention, unanimously and singing the national anthem, while the operators grudgingly consented before a panic-stricken public, and then only

with all the reservations and saving clauses which the ablest corporation lawyers could devise.

Oct. 20. I am so nearly dead with the fatigue of my run to New York, Philadelphia, and Washington that I must not write. We are making up the material for Mitchell's argument, and great work it is. Mr. Weyl and I walked with Mr. Mitchell this afternoon to the Miners' Conference, at the head of thousands of admiring citizens. . . .

The . . . convention was positively thrilling. It is in such assemblages you hear *real* eloquence; they speak so simply, so directly, and on matters of so vital an importance to them. What do you think these men debated about for two days? Whether they could go back without sacrificing the pump-men, engineers, etc., . . . who struck to help them. Not because of anything affecting themselves beyond the small minority whose places have been filled by "scabs." More than one engineer rose and said, "Don't mind us; go back; if we lose our places permanently, we will hunt others." I have never seen a convention where so much toleration was shown and where there was so little "machine" manipulation, or bossing. It was a supreme moment when the convention voted without one dissenting voice to go back to work, and leave all questions to arbitration. I told Mitchell that I thanked him as a member of the capitalist class. . . . I don't know what Mitchell wants me to do. Perhaps he will ask me to appear with him before the Commission in Washington, and I feel as if I must do all I can to help this arbitration, for, do you realise, this is, as regards the capitalists, *compulsory* arbitration forced on them by the President by a short-cut. The last act of the miners' convention was the distribution of 5000 of these envelopes prepared at my suggestion to obtain evidence of the wages miners really get. . . .

We have now about twelve experts of various kinds hard at work on every conceivable phase of the case the mine-workers will have to present. The prospects are that the

operators will be as badly whipped before the Commission as they have been before the public. There has never been a labour strike equal to this one, and no labour arbitration has ever seen the cause of the workmen presented as this will be. But all this preparation has kept me travelling day and night without time for sleep and sometimes without meals. But I am now, I think, through with that phase of it, and I hope that not another day will pass without a letter to you. . . .

Wilkesbarre, Oct. 22. It is very quiet here to-day—after the battle—and I am resting. The arbitration may not take place after all. Easley is coming here, probably to negotiate a private settlement. I have never been able to understand how the coal roads could dare let themselves be investigated.

To-night I am to have Mitchell take dinner with me here, where the generals and colonels of the troops and many other nobs are staying. It will be great fun to see them stare. To-morrow morning at half-past six I go to see one of the large collieries here open after six months' idleness. The sight of the men gathered about the mouth of the pit at daybreak will be most interesting. And now the slaughter in the mines recommences—500 a year killed, 1500 hurt. The idleness of the strike saved 250 lives and 750 cripples.

Counsel now began to gather to consult with Mitchell as to the conduct of the case.

Wilkesbarre, Oct. 23. Here I am off, at two hours' notice, to Washington again, to see the Commissioners to-morrow in arranging details about the arbitration. . . . This is developing into a *cause célèbre*. I am not taking the lead in the work, but helping only. Mitchell has appointed Weyl and myself his representatives to assist him before the Commission. We have several lawyers, and a dozen experts at work. . . .

Cosmos Club, Washington, D. C., Oct. 23. I have just had, with Weyl, a talk with Carroll D. Wright, and am to see him again this afternoon about the Arbitration Commission. . . . Wright seems very favourable to the miners. The President and he are going to become *the most popular men* in the world for their part in this. . . .

"Mr. Lloyd was full of enthusiasm, like a boy of twenty," said Prof. Isaac Hourwich, one of the counsel. At first he favoured dispensing with professional counsel according to the New Zealand method, but finally succumbed to the necessity of meeting the attorneys of the coal barons on their own ground. This agreed upon, the next step was to select the lawyer. Just at this point he was called away to his eldest son's wedding.

Take good care of your cause by taking good care of yourself [were his farewell words to Mitchell]. I shall be back at the earliest possible moment ready to serve you in all ways in my power.

While in Chicago he opened the subject of the case with Clarence Darrow, who, he told Mitchell, was *made* to serve him. When Mitchell telegraphed that Darrow had accepted the case, his enthusiasm flashed over the wires: "Congratulate both. When bad men combine the good must associate." He was soon back again.

Wilkesbarre, Nov. 4. Here I am. Darrow is not to be here until day after to-morrow, and Weyl . . . has gone to Harrisburg so that I am without company. But I did one good thing to-night. I went after dinner to Mitchell's hotel, and took him out for a walk. We were out over an hour, and tho I did most of the talking he seemed to be interested. . . . Mitchell is a very plain simple man; his

political experience has been much like mine—he walked for office in the People's party, and walked out of the party when they ratified Bryan's nomination. . . .

Nov. 7. . . . I took the "leader" out walking again last night. I find he is acquiring the highly undesirable habit of worrying at night, and I have set myself up to him as a model of anti-worry. Could cheek go farther! However, he says the walks are doing him good. . . . I took a walk . . . this morning, and then went to Mitchell, and listened and conferred about "the case." I was able to make a suggestion that seemed to be acceptable—that the real cause of the violence was the refusal to arbitrate. We learn that the companies are giving their principal efforts to collecting evidence to show that the men have been indulging in a constant series of petty strikes during the past two years, and to collecting every instance of violence. Our reply to the first is to be that the way to prevent this annoying multiplicity of strikes is to deal with the men through the union. They have struck because they had no other way of calling attention to their grievances and securing redress. As to violence, we shall reply that the union cannot be held responsible for the unauthorised violence of individuals, and that there would have been no violence if there had been arbitration.

Darrow arrives this afternoon to my joy, for, after that, I shall not have to take my meals alone—which is melancholy business, anyhow, but almost unendurably so when you are as homesick as I am. If after Darrow has taken hold, I cannot find more constant occupation, I shall come home, and get to work on my own proper business.

I and Mitchell, Darrow, Weyl, Dr. Roberts, the Welsh miners' clergyman, and a half dozen labour leaders are all going to the theatre to-night as the honoured guests of Mitchell night. It will be a "stag" party. It will be a novel renewal for me of the halcyon days when I used to go "dead-head" to all the theatres and operas. Oh, those good old times! . . .

I am helping Mitchell in . . . his case [he wrote to another], and incidentally, I hope, making him more friendly to socialism.

The first act of the Commission, after duly organising as the "Anthracite Coal Strike Commission," was to make a week's investigating tour of the mines. Lloyd's suggestion to Mitchell that he arrange systematically to have the Commission encounter the crippled men and children, and detect the temporary removal of under-aged children, was typical of the kind of help he was able to give.

Nov. 11. Your husband is a pretty tired man. For one thing I did not . . . get a letter from you to-day, and such days are not red letter but dead letter days in my calendar. Darrow and I spent a large part of Monday tramping through a coal mine. . . . It was a most interesting trip—but much like a foretaste of the inferno. "You might as well get used to it," Darrow said. The rest of the day until near midnight we spent on preparing papers, witnesses, etc. Mitchell has given my name to the papers as that of one of his counsel. He is a little bit nervous about his appearance before the Commission. . . . Booker T. Washington lectures here to-night, and I hope to get hold of him for dinner, which will be my only chance. . . .

Nov. 13. I have literally not had time for four days to have my shoes blacked. We are giving our witnesses preliminary examinations; making plans for new testimony; drafting answers to the companies' replies; and holding councils of war. We hear this morning that Scranton, to which we move to-day, is full of the enemies' lawyers, and that we have the fight of our lives before us. I am taking a very quiet part, but have had much to do in planning and executing our campaign. I have at last succeeded in getting the consent of our people to what, if properly managed, will

be one of the most effective demonstrations we make; putting on the witness stand some of the breaker children, and some of the miners' wives to tell how the wife and mother holds her family together, brings up the children, always has something for the man's dinner pail on $35 a month. The companies are apparently in a very ugly mood. The Tory is always the same. . . .

During this week, President Eliot of Harvard University, in a public speech, rallied to the support of non-union labour, declaring that the scab was "a good type of American hero." Lloyd's retort was widely printed throughout the country:

The strike breaker or scab is in our day precisely the same kind of "good type of American hero" as the New England loyalist was in his day when he did his best to ruin the struggle of his fellow-colonists for independence.

The trade-union movement is a movement for the independence of the working people, who are the only real people. It is one of the greatest democratic movements in history, an emancipation unique in the ages, because it is self-emancipation. The working people of the world during the last century have been chased by what Toynbee called the industrial revolution out of the possession of an economic independence which they possessed before that change.

One hundred years ago the weaver owned his loom, the shoemaker his bench. The instruments of production have been swept into the possession of the quickest, strongest, and most unscrupulous men, who know how to take advantage of the marvellous opportunities of the modern era. There is literally nothing left to the working men and women but their hands and the power of association.

Men like President Eliot and the Rev. Dr. Hillis, who expressed the same sentiments as President Eliot, however honest they may be, are holding the hands of the defenceless

masses, while capitalism robs them of the only thing they have left—union.

He was now intensely interested. "No more stirring case could ever come," he wrote to his wife, "and this is my first case."

CHAPTER XXIII

"MY FIRST CASE"

THE opening of the arbitration witnessed a striking scene. On the platform in the Chamber of the State Superior Court at Scranton, presided over by Judge Gray, sat the members of the Anthracite Coal Strike Commission. Before them were grouped the representatives of the two vast forces, arrayed in the greatest combat of labour's history. When John Mitchell arose as first witness to state the case of his people, he faced as opponents twenty-four of the ablest attorneys whom corporate wealth could secure. Rumours had reached the miners of the vast sums expended daily in fees to these attorneys, and of the large force of specialists engaged in the work of preparation. But rallied around Mitchell was a little group of eleven men, full of zeal for a great cause. The progress of the case is reflected in Lloyd's hurried notes to his wife.

Scranton, Pa., Nov. 14. . . . "Attorney" Lloyd made his first appearance in court to-day—proud that it was in an arbitration court and for a working man. Mitchell made a fine impression. The lawyers on the other side thought to trip him up as a "miner." They asked if he had had any other occupation. "No." "You studied law?" "Yes, at night while working in the mines!" . . .

Nov. 15. . . . Now I begin again to tell you what the Secretary of the Commission has just told us. Mitchell's statement impressed them tremendously. "It must have been edited by Mr. Lloyd," one of them said in their private meeting last night. "No," Bishop Spaulding said, "that is impossible. It contains four split infinitives." . . .

Nov. 16. . . . Mitchell is a wonder. He was cross-examined to-day by Wayne MacVeagh, and he—Mitchell—threw him—MacVeagh—down time after time. Even the Commission sometimes so far forgot themselves as to join in the laugh. Wayne MacVeagh asked Mitchell whether he did not know that if the companies raised the wages they would have to raise the price of coal, and that the burden would therefore fall "on the bowed back of the poor." No, Mitchell said, they might take it out of their profits and so put it on the bowed backs of the rich. Wayne MacVeagh who had a fondness for beginning questions:—"Would you be surprised to hear"—said to Mitchell, "Would you be surprised to hear that in 17 years none of our employees has made any complaint to the company?" No, Mitchell said, he was not surprised that no complaint had been made *to the company;* if there had been, the *cause of complaint* would have been promptly removed—meaning of course the complainant, whereat the crowd howled. But these were the light touches. The really admirable thing was the way in which Mitchell met the heavy thrusts of the cross-examining lawyers. The simple fact is that he upheld his case at every point. He is admirably simple and straightforward and as keen as any one. "He is a good witness," Wayne MacVeagh said to me. "Yes," I said, "because for one thing—he is a good man." . . .

The public displayed the liveliest interest, hundreds could not get into the court room.

Nov. 18. . . . This is Sunday but it has not been a rest day for us. The whole contingent has been hard at work.

According to present indications we shall have to fight every company separately, and the prospect ahead is one of appalling complexity, and longevity—the longevity of the case perhaps outlasting that of the combatants. So far everything has been done in the best temper. To-day there was the first intimation of a new development in the case which promises something so fine that I can hardly believe it a possibility. I can tell you of it, but only as a sacred confidence. Efforts are being made to have the Commission attempt conciliation, and effect a complete settlement at once by negotiation. The two parties are really not so far apart. It is impossible for the companies to refuse the advance of wages in face of the raises being voluntarily made by railroads like the Pennsylvania and the New York Central. Would not this be a fine thing to the credit of arbitration—that the parties thus brought together spontaneously betake themselves to a voluntary agreement by conciliation! It is too good to hope for but it is brooding. One of the happiest phases of it would be that I could get home that much sooner. . . .

The secret I wrote you about prospers. We spent most all last evening, not to say last night, on it. . . . It was a curious sensation to see the duel in the court room going on, and to know all the time that it had become a mock battle, and that messengers were speeding to New York, and the long-distance wires were hot with negotiations for a settlement. These negotiations look very promising, so that it may easily be that this thing may only take days instead of weeks or months. Then I can get back to you, and my real work on my books.

Darrow is doing splendidly. He has not made a single false move on the case.

During a very dull and trying cross-examination to-day Mitchell, who for the first time had begun to show signs of irritation,—and justly,—softened, and became smiling and

gentle and helpful in his answers. Why? I found out why and I think it is the finest thing I have found in Mitchell. He had become conscious that his questioner had become conscious that he was doing his work very badly, and he grew sorry for him, and tried to make things easier for him. It is I not Mitchell who put the two things together. I doubt if Mitchell is aware that his manner had changed. But he told me that he noticed at last what a hard time his opponent was having, and that he made up his mind to let up on him. "I know exactly how he felt," Mitchell said. "I have felt just so myself when I knew I was doing something like making a speech very badly." And this after Mitchell himself had been badgered without mercy for three days. . . .

We had our pictures taken this morning. Commission and Counsel and Mitchell in the witness chair. I would rather be in that picture than in any other *public* group I can conceive of. . . .

Monday. . . . All goes well here; the work of negotiation is necessarily tedious. . . . Darrow spent Sunday in New York with Senator Pettigrew. Talking with Pettigrew about some scheme he, Darrow, has for settling the poor of Chicago on the land, Pettigrew said, "Why, Lloyd has worked that all out in his New Zealand book," and went into his bedroom and got *Newest England*, which he travels with and by, and read Darrow the chapter on Cheviot. That was nice, was n't it? The settlement is almost complete. . . .

Nov. 22. What I foreshadowed is coming to pass. We are to have something better than arbitration—conciliation. It has been very interesting, really very exciting. My first case has been a rather important one. Even at the compromise we are making, we win $6,000,000 a year for 150,000 clients. Not a small thing, is it? All have been brought to agreement, except on a few minor matters. It is really a very big thing, and, as it is ending, bigger than an

The Anthracite Coal Strike Commission in Session at Scranton, Pa., November 17, 1902.

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award before the Commission. Last evening, we spent with the Commission, Wayne MacVeagh representing Morgan who controls the coal companies, and Darrow, Mitchell, and I representing the miners. Now I must stop "suddent." Here come the negotiators, again.

On the 25th, Mitchell, Darrow, and Lloyd, "the miners' trinity," travelled to Washington to meet Wayne MacVeagh. While the negotiations were in full swing the operators in session in New York telegraphed that they preferred to go on with the hearings. This was grievously disappointing to the country at large, and Darrow and Lloyd were outspoken in their denunciation of Mr. Baer as responsible.

Philadelphia, Nov. 26. I am writing at 10.30 P.M., for the . . . reporters. . . . We have had an absolutely bewildering day. . . . The newspapers will give you the story of the dramatic surprise. . . . Baer has given the country another taste of Baerism. . . .

He now went to New York and Boston to confer with leading men.

New York. . . . I have been on the greatest rush you ever saw off the football field. . . .

Dec. 2. I am on the boat going back unexpectedly to Scranton, taking the train at ten minutes' notice. One reason for going is to see if I need return to Boston to see Brandeis. . . . I have been busier than I almost ever dreamed of being since I have been in New York. I have had conferences with the *Journal's* lawyers, and with Gen. Burnett, the U. S. District Attorney here, and others. The net result . . . appears to be against the desirability of going into the trust question. It would be very difficult and expensive and *uncertain*. . . . It is nearly up to the

limit of my endurance—this being away from you when you are so ill and weak.

Scranton, Dec. 3. . . . This is the melancholy day of the renewal of arbitration instead of conciliation. All the great lawyers are coming back, and even Wayne MacVeagh who swore he would never return is here. Darrow and I have decided, as the result of my New York and Boston investigations, not to go into the trust and monopoly side of the question. All our radical friends are howling at us to go into it; but it is useless when we have no weapons. Our Commission has no power to summon witnesses or books. . . . Here comes the Commission, good-bye.

Upon resuming, the defence poured out the pitiful stories of the miners' grievances before the Commission.

Scranton, Dec. 4. . . . I felt triumphant yesterday because our first woman witness was put on the stand, and was a distinct success. She was a miner's wife, and told the story of how a family of 7 children was brought up on fortnightly earnings of 81 cents to $16.00 to $20.00. But it was as Mitchell foretold. Her gentility could not reveal the whole truth. She wore gloves and carried a white handkerchief. She had told us the night before that she never bought more than one pound of meat at a time. . . . But she would not confess to this on the stand. The mine-owners are much distressed by our testimony yesterday. They think it "unfair." But Wayne MacVeagh thinks it is "bully." We have a little boy to put on the stand, Andy Chippie, 12 years old, a chubby little duckling of a boy, who ought to make a sensation. His father, a miner, was killed a year or two ago. His mother has four younger children. The little boy was put to work by his mother in the breaker before the legal age. The company had said to his mother, "We will not charge you any rent." But the moment little Andy began working, the company charged up against this little fellow the whole back rent. And we saw the child's

The Breaker Boy and His Pay Check.

The check shows that he worked eight hours in two weeks, at 4 cents an hour, and the 32 cents due him was credited by the Company on his mother's rent bill for $87.99.

A photograph designed by Lloyd.

fortnightly statements where his 40 cents a day was charged off against the $88.00 of rent! Did you ever hear of anything like that? . . .

Dec. 5. . . . We had an engineer on the stand this morning who often worked 60 hours continuously, having to handle a lever on which depended the lives of a cageful of men, who would be dashed to death if for one instant he relaxed his hold or slept or forgot. Wayne MacVeagh is still pushing his scheme for a settlement but it looks dubious. We have now learned the secret of last week's breakdown. Baer broke off the negotiations because he wanted "a vindication." He was willing to cause all the loss, and run all the risk, in order to have the personal satisfaction to be got out of a lot of evidence about the violence of the men. How selfish he must be, and how unable to take any public view of his duties. . . .

Court Room, Dec. 8. . . . Mitchell has gone to New York to attend the Civic Federation. . . . Darrow agrees with you entirely about Mitchell's triumphant progress to Spring Valley. Neither does he like any more than I his going to New York to attend the Civic Federation. The little fact that for this visit to New York he bought a derby hat, discarding the black soft felt hat by which he is universally known, illustrates the tendency towards conformity resulting from such association, and likely to increase and in the wrong direction. . . . We had a good day in court. Every one begins to use the word about our case that I have been using from the start—*dramatic*. It is that which tells.

Dec. 9. . . . We had a great time this morning. We had the worst story yet. We had an old man on the stand, who at one time and another had been so burned, broken, cut, blinded, that he was literally a wreck. "I have a glass eye," he said, "but I can't see much with it." He had a sick wife, an old mother, a lot of children, one or two of them adopted, "for the love of God"; he was evicted—

refused even five minutes' grace—his wife died as a result, and he could only say as to the old mother, 100 years old, "I am not sure whether she is alive at this present moment. The priest gave her the last service—extreme unction—night before last." He was an old employee and tenant of Markle's and his only offence was that he had been a member of the relief committee to distribute help to the poor. The women in the court room wept as the old man told his story. Until the very instant he said his wife had died, and he had buried her only the day before, no one expected such a dénouement. Every member of the Commission was deeply affected—actually upset. Just this moment we have had a boy who is *clubbed* by the breaker boss whenever the latter feels like it.

Dec. 10. . . . After the exciting climax of yesterday, to-day has gone on quietly. Our sensation to-day was a revelation of the way in which the coal operators offered leaders of the unions tens of thousands of dollars to betray the strikers, by bribing them to get resolutions passed declaring the strike hopeless. Darrow and I are beginning to be afraid that our supply of climaxes will run out, and we are thinking perhaps we had better advertise for some job lots of climaxes. . . .

Michael Davitt is here to-day watching the proceedings, and I have just been introduced to him. He is a fine thoughtful looking man, and must be extremely intelligent because he knows about *C. W. S.*[1] . . .

Dec. 12. . . . Our business here goes on well, we think, and the country we think will get hotter, as with the coal famine it gets colder. If there were nothing else in the affair, it would be true that the coal men had committed a gigantic social and business blunder in refusing a little 10 per cent. advance, and bringing on the strike in face of the greatest business activity and demand for coal ever known. . . .

[1] *A Country without Strikes.*

We offered as witness to-day a little boy *too little to be a witness*. He was eight years *old* but only about five years *grown*. He was not too young to work in the breaker; he earned 62 cents a week. He hardly came up above the seat of the witness chair as he stood before it. He could n't tell what would happen to him if he told a lie, and the Chairman ruled him out. But he could n't rule out of his mind the tragicomic spectacle of the little wage-earner, smiling and blushing, an industrial Tiny Tim. The photograph I designed of the little Andrew Chippie whose mother's debt was taken out of his breaker earnings at the rate of 40 cents a day has made a hit. It is being sold for the benefit of the boy and his mother. I send you one. He is holding his wage statement up in front of him; you can see the $88.14 debt, and above it the 32 cents he made that week; 8 hours at 4 cents an hour. That was my idea—that he should be taken showing this statement, and Darrow said, "You are bright, *after all*." All the Commissioners are taking copies; the newspapers have printed it. Judge Gray has ordered a lot of toys sent him. . . .

Lloyd carried this photograph for months in his pocket and drew it out as he told the story of the strike.

Many . . . can recall [said Jane Addams] his look of mingled solicitude and indignation as he showed this. . . . He insisted that the simple human element was the marvel of the Pennsylvania situation, sheer pity continually breaking through and speaking over the heads of the business interests.

As the presentation of the miners' side approached its end, Lloyd attempted to lead the Commission to consider the root of the trouble—monopoly in the coal-fields. In his earnest plea for the introduction of this evidence, he said in part:

Such rates as have been and are charged go to the very root of the questions at issue here between the coal companies and their men. We ask the Commission to receive this evidence because it shows that a state of affairs of deadly import to labour in this community has arisen and how.

A state of having practically but one employer from whom to obtain that necessity of life, work, to-day exists. This evidence shows that almost all of the capitalists engaged in the coal business have been welded into one combination with power over the labouring population as supreme as that over would-be competitors. Power controlled is always abused and this power is no exception, and the power has been obtained and is maintained to-day by this discrimination in rates which we desire to show.

We seek to prove it not as a matter of railroad economics, but as a matter of labour economics, pertinent to the issues here, and for that reason we ask that you will allow us to present out of the reports of the companies the further evidence we have to offer of the community of interests between the railroads and the coal companies, that is, of industrial monopoly.

We ask you to take cognisance of the fact that an unbroken line of evidence for nearly forty years discloses the transportation and the mining and the marketing of coal moving, and to-day as strongly as ever, toward an ever and ever increasing monopoly, and that monopoly applies to the working men, whom it oppresses most severely.

You have to decide between the parties, before you decide as to whether an advance of pay, or a shortening of hours, shall or shall not be given, and if given, how much. Nothing could be more pertinent to your consideration of this matter than proof that the wages and hours of labour and terms of employment existing in these industries are the result, not of natural economic forces playing in freedom, but of the unnatural combination produced by force and the violation of law. We do not ask you to find that this is the fact, but

we do ask you to take cognisance that it is a fact of this situation, that this has been found to be so by every official body to which it has been brought either by the people or by individuals for an entire generation.

We ask the Commission to allow us to complete our offer of proof that, through the natural monopoly of anthracite coal in these valleys, and the unnatural monopoly of mining, transportation, and marketing which has been superadded it has come about that there is practically but one employer of labour, and this employer, as employers always do when they have such a power, has taken full advantage of this monopoly that has resulted therefrom, that the wages of labour and other conditions are unnaturally depressed and that in your award—this is our point, sir—that in your award the Commission should therefore give the largest relief in their power.

He wrote to his wife:

Dec. 15. . . . You have a pretty tired old man to-night. I worked all day yesterday, and a good deal of the night and most of to-day on the statement Darrow wanted me to make to the Commission. . . . Every trust lawyer was on his feet against me, and the Commission, too. But they did not quite dare shut it out, for every one knows that that is what the country wants. So for two hours and a half I held the stage.

He made a second effort to introduce the evidence, assuring the Commission that it would take only twenty-five minutes. But on the ground of expediting and simplifying its findings, the Commission refused. There was hope that it might still be admitted in the closing arguments, but as the time approached that was abandoned. Lloyd wrote to Louis D. Brandeis of Boston, who had been selected to make the argument,

since he himself did not wish to make a plea on purely legal grounds:

> The Commission have developed an increasing determination not to allow those questions to be entered upon. It has gone so far that Gen. Wilson, when acting as temporary chairman, was absurd enough to request the counsel not even to use the word "freights." Mr. Darrow and the rest of us are therefore quite clear that in presentation of the argument . . . those subjects would be barred by the Commission. The companies have so far cunningly refrained from pleading any inability to meet the demands of the men, thereby keeping the door closed against us on the above questions. This is a disappointment to us, because we regard a discussion of the situation which leaves out these elements to be fundamentally inadequate, and second because we very much enjoyed the prospect of having you with us in the final appearance.

"But the fact of monopoly though shut out of the door," Lloyd said, "came back through the cracks." In excluding this evidence, Chairman Gray said: "We are going to assume that they are able to pay fair wages. If they cannot, they had better get out of the business." Darrow and Lloyd took this ruling as far more favourable than the admission of the testimony. Lloyd said:

> We are more than satisfied to forego the question of profit on the statement made by the Commission, and the principle which will rule them. If the principle of the living wage is to be considered, that the workmen are to be paid a fair compensation for their labour irrespective of whether the employer has large profits or not, it is entirely satisfactory to us, and, we think, to the miners in this controversy and to the country at large. We hope this will be a precedent to be applied in future arbitration. We shall

expect the principle to work both ways. When the capitalists are not making profits we shall expect to see efforts on their part to reduce wages resisted on that same principle.

But Lloyd's work over the evidence was not in vain. His argument in support of its pertinence was full of suggestiveness, and being read by the country stimulated enquiry on the monopoly side. "We have at least shown the country," he wrote, "that we recognise the fundamental character of this issue and would have expedited it if we could."

Dec. 16. . . . We closed our case in a blaze of glory. . . . We have proved that one of the most important companies submitted figures of earnings to the Commission as of one man, when really six men shared in them. . . . The meanest thing about it was that they did this to asperse the love of the father for his child, and to back up their assertion that he had let his little girl of 13 work all night in the silk mills because of greed, not of necessity. . . .

At the Christmas adjournment the coal famine was worse than ever. Conventions and mass meetings were held everywhere. Trains, factories, schools stopped. The incompetence which Lloyd so often averred was a leading attribute of our great corporations became apparent. Carloads of coal containing hundreds of thousands of tons stood blocked outside the freezing cities. In many cases law-abiding people were forced in desperation to take coal that did not belong to them. At Arcola, Illinois, an organised body of leading citizens seized a train-load, sold it at the highest price, and handed the proceeds to the railroad, the owner. Lloyd wrote of this and like instances in the new labour paper, *Boyce's Weekly*, of which he was an editor,

commenting ominously on the new phrase then becoming current, "the higher property."

Mitchell appealed a second time to the miners to increase their output, but again came the answer that they could not do so, because of a lack of cars. To a reporter Lloyd burst out indignantly:

> I had only been in Chicago for twelve hours when I was informed by business men that they could only get a supply of coal to last one day. The owner of one of the largest plants in the city said he might have to shut up his place at any time. The strange thing is that they cannot get either bituminous or anthracite. It shows me that the operators are not capable of handling the business that has been intrusted to them by the public. Here we are in the centre of the greatest coal region in the world, our railway facilities are unequalled, labour is a drug on the market, and yet we must suffer for coal.

When asked what he would propose Lloyd replied:

> The American people are long suffering, but they have a habit of taking a short-cut when they are pressed. When the anthracite strike interfered with business and comfort, public opinion became so acute that President Roosevelt was forced to act. The lawyers for the coal operators said that arbitration was unconstitutional, that property rights should not be interfered with. Yet arbitration is a fact. I believe that the people of Illinois will be roused into action before long and then Gov. Yates will have to take a hand in the situation here.[1]

Public opinion was indeed reaching the breaking point. Terrible catastrophes were impending. Hundreds of lives were being sacrificed. New York and Ohio indicted the coal corporations for violations of the

[1] *The Chicago Journal*, December 24, 1902.

anti-trust law. Congress arranged to remove the duty on coal. In unexpected quarters came the suggestion of the government's operating the coal mines for the public benefit.

Philadelphia, Jan. 6, 1903. . . . The hearings have begun where they left off—with recitals of violence by the union men. So far little damage has been done to our side. The most important witness on the other side has been the sheriff of one of the principal coal counties who had to admit a great deal that was damaging to his own side, as that he had found the people generally law-abiding. . . . Mitchell, in Darrow's absence, cross-examined the witness, and did it well, putting a new feather in his cap. Jane Addams told Mr. Durland that when she lunched a few days ago with Roosevelt, he could talk of nothing but Mitchell. He said that at the conference at the White House with the coal presidents they got angry, he behaved very badly himself, and that Mitchell was the only one who kept his temper and his head. We think from a quite noticeable difference in Judge Gray's manner and remarks that he, too, has been lunching during the recess with the President and we are correspondingly hopeful. . . .

The Colonial, Philadelphia, Jan. 8. . . . I am expected to make a speech in New York—Brooklyn—Saturday night, on Progress Abroad. I think I will go. Darrow is to be there. The eating at our new place is very good. . . . As I found the place, I hope it will be satisfactory. At any rate it saves the miners about $150 a week.

Our testimony goes on in pretty good shape. We have just had a shocking story of a very intelligent man, a natural leader, who has been blacklisted since 1887. But the Commission seemed less agitated by the demise of his sacred right to work than by that of non-union men. . . .

Jan. 10. . . . I go to-night with Darrow to speak at a

meeting of the Radical Democracy—think of it! I am going to tell them that if Jefferson were alive to-day he would not be a Jeffersonian Democrat of 1903 but 1953. . . .

Brooklyn, Jan. 11. . . . I am lonesome and homesick without you. Why are we born with hearts to be tortured so—as lovers, and all. Why cannot our high noons stand still? High noons of the June of life—why must we always be pushed on down through the afternoon towards the night, and when the night comes where shall we wake?

Be sure to keep ordering coal until enough has been accumulated to make you safe. . . . I wish I were through this job here. I can't really see that I am doing any good—or not much, and I can't bear the time of which so little is left slipping by with my own work undone. . . . I want you to *push* the accumulation of coal, and also to order down the cord wood from Highwood. Get enough to last until spring. Also,—don't laugh at this—get in some provisions, two or three barrels of flour, etc. There is no telling how far the stoppage of wheels may go—and at any rate these precautions will cost nothing. . . .

I have not yet been able to do a thing about my argument. I am not adapted to this kaleidoscopic life. I feel distracted, adrift. . . . How Darrow keeps the threads . . . I cannot imagine. . . .

I don't seem to have much "go" in me. For instance, I have . . . the opportunity to make an argument before the Commission, but I cannot collect myself, nor get up any interest in it. . . . I really wish I were at home at work on my books; with you and the dear home. . . .

I think the bad air of the court has been getting the best of me. But I have had practically the last of it. I begin this morning the condensation of some of the testimony for Darrow, and the preparation of my own argument. I am to speak for about two hours, preluding Darrow. . . .

Jan. 16. I am sending you the souvenir of the dinner we attended last night at the Clover Club—the famous High Jinks Club of Philadelphia, if not of America. . . . The fun was great; Mitchell made the best speech of them all. He is a wonderful man; he captured them first with his fun, and then with his serious points. Two of the Coal Strike Commission were overcome by the crowd and had to abandon their speeches. Darrow and I think we will start a club like it in Chicago. . . . I sat . . . opposite a man whom I skinned alive in *Wealth Against Commonwealth*, . . . I wonder if he knew me. Another of the guests was the Mayor A——, who threw away the envelope from John Wanamaker, containing the offer of $2,500,000 and 3 cent fares for the franchise which the Mayor was determined to give for nothing to the old corporation. . . . I go to Boston next week to speak in Faneuil Hall on Some Democracies and Some Industries. . . .

Jan. 20. I have just finished preparing my speech for Boston to-morrow night, and hard work it has been. . . .

Jan. 22. . . . The speech last night did not go so well as at Brooklyn. It was much better, I had added some really good things. But the announcements had been mismanaged and the audience . . . was small and *cold*. It daunted me, and I could only struggle through, hating the sound of my own voice. I believe I 'll *speak* no more, but read. The best effect I ever got from an audience was when I read—once in addressing the Federation of Labor in Chicago. The confidence with which I read is reflected back to me from the audience. . . . Mead spoke warmly of the speech. . . .

The Colonial, Philadelphia, Jan. 22. . . . Here I am back at my table. . . . My little room, a trifle dreary with its ironing-board table, and litter of papers and documents, looked like home because there was a letter from you on the mantelpiece. . . .

Jan. 24. . . . Darrow has done the handsome thing about the argument. He has given me the point of union recognition and trade agreement for my special theme. This involves a good deal of work—which suits me—and is also *the* most important theme of all. Success in that demand means success soon or late in all the others. I speak to-morrow before the Ethical Society here, and the following Sunday before the Henry George Society. . . .

Jan. 25. . . . I am just back from my lecture at the Ethical—the paper the *Book Lover's* rejected. It went very well tho the audience was small. I speak again this afternoon about William Morris to an audience of about 500. . . . I feel tolerably sound but not very lively. I think partly this thing is tiring me a little because it does not go to the bottom of the cussedness. Ask Fräulein to send me the best of the Co-operative newspapers. . . .

Feb. 1. . . . Mr. Darrow to-day sprung a sensation on me. He wants me to make the *opening* argument—that involves a synopsis of the whole situation, and all we have proved or sought to prove. I would have just seven days to prepare it in! I am going to make up my mind to-morrow morning. . . . If you get the scrappiest little notes this week it is only because I am absolutely overwhelmed with work. Darrow's unexpected request . . . has entirely floored me. . . .

Feb. 2. . . . I have come to the Walton to get a quiet room in the busiest hotel in Philadelphia! I have been giving my Newest England lecture to-night in a horribly ventilated room to a lot of single-taxers, and am properly exhausted. . . .

Feb. 5. . . . You will be disappointed in my argument if you think of it as a "great effort." It cannot be that under the circumstances—it is merely a presentation of the case for a trade agreement between the companies and their

men—for the recognition of the union, in fact. I will do the best I can, but I cannot make it a "great effort." Baer is going to make the closing argument for the barons. Darrow follows and will vivisect him. . . . I shall be glad when this is over. . . .

Feb. 6. . . . Here I am in the worst scrape of my life. A two hours' argument to prepare for Monday—two days—and all the arrangements about my stenographer have broken down. Whew! . . .

Feb. 7. . . . I went to New York last night to speak before the Cooper Institute, and had a beautiful time. I have come back a little tired, to find that the stenographer to whom I entrusted my work yesterday has made an almost complete botch of it. It is hard! . . .

When the time came, Lloyd quietly and with intense earnestness spoke brave words in that council chamber. He summoned an array of facts proving the success of the trade agreement, and outlined general principles which experience had endorsed. At one point in his speech an interruption from Judge Gray allowed him to clear an obscure point, and his remarks were widely printed. He was saying:

It is not the non-union man that the union fears, but the "scab," the strike-breaker by trade, who lives by getting odd jobs of industrial assassination at high wages and loafs between whiles on the theory that it is better to have loafed and lost than never to have loafed at all. It is the renegade to the interests of his class, the ingrate, who will take the better hours and higher wages, like some of the witnesses in this case, though they confess that they would not move a step to assist the struggle of their fellows to win them, men who do not care who sinks so long as they swim. . . .

THE CHAIRMAN: While you are on that interesting subject . . . what have you to say of those who, being

non-union men, refuse to desist from work, who prefer to continue at work through the strike, in the exercise of the right they suppose they have to do so? . . .

MR. LLOYD: Of course in doing that they are strictly within their legal rights, but to me they seem to violate a moral duty of the highest sanctity, which is that a man must do what he can to help along a necessary struggle for the elevation of his own class and of society at large.

THE CHAIRMAN: Well, are such men protected by the union, those who prefer to continue at work, in the exercise of what you concede to be their right to do so?

MR. LLOYD: The union certainly withdraws no legal protection from them. They are not protected by the union from being visited with that obloquy which properly falls upon a man who will not join in a common effort for the common good. I should class this man precisely with the Loyalists in the American Revolution. I certainly characterise the strike as an industrial war, as an incident in a great uprising.

THE CHAIRMAN: Calling it an industrial war and using that figure of speech, you do not quite carry it, do you, to the extent of likening it in all respects to a war?

MR. LLOYD: No, indeed.

THE CHAIRMAN: In our theory, there is only one war-making power and that is the great Union represented by the Government of society, and they tolerate no wars—strictly wars—inside of their influence or sphere. We may, for the sake of rhetoric or analogy, speak of a war, but there can be no war tolerated, in the proper sense, within any peaceful community governed by law. . . .

Horace Traubel wrote of this occasion[1]:

. . . He stopped reading, looked the Judge in the eye, and answered at once and answered straight. It was an impressive incident. Late afternoon. Only a few half-

[1] *The Conservator*, January, 1910.

dimmed lights in the room. Lloyd reading his plea in a musical voice. The interruption. The Judge leaning over the bench and down to Lloyd. The unequivocal answer. The Judge's relapse in his chair and smiling nod to Lloyd, as if to say: "I am satisfied." I shall never forget it.

In no uncertain words came his answer to the indictment of violence during the strike. He laid it in the main upon those who had refused to arbitrate.

The denial of arbitration, the contemptuous and cruel reference of a whole people to starvation as a judge was itself a monstrous act of violence. The far less immoral physical violence that followed, what there was of it, was precisely what would have been foretold by any student of human nature.

Fearlessly he spoke. Baer was there listening, present for only the second time. Lloyd scored the masters in their policy of claiming the right to make both sides of the bargain, their own and the miners', and calling the arrangement a contract. "Hypocrisy could go no further," he said, "it is not even gentlemanly."

The arrangements made under which the anthracite miners have been working are not contracts. They could have been broken without legal or moral fault. The payments made under them were not payments in full. Under the doctrines of the law, the victims of this duress, with a just judge, could recover any additional amount that they could show their labour to have been worth.

This absolutism had brought not only "the hard, very hard, coal region" but the whole country to the verge of ruin, but in doing so it had broken down as merchant, miner, diplomatist, profit-maker.

It proved itself incompetent in every forecast, every negotiation, every enterprise. . . . These antediluvian captains of industry, who call themselves masters, walk on Market Street or on Wall Street as if it were Mount Ararat, and they were just landed from the Ark [Laughter]. Thanks to their incompetency, the supply of fire in our age of fire has been so disturbed that at least two years will pass before it becomes normal again. Their industrial sagacity has taken their industry and all industry away from its natural foundations on the everlasting hills and put it on the thermometer and the weather-vane, where a south wind means life, a north wind means death.

The country wants another régime. It wants coal. It wants peace. Coal can be had only by peace, and peace can be had only by justice. Give these miners here a voice in the management of their own labour.

He told the operators that the conflict had proved that no one set of men had brains or energy enough to go around all sides in any business. "Industry, like government," he said, "demands all the abilities, all the activities, all the good-will, all the co-operation of all—of labour and capital, of producer and consumer, of individual and community." He told them that their days of supremacy were over, called them "the ex-masters." He reminded his hearers of the mighty stream of loyalty to each other and their leaders which flowed among the miners, a stream which could be turned to a vast force in the management of their industry. How long, he asked, would men be considered good business men who made this force destructive by denying it an outlet?

The argument deeply impressed all, even the invincible Mr. Baer. At its close he and Lloyd were introduced and exchanged a few friendly words. "You are

considerable of an optimist, Mr. Lloyd," Mr. Baer was heard to remark as they parted. Judge Gray shook hands warmly with Lloyd, and said that his speech was the finest piece of English he had ever listened to. "I did not lose a single word." As for his co-workers, Lloyd did not disappoint them. Horace Traubel wrote:

Feb. 9, '03.

DEAR LLOYD:

Words could do little for me to-day. I could not tell you what I thought and felt. You did the big thing which I expected you to do. You did not surprise me. All seemed so natural. I am just beginning to really get the lesson you projected. You were very impressive. There was an epochal quality in your utterance. I felt it leading me way off in the future. You prophesied. But you still kept on the earth. We felt dignified in your treatment of the theme. I became one of the miners for whom you made the appeal. And that miner, the snag, became the new democrat. And I found the real America at last born in my delayed life. I do not know what you meant to the court. But I am beginning to see and feel what you meant to me. . . .

"Unexpectedly it was triumphant, . . ." he telegraphed to his wife, and wrote:

Philadelphia, Feb. 10. . . . My telegram last night will have told you that it is all over, and successfully. And I hope it will help bridge the letterless gap into which I dropped during my bitter days of struggle with incompetent stenographers. I had, at last, to dismiss them all and write it out in longhand. I kept at work Friday night until three o'clock. I tried two or three times to go to bed, but new ideas would keep popping up, and these proved to be the best part of my speech. . . . Baer was right behind

me, and when I sat down he turned with humorous anxiety to Darrow and said, "Darrow, are there any more Chicago men coming on here to make speeches?" He and I talked very pleasantly. I had quite an ovation in the court room when I finished. The lawyers on the other side congratulated me as warmly as the people on our side. And the Commission were very much interested, poor fellows. Darrow said, "You surprised me, even me, and you had to do pretty well to do that! The best of it is," he said, "*it counts*." . . .

Germantown, Feb. 11. . . . I found myself so tired out, even after a day of rest, that I telephoned and invited myself out here. . . . Jamie[1] heard me speak; he was very enthusiastic, he said that speech would be read long after I was gone. I have your letter "whooping me out" for want of confidence. Well, the fiasco of having no competent stenographer did me up. . . . Traubel . . . has caught exactly the innermost of it! . . . I was glad Judge Gray asked me those questions; I had thought those points out, and they are the most troublesome in the whole problem. . . .

Feb. 13. . . . X. went with me to see the Commission this morning and hear Baer speak. Baer went at me hammer and tongs, ridiculed New Zealand, said I was a "philanthropist from Chicago, one of those who could not do things themselves, but could tell others how to do them." He really made no hole in what I said, but was clever. . . . I am very glad this long experience is over. It has been very valuable, but sometimes tedious. Bishop Spaulding told one of the Commission that my speech would live as *the* gem of the whole proceeding. So you see. . . . Soon this cruel war will be over. . . .

Saturday, on the cars to Chicago.—All day yesterday I sat in court listening to Darrow's closing plea. It was

[1] Mr. James Dodge, son of Mary Mapes Dodge.

great. He began the day before with the sympathies of the Commission I thought, perhaps jealously, almost openly against him. But he closed with their undivided interest and admiration. Many of the capitalist women were quite carried away. One very charming one came to him and said: "I am convinced now if never before." I will send you the full report as soon as possible, and also my own. Baer attacked me quite savagely as a dreamer. But Darrow said in his peroration, "Your day, Mr. Lloyd, and mine will come some day." Darrow is a man of iron nerves and steel strength. He went out to dinner after making that day and a half speech. Mitchell came on to hear him. I wish he could have heard mine. I was gratified that my speech proved so nearly a complete statement of our case, that it was almost like a syllabus of Darrow's. As I am travelling West I am preparing for my speech of Monday at the Auditorium. Just as soon now as I can I must get at my Switzerland work. . . .

On the twelfth of February Baer pronounced to the Commission the words, "We surrender"—"the sweetest words," said Lloyd later, "that any lover of justice ever heard. It was not George III., it was 'George the Last,' as Darrow calls him." The closing arguments over, the Commission adjourned, to meet later in private to consider its award. It had won golden opinions from the people. In dismissing counsel, Judge Gray said:

It is due to counsel and those who represented both sides that I should say that we leave you, or rather, you leave us, with a feeling on our part of regret that the long association which has been so pleasant to us is about to be broken. It speaks well for counsel on both sides that no unpleasant episode has occurred—nothing that would mar the situation in which reasonable men and citizens of a great country

find themselves in mutually endeavouring to arrive at just conclusions and a just verdict in a great controversy.

At miners' headquarters the little group pitted against the corporation attorneys had had a tremendous strain, with days and nights of drudgery, but consciousness of the grandeur of their common cause had bound them together in affection. Lloyd was warmly human through it all, in his tender susceptibility to duty, in his humility in drudgery, his boyish enthusiasm, his comradeship. Over all in the group his personality exercised its beneficent sway.

He was the heart and soul of the movement to better the condition of the miners [said Walter Weyl], but the part that he played, although immensely important, was entirely modest, and he seemed always to efface himself. I have never met any one who had so . . . simple and beautiful an unegotistic attitude toward life.

I can truly say [wrote a young member of the group in 1903] that no influence at work in my life during the past year was so potent as his. . . . He was the only man I ever knew of whom I could repeat the third stanza of Browning's Epilogue to *Asolando*.

> "One who never turned his back but marched breast forward,
> Never doubted clouds would break,
> Never dreamed, though right were worsted, wrong would triumph,
> Held we fall to rise, are baffled to fight better,
> Sleep to wake."

Mitchell was won by Lloyd's thoughtfulness. What with midnight conferences, incessant journeyings, and the appalling responsibility, Mitchell was worn out in mind and body.

I personally [wrote Mitchell] shall never forget how he came to my headquarters at Wilkesbarre. . . . He used to

come and ask me to go walking with him along the banks of the Susquehanna River. He thought I did n't know what he wanted me to go for. He would throw his arm about my shoulder, and as we walked along would tell me of his travels in Europe; of his visits to different parts of the world; of his investigations there; of the conditions. . . . His purpose was to divert my mind from the troubles of the miners. He knew I was tired, knew I was worn out. Of course, I knew why he did it, but I did n't tell him. . . .

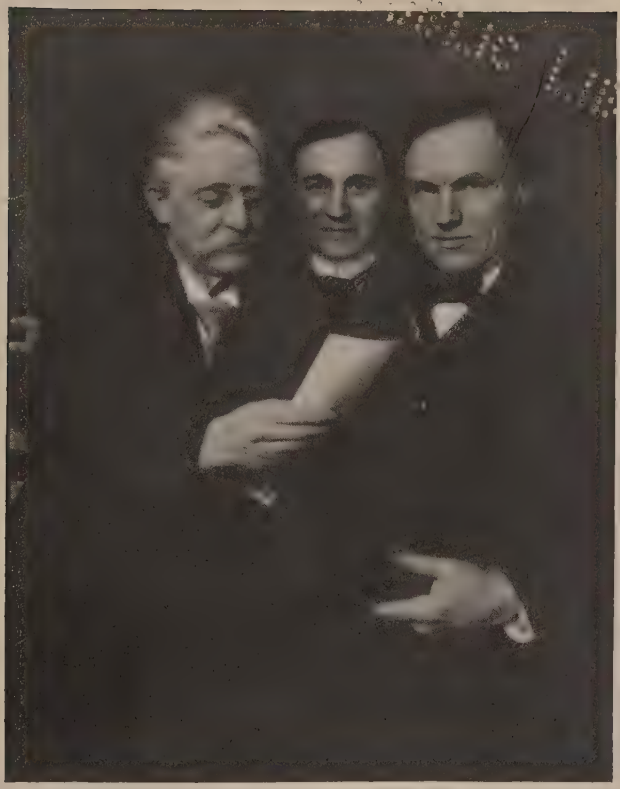
During the time the Commission was in session, there was no service Mr. Lloyd was not willing and anxious to perform. He would offer to run an errand or to make the most difficult . . . investigations into questions that required technical knowledge and days and nights of thought and study. . . . There was no task too difficult, no work too lowly for him to do. . . . His personal character, his beautiful life should be inspirations to every man and to every woman who love their fellow-men. . . . As for my people, they will never forget.

Mitchell's unflinching devotion, his dignity, his honesty, won Lloyd. "Pray God," he said, "that in our hour of need the people may find as good a leader as the miners have had."

Upon the closing of the Commission, Mitchell, Lloyd, and Darrow hastened to Chicago where, on February 16, organised labour tendered them a reception. The Auditorium was full, 1100 vice-presidents, representing all the labour organisations in Chicago, were on the platform, and the vast audience of 6000 showed in the main the earnest faces of working men and women. It was labour's outpouring of gratitude. As the band played "The Star Spangled Banner" Mitchell, Darrow, and Lloyd entered amid thunderous applause, the waving of hats and handkerchiefs, and the cries, "What 's the matter with Darrow? And Mitchell?

And Lloyd?" Never was there a more spontaneous burst of joy and affection. The "three Illinois conquerors," as they were called, must have felt that they held a place in the hearts of the people. But each realised that the cheers were a pæan of triumph, expressing labour's sense of its own victory, and its determination to carry its fight bravely forward; and here each placed the victory. "With their starving bodies," said Lloyd, the first speaker, "they [the miners] made a wall around all of us." He spoke briefly, modestly, giving place to Darrow. But, as always, his few words were powerful, and, going beyond the walls of the Auditorium, filled the press of the country. He reminded them of the greetings to Debs only nine years before in dingy old Battery D, to celebrate a battle not won, "though it deserved to be," and contrasted it with this celebration of victory held in the finest and largest assembly-room in America, which was "still not large enough nor fine enough." Public opinion, he said, had learned something since 1894 when wild with terror it had thrown itself against the Debs strike like a cyclone. In 1902 it filled the sails of the strike with favouring breezes. He contrasted the two Presidents of these two crises; in 1894 "a President who tore the constitution of Illinois in two to make a gap through which to march his federal troops," and Roosevelt, whose action in substituting arbitration for government by injunction and military usurpation was, he said, the greatest stroke of recent statesmanship, "a short-cut across lots in real American style." He warned them that the whole people had before them the same fight, that the same men meant to be masters of all of us in all markets.

The award of the Commission, announced on March



"The Miners' Trinity."

Henry D. Lloyd. Clarence S. Darrow.
John Mitchell.

18, recognised the United Mine Workers of America, recommended laws against child labour and compulsory investigation by the federal government in like differences, and it approached the permanency for which Lloyd pleaded by providing for a board of conciliation. Lloyd wrote to Edward A. Moseley, Secretary of the Interstate Commerce Commission:

> You are no doubt rejoicing this morning, as I am, in the announcement of the award of the Anthracite Coal Strike Commission. The men have not got all that they ought to have had, but they certainly have won a notable victory. . . . I hold that the miners got exactly what they asked for. They did not demand any "hard and fast" terms with regard to wages, hours, and other conditions of employment. They asked only for such concessions in these regards as they might be found entitled to by arbitration. It is, therefore, strictly accurate to say that what they got is precisely what they asked for.

The leading dailies endeavoured to belittle the victory. "Fountain pens are playing large streams of ink upon the fuming conservatives all over the country," Lloyd said in his *Boyce's Weekly* article.

> A greater victory has not been won in the social history of our race, and the very persons to whom it is of the most vital importance are the very class who are now belittling it, and who hoped to settle the strike by force. If there is one class more than another that should pray that social disputes should always be ended by reason, it is the parasites of the minority who do not know how to use their hands.

To spread the leaven, Lloyd sent thirty-eight of the Commission's reports to leading minds in America,

Europe, and Australasia; among others to Sir Joseph Ward, Minister of Commerce for New Zealand, saying:

> Beyond a doubt the resort of President Roosevelt to this arbitration, the favour with which it was received by the public, and its successful settlement of the questions submitted to it, were due to the initiative and the inspiration derived from the laws of your country.

CHAPTER XXIV

"THE PEOPLE'S ATTORNEY—MY HUMBLE SELF"

FROM first to last in Henry D. Lloyd's life-work, a central point of attack had been the railroads. Through their control of transportation they held the key to the position. Their nationalisation was in his opinion the most urgent, while pressing closely was that of the coal and oil fields and the reform of banking and currency. During the passing of the coal crisis, he used every opportunity to see that its lesson, the call for the nationalisation of the railroads, was not lost. This gave an added timeliness to the writing of his book on the Swiss democracy, with its largest single achievement the acquisition of its railroads—the task which now awaited him as he returned at last to his Winnetka study.

I came home last night . . . [he wrote to his wife], and found our home brightly lighted, roses in the parlour . . . and your thoughtfulness everywhere, and a letter from you to welcome me. And still it *was* lonesome! . . .

Home, Sunday, Feb. 22. This is "my busy day." I have to get ready an article for the *Booklover's Magazine;* one for *Boyce's Weekly;* prepare the scheme of a new talk on Compulsory Arbitration for Meadville; and write a letter in *The Nation* in reply to an attack. . . . Go to see President Eliot in the afternoon; celebrate the 82d birthday with

"the Jedge" at tea, . . . and take the 9.20 Erie train for Meadville. How 's that for the day of rest? . . .

The Eliot reception was very pleasant. The Carpenter house is very good and looks right out on the bank where we used to pick our blue fringed gentians. . . . Eliot was sublimely unconscious of our passage at arms about "the scab," and I could meet him with serenity because I had been decent and impersonal. It is a good rule in even your bitterest controversies to say nothing you would not say if the party of the second part were present. . . .

Talking about non-union men, the *Post* and *Nation* are "slatting" me unmercifully, misquoting me repeatedly in what I said before the Coal Strike Commission. But I don't think I shall reply. Horace White has left the *Post*.

He refused to receive any fee from the miners. "No monetary consideration," wrote Mitchell, "will ever liquidate the debt we owe you for the valuable services you rendered us during the hearings before the Commission, but we desire and will ask the privilege of sending you an amount sufficient to cover your expenses. . . ." Concerning this Mr. Lloyd wrote to his wife:

. . . I will send you . . . Mitchell's nice letter. . . . If you are still of my mind I will tell him that is my contribution to the miners. But when we are really hard up the several hundred dollars I could get *are* a temptation.

Accordingly he replied:

WINNETKA, Feb. 27, '03.

MY DEAR MR. MITCHELL:

Your letter of Feb. 21st with its expression of regard was most welcome. If I have been of any use to the miners, I am very glad. As to my expenses, I should have had to live wherever I was, and whatever I have spent in addition

to that I am very glad to contribute to their funds. I have had a very warm feeling for the miners ever since I saw their heroism and suffering at Spring Valley. Though they have a full treasury, I cannot help remembering that it comes out of very scanty purses, and that it is destined for the support of a movement much higher than merely the increase of *their* wages. I feel, on the whole, that I am still in their debt, not they in mine. . . .

I am now going to get back to my own proper work, so long interrupted.

But if at any time you have any special work in which you think I could be helpful I will respond to any call from you, as to appear before a legislative committee, or "lobby," or go into court. And to make it perhaps easier for you to ask me, I will promise that in any such case I will accept the offer you have made and will not refuse my expenses, tho I shall not accept any compensation. . . .

To which Mitchell answered:

. . . I still feel that we should be allowed to reimburse you for your expenses, but in any event the miners are under a lasting debt of gratitude to you, and I beg to assure you that we who fully realise the worth of your services to our cause can never adequately express our appreciation of your assistance. . . .

When the battle was over [said Mitchell in a memorial speech], when the men were at work; when the award was made, and our organisation sought to reward even in a small way the attorneys and counsellors who had helped us, and when we came to Henry D. Lloyd and asked him to accept from us at least a small reward he said: "No, not one penny." When we said to him, "Permit us to at least pay the expenses incurred," he replied: "No, not one cent." He gave his time, he gave his money, he gave his splendid effort to the anthracite miners, as he has through

all his life given his time and effort to every cause that he believed to be right.

Judge Gray, moved by the revelations of child labour, as of the little girls working all night in the Pennsylvania silk mills, had charged all to do their best to end such wrongs. Upon Mr. Lloyd, whose susceptibility to receive influence was as striking as his power to give it, this did not fall in vain. One of his first tasks was to investigate the conditions of child labour in Illinois. "I find," he wrote to many citizens, "that my State also shares with Pennsylvania, the Keystone State, the same degradation of breaking down the keystone of family and social life." He drafted a bill to reduce these evils and did his utmost to arouse the public. He was now beginning work on his Swiss book and revelling again in the beauties of springtime in Winnetka after years of exile. He wrote to his wife:

Home, Feb. 27. . . . A soft, showery, misty, melting day. Prince is beginning to shed his red hair, the sap is rising in the maples—and in me—and I set out this morning to find some pussy-willows to send you. It is a late spring, and the only kind that are out are these of the Balm of Gilead tree up in the Hubbard Woods. I visited all the haunts, only these are out. . . . The *Post* has another perfectly vicious attack on me. . . . The *Chicago Chronicle*, however, had a very fine editorial. But alas, the *Chronicle* does not go to my kind of people, and the *Post* does. . . .

I am getting well "slatted" by all the corporation papers for my attack on Cleveland. . . . I am going to send the *Post* a defence of Altgeld. . . . The beginning of the book lags because I have not yet found a stenographer. . . .

Meanwhile, he was publicly and privately trying to

clarify public opinion, as, for instance, in his answer to the *New York Evening Post* (March 3, 1903), which was in part:

To the Editor of the *Evening Post:*

Sir: In your recent comment upon a remark of mine as to the possibility that federal receivers might have been put in possession of the anthracite coal mines, if the operators had not "surrendered," as Mr. Baer puts it, last fall, you say that I probably meant "that a law authorising such a receivership would have been passed by Congress to relieve the coal famine." No. I meant that under the existing laws, and by familiar processes, any consumer or collection of consumers, or public official, from President to Mayor, representing consumers, could bring suit in equity in the United States courts and ask for a receivership. I meant, also, that though this ordinary and familiar remedy was ample, recourse could also be had to the Sherman Anti-Trust Act, which expressly authorises the seizure of coal mines and railroads, parties to an unlawful combination. Both these remedies, the ordinary one through the courts of equity, and the extraordinary one through the Sherman Act, could have been used, if desired, simultaneously. Recourse to the Anti-Trust law has not been precluded, in my opinion, and that of many other lawyers, by the decision in the Sugar Trust case. That decision was made only on the facts presented to the court, and the real facts of the sugar monopoly were carefully and probably intentionally omitted from those presented. . . .

When as a solution the organisation of the mines on a co-operative basis was suggested, he answered that there was no present possibility of it. "The American working man has some way to travel before he gets within sight of that goal." In trying to solve the problem, the people were testing one legal resource after another. He saw the hope that lay here enfolded:

We hear nowadays much disparaging comment on the apparent torpor of the American people in the face of the great problems which are being made ready while they wait; much pessimism as to the likelihood that we will find a remedy. Is it not the reverse of discouraging to find that the first instance of consummation of the evil in a concrete and final form is followed by this stir among the citizens and their representatives and this resolute turning to the constitutional and legal instrumentalities which organised society has created to assert its supremacy over business and property?

The railroads were attacked on all sides. An enquiry was instituted by the Interstate Commerce Commission into the existence of a coal combination, and prominent men examined. Not much was learned from them in the way of facts. "Under the present system," wrote Lloyd, "we are as dependent upon them for their facts as for their coal, and are lucky if we escape a famine in either. However, the essential facts—those that have been burned into us by fire, or rather the lack of fire—we know."

The socialists of Maine and Massachusetts started petitions, which were widely signed, for the national ownership of the coal mines. At their request, he argued the case in Maine before the legislative committee on federal relations, and in Massachusetts before the committees on constitutional amendment and on national ownership. He was also planning to get the Illinois Legislature into line on the question. As always every hope and fear went through the mail to his wife:

The Wayside, Mar. 4. . . . I have my Maine address well mapped out. The facts will make it good, no matter what I do. . . .

Mar. 7. . . . Fräulein and the stenographer and I have had our quiet tripartite evening, . . . and now having walked an hour and a half on the porch thinking of you, and my Maine speech, and of you, I am sitting with my feet on the fender writing this good-night word. . . .

My Maine matter is coming out of chaos into cosmos. I had an answer to-day to prayer—of my kind—the unuttered kind. I needed so much a speech made by Tilman that I telegraphed day before yesterday to Washington for it. I finished my work last night up to the precise point at which I must have that material and could not have gone on without it. When I came down to breakfast there it lay on the table, *but it was not the copy I had telegraphed for but one I had asked Tilman for six weeks ago and which had been following me around ever since.* I don't believe now it was Rectenwald[1] brought it. It was probably a good old orthodox Raven, feeding the Prophet!

The Chicago Club, March 8. . . . I go to Augusta, Maine, to-morrow. . . . You will go with me every step of the way. There is no news except that all the snow has gone except a few patches in the North shadows, and that Mr. King saw a robin in Winnetka three weeks ago! . . .

Now Massachusetts wants me to address their Legislature also! First I know I shall be a reform tramp. . . .

On Boston Train, March 10. . . . I cannot help speculating how the Maine Solons will take my argument. I handle the monops without gloves. I advocate the forfeiture of their franchises and property as justly incurred by their violations of law. I have to work on the train all day to-day getting up my references, etc. I am going to get as much in touch with these Maine and Massachusetts socialists as I can while here. I want to size up this socialist movement, and see if it has really the makings in it of an

[1] A messenger.

American policy. We must find some political tool if we are going to have a political (peaceful) remedy. . . .

There must be a socialist boom coming. Wayland of the *Appeal to Reason* tells me in a letter there is a perfect flood of subscriptions pouring in. No wonder, the people are turning to a party that has some principles and some courage. . . . My coal argument masses the history of the monopoly movement in an appalling way. . . .

Portland, Maine, March 11. . . . The Press boycotts the Bad Man from the West. . . .

Augusta, Maine, March 11. . . . Seven newspaper men are at this moment busy on my argument, which cuts as deep as I know how. . . .

Boston, March 12. . . . The hearing last night was a great success. The committee adjourned it until evening, and it was held in the Senate Chamber. Although only a couple of hours' notice was given there was a good attendance, and when I got through there was a lot of applause, which is unusual at a legislative hearing. I took the sleeper at midnight, and got here at six, and am correspondingly done up to-day. . . . My hearing here is to be for to-morrow morning. . . . I shall be glad to get back to the Wayside and that daily bread. . . .

The Massachusetts men seemed quite satisfied with my argument. A member of the legislative committee who had strenuously opposed giving a date for my argument came to me afterwards, said that he had opposed, but was now very glad he had not succeeded. . . .

. . . It is the socialists who have taken the lead in this move for nationalisation both in Maine and Massachusetts, and in Chicago they are the only party really possessed of the principle of progress. I shall be home Monday, and hope at last to begin on my books. I forgot to tell you

that the Maine socialists paid my expenses, but I hated to take the money for it came out of the pockets of very poor men. As to the taxes we will have to make that money up somehow by hook or crook. . . .

It is safe to say that no man was more excited over the coal crisis than he. A volcanic anger was burning within him. He was characteristically incisive, radical, prompt. He stood out before the country in favour of seizure. He told the Senate committees, in an address which was one of the finest he ever delivered, to seize the mines and pay for them afterward. "Possession first," he said, "payment afterwards,"—if they deemed it just. This went ringing through the press, some papers sending it out in headlines—"'Seize the Mines,' says Henry D. Lloyd."

First seize the mines, then debate the question of payment. If we pay for them, it will be only because the people show these men more mercy than they have shown either the people or the working men.

Possession before payment also because the people would thus have a practical means of ascertaining the real value of the property. The people, through their receivers, would take in hand not only the mines and roads, but also the books, records, and accounts.

For this remedy, complete, simple, just, the whole cost will be less than that of one week of the coal famine. Nothing is needed but one thing—no new laws nor investigation by Congress, no amendment to the Constitution—nothing but public opinion. Here lies ready to the hands of the people every tool they need. They have but to resolve to use it and the problem is solved.

The long argument by which he supported this advice was a dignified survey of undeniable facts. He

appealed to the reason of the senators, and, through them, to the nation; he touched their emotions, aroused their fears. He showed by magnificent figures the millions robbed from the people. He declared our lives and liberties threatened by these few men "as cruel as the grave." Fools were those who thought the American republic could survive the continuance of such despotic rule. He summarised the results of monopoly, which, he said, could not but stagger public opinion. He showed the utter incompetence of the managers of the coal roads, emphasising the fact, in his opinion one of the weightiest brought out and yet unnoticed by the press, that the companies by simply blending the pea and chestnut coal could have made every dollar of advance asked by the miners. This the real merchants would have known how to do, "but," he said, "the men to whom God in his infinite wisdom has given control of the property interests of the country are not merchants, but speculators and manipulators. . . . We can see coming the most appalling campaign for our conquest to which any people have yet been summoned to surrender." The Poles, Italians —all the twenty-seven races in the struggle—had been fighting for our firesides as well as their own, and it remained for us to prove whether we, as consumers, could establish as successful a manhood in our market as they had done in theirs. He called upon the Senate to act at once. "We need not think we can save ourselves trouble," he said, "by letting these problems wait until to-morrow; the longer they wait, the more trouble." There is no time to wait for a constitutional amendment, for a law of Congress, or for more investigation. "A simple, practical, legal, cheap, and kindly remedy is within our reach," he said, and pro-

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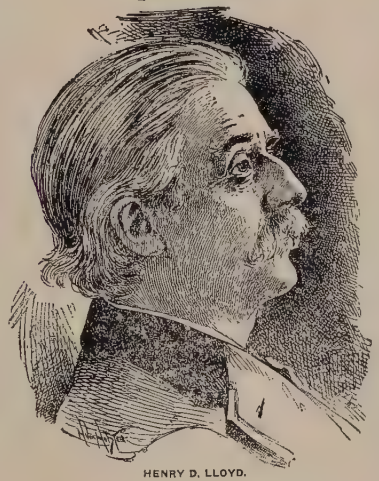
GLOBE LATI

7:30 P M

SEIZE THE COAL MINES!

Henry D. Lloyd Urges People to Act.



HENRY D. LLOYD.

Declares Magnates Are Self-Constituted Outlaws.

Public Monopoly, He Says, Provides Only Escape from Evils of Private Monopoly.

"Germany, England, Switzerland, New Zealand, Australia and a multitude of municipalities furnish illustrations of proved the existence of a ring within a ring, and that the whole monopoly is really in the control of J. P. Morgan.

From the *Boston Daily Globe*, March 13, 1903.

posed two courses, a federal receivership, or forfeiture under the Anti-Trust law.

They are all the same men [ran his warning]. Ownership of the highways ends in ownership of everything and everybody that must use the highways. . . . What will be the fruits when all the mines, forests, factories, and farms have surrendered to the "progressive desire" of these "lords of industry"?

Two of the Massachusetts committees followed his argument with unanimous reports for national ownership if regulation failed. The Legislature itself was more conservative and voted only for government supervision, but one third voted for ownership. This was to him an astonishing sign of the development of public opinion, showing it to have advanced beyond the point of discussing whether or not it had any right to interfere with private property. It marked a new step in social evolution and one in strict accord with the letter and spirit of the law and the practice of all free peoples.

"Things become constitutional," Lincoln said, "by becoming indispensable." This trumpet-call from Massachusetts is the most notable utterance of the organic voice with regard to the rights of property that has been heard since the close of the great controversy which preceded it about another form of property—also black.

Thus the Massachusetts House of Representatives was the first of any of our legislative bodies to vote for the transfer of a commodity from private to public ownership. "Massachusetts for ever!" he exclaimed joyously, and wrote in his *Boyce's Weekly* article:

The newspapers and Beacon Street and State Street took only an amused interest in the matter as an eccentricity without support. When the Massachusetts legislative committee unanimously recommended national ownership, if regulation failed, it was an earthquake shock. . . . The strong men who had been deceived by the apparent lifelessness of public spirit into the belief that it was dead and that they could pick the bones and insult the memory of the American Commonwealth to their hearts' content have had a warning—which they will not heed. Strong men never do.

He also presented his views as orator at the May banquet of the Massachusetts Reform Club:

I made the dynamiting of the Interstate Commerce Law by the railroad and Supreme Court anarchists [he wrote to Edward Moseley, in regard to the address] my principal theme. The Club received my demonstration that the public had been stripped of all defence with almost tumultuous approval.

Being severely criticised by the press, he replied in the *Boston Sunday Journal:*

WINNETKA, ILL., March 17, 1903.

TO THE EDITOR:

In your issue of March 14th, you refer to my argument of the preceding day before a committee of the Massachusetts Legislature in favour of the seizure of the coal mines. You speak of the plan as that of a "socialist." You say that my recommendation that the mines should be seized immediately by the national government and the compensation to the owners arranged afterward is "one which the present occupants of the penitentiary would warmly indorse."

This plan of action is not one which was originated by the socialists, nor am I one of them, as yet, though now that

you mention it I think I will join them. The remedy is one which is provided by law, common and statute, English and American, and one which is recommended by some of the best lawyers and ablest statesmen in Massachusetts and the United States.

One method of the procedure I advocated, a United States receivership for the benefit of all concerned, is used every day in the courts of this country and Great Britain. At one time, less than ten years ago, one quarter of the railroad mileage of our country was thus operated by the United States courts through receivers. . . .

The other method, that of summary seizure and forfeiture under the Anti-Trust law, is a remedy prepared and urged by some of the most conservative Republican statesmen this country has known, men like Sherman, Edmunds, and others. Senator Edmunds has lately publicly reaffirmed his adherence to this remedy and his faith in its efficiency.

A wrestling controversialist might feel justified in intimating that you assert that Senators Sherman and Edmunds, and the other Republicans and Democrats who acted with them, originated and enacted a policy which "the present occupants of the penitentiary would warmly indorse."

Surely the *Journal* does not mean that?

The programme favoured by those who ask the Massachusetts Legislature to petition Congress for the national ownership of the coal mines is to appeal through legal processes to the courts to put in action a lawful and familiar remedy to which the people of our race have had recourse for generations, and the Anti-Trust law does but expedite and clarify the application of the old-time remedies. This had not been supposed previously to the time you wrote—"It was the law until your Honour spoke"—to be the sort of procedure "which the present occupants of the penitentiary would warmly indorse."

The inmates of the penitentiary did not get there by warmly indorsing recourse to law in their cases. The

thieves who use the law—and there are plenty of them in America—do not go to the penitentiary, though they ought to do so. "We socialists"—I am accepting your classification of me, you see—will do our best to put them there when we get the power.

The relevancy seems to escape me of your reference to the occupants of the penitentiary and to Paris communes, because some citizens have suggested appeal to the established organs of justice to ascertain if the common and statute law did or did not offer them a remedy for the evils of which you as well as we complain.

A stupider people than the American might almost feel justified in believing that such criticism of the people seeking by legal means to get legal redress was an invitation to them to try the Paris commune or something worse; but, again, of course, the *Journal* does not mean that?

Thus did he as "the people's attorney" use every outlet of press and platform to influence the citizens to meet this crisis heroically. But they were not yet ready to act. "They are thinking," he said. "That these properties are morally and justly forfeitable," he told the Senate committee at the close of his argument, "the people at least will not doubt when they have digested the record we have traversed to-day."

CHAPTER XXV

"WHY I JOIN THE SOCIALISTS"

MR. LLOYD began to consider seriously his position as a socialist who remained outside the political organisation. The coal strike crisis had revealed anew the temper of capitalism. The need of solidarity in the resisting forces under an adequate political platform pressed upon him. This he saw to be possible in the newly formed Socialist party. The two old parties were trifling with the people, he said, and with the questions before them. He quoted Emerson's saying in 1859: "We shall not live to see slavery abolished." He said it was perfectly logical to believe that the rapidity of the capitalistic transformation would be matched by an equally rapid revolution in the opposite direction—the uprising of the people, that "the final velocities" would more than make up for the initial slowness. Horace Traubel tells of their memorable walks during the Commission days, when he said: "Traubel, there 's nothing for us to do but to join the Socialist party. *We must do it.*" He wrote to John Spargo in the same strain. He said that he believed it was now time for him to take his place in the ranks of the party. He had made a distinction in a recent article[1] between "the amateur socialists" and "the

[1] "A Large Straw in a Strong Wind," *Boyce's Weekly*, April 29, 1903.

political socialists, the real ones." He wished to be "a real one." He wrote to his wife (March, 1903):

. . . I have had a quiet day, reading some trashy stuff, and writing what I hope may not be some trashy stuff in the effort to make some points for the speech the socialists want me to make at their Auditorium meeting March 28th. . . . Don't you think the socialists ought to be helped by those who believe in the real thing? They are the only party that has a municipal or national platform adequate to the present crisis. . . . The only party free from entangling alliances with the corporations, and the only party that cannot be sold out—Bryanised as the People's party was—for the socialists are an old party, organised so that they do not run by boss-power, but by real democratic methods within the party, as the trade-unions are run. The rank and file are thoroughly or at least fairly well grounded in economic principles, which neither of the old parties are. If the members of the People's party had had any real economic intelligence, instead of representing only discontent, they could never have been stampeded for Bryan. Practically the Socialist party has no leaders in the ordinary sense, for the party voters by carefully arranged procedure, wholly different from the usual political convention, decide the party policy. You ask me about Roosevelt. In Switzerland, the only real democracy, such a question would not be asked, because the people are so conscious that it is they and not the head of the state who rules that they hardly take the trouble to know the names of their officers. But I have been asking lots of people that same question, and I think I have got near the root of the matter. The key-note to Roosevelt is a boundless ambition. He is physically brave; morally, as ambitious men always must be, weak. In four distinct cases I have learned of he has flinched, has not played the strenuous part—the tariff, the franchise tax law, the civil service, and the trusts. He has unquestionably surrendered

to the great monopolies on that question. His saying about pulling all up instead of a few down, means, Don't attack the Bad Wealth, but give the people some generalities of reform. We cannot pull all up without pulling down the few who are in the way, *e.g.*, George III., the slaveholders, and ancien régime, etc. Is it not so? Let us say: Pull down the few bad men in the way, then pull all up including the bad men we pulled down. How do you like that?

His notes in this spring of 1903—the last of his life—show the predominance of socialism in his thoughts, and his belief in its exalted mission. He often described it by the term democracy. "We call it socialism," he said, "to give it the zest of a new name, but it is the same old democracy with a new motto—that there can be no good millionaire, but a millionaire democracy." It was, he said, the one political voice now coming from the People. "It may be crude, sectarian, even bitter. . . . Our old politics, Democratic and Republican, rest on habit, the persistence of organisation, on the bribes of money, on power, on selfish self-interest, but there is no heart-beat in them, no hope or love." Beyond all he saw that it meant for mankind a spiritual and ethical re-birth. It was to become a religion, the new religion. "Christianity is the religion that was, socialism is the religion that is to be," he wrote in his last note-book:

Socialism comes with the grandest message of enfranchisement ever heard on earth. It says to the poorest man, to the most cruelly neglected child—You should be a man. You are owner with all your brothers and sisters of this great civilisation, this magnificent heritage of liberties and properties and aspirations and memories. These streets are *your* streets; these wonderful achievements exist because your estate gives them protection and stimulus. It is you

who are of this royal family of real rulers. It is this democracy which strikes from the poor and the weak the many shackles of poverty, ignorance, monopoly, and opens to every man the closed door of opportunity to be all that he may be, which proclaims that everything is the property of everybody, that each is the steward for his brother and his neighbour of all that he is and has, that without money and without price, by just being born into the ruling family of all the people each one can have this salvation; it is this democracy which proclaims the dignity of manhood and womanhood, and it is the same democracy which enlightened the world of the Jews, and the Greeks and Romans, and Dutch and English and American in their days of liberty, but [is] now taking another great step forward into a new liberty—the liberty of labour.[1]

His faith in private co-operation as a wing of the advance movement had grown with the years. When it is understood, he now said, that one half of socialism must be co-operative and the other half democratic (political), socialism will lose both its terrors and its absurdities. But neither side could advance independently.

Is it conceivable [he had asked a correspondent in 1901] that co-operative production could be entered upon by our people to any extent without a great political revolution like that of New Zealand—lucky we, if we can have it peaceful like New Zealand—to effect a redistribution of property and economic power by the use of popular force through the government? I fear not. Even farming is becoming a matter of wholesale machinery and huge capital. The process is but just begun, but you will see it develop almost as rapidly in the near future as the centralisation of the mechanical arts. That is the only great field remaining to be plutocratised.

[1] Note-book, 1903.

While so staunch a believer, he had not yet formally joined any organisation. He had not affiliated with the Social Democratic party, which grew out of the Socialist Labor party, although he voted the party ticket in 1900 as in 1896. It had been to give this growing political aspiration of the people every help that he had gone to New Zealand, and as he said good-bye to a friend in the Chicago station he said that when he came back he was going to work for socialism. While the Social Democratic party was still in a formative state in 1901, a series of internal contests resulted in its union at the "Unity Convention" with the major section of the Socialist Labor party, forming the Socialist party. After this the American elements flowed in and the party began to be released from a narrow dogmatism, which at times misintrepreting Marx himself, had held the inchoate American socialist movement in the rigid bonds of a sect. When lecturing in California at that time—1901—Lloyd communicated with the State secretary, and was on the verge of joining the party, and would undoubtedly, he said later, have done so had he remained longer. A temporary residence in Boston followed, and this together with a journey to Europe and the current of the work in the coal strike case brought it about that not until the spring of 1903 did he find himself again in his own State. He then took steps to join, weighing carefully his course, and consulting friends. He was not familiar with details, such as the formulation of principles in the party pledges. Indeed, these had been but recently promulgated. He wrote to the national secretary with the intention of becoming a member at large.

WINNETKA, ILL., April 20, 1903.

MY DEAR MR. MAILLY:

I have your letters and the literature which you sent.

The wording of your application for membership gives me some difficulty. The practical programme that the party puts forth has my unqualified assent. I would not diminish it in one particular, but would be perfectly willing, on the contrary, to add some things to it. But I cannot, for the life of me, see how the present social contest can be described as one between the capitalists and the working class. To me it appears to be a contest between the people and all those who commit depredations upon them. The "people" and the "working class" are certainly not, according to present usage, convertible terms.

The farmers, for instance, are not covered by the term "working class" as it would be understood by a "labour" audience. Farmers are proprietors of land and employers of labour. Their votes are necessary to the success of any movement that overthrows the monopolies. The farmers, I am told by Wayland, are joining the Socialist party in considerable numbers in the West. They, therefore, are able to co-operate with the movement, although apparently excluded from it by terminology.

I don't want to join the party only to have the experience of being thereafter incontinently "fired" out of it. My understanding of the true "class consciousness" is that one should be opposed to *all* classes. My "class consciousness" is an anti-class consciousness. I stand for the people and for the extinction of all tendencies that create "class"—whether a capitalist class or a working class.

Mr. Thomas J. Morgan tells me that these difficulties of mine are no obstacle to my joining the party. I am in entire sympathy with its practical work, and I think my socialistic theory is as sweeping and radical as any one's could be.

Now, write me frankly what you think about the relation of the difficulties I have indicated to the probability of my being able to co-operate, in good faith and effectively, with the organisation.

The Secretary replied:

OMAHA, NEB., May 4, 1903.

DEAR MR. LLOYD:

Pardon my delay in answering your letter of April 20th, as I have been too busy to give it the attention it deserved.

I must confess to also being in some perplexity just how to answer you, and this because I am merely the executive of the Socialist party and hardly in a position to enter into a discussion upon points that may be more academic than anything else. Our platform is supposed to define the party's position, and appears to me to be quite explicit enough. I may say this, however, that the central and basic principle upon which the Socialist party makes its propaganda, and has been organised, is that there is a class struggle waging in modern society, caused by the existing economic system. This class struggle divides the owners of the means of production and distribution into one class, and the non-owners into another. All this you have read and heard before many times, and it is perhaps superfluous for me to repeat it. I only do so in order to emphasise the position of the Socialist party. We, too, are opposed to the existence of classes, and we seek the establishment of a system which will make the division of humanity into classes with antagonistic interests impossible. But we are forced to accept the fact that classes now exist and to organise and fight with the working class accordingly.

The farmers' question is one that has been discussed somewhat extensively in the socialist press of recent years, because the numerical strength and economic position of the farmers of America demand special respect and attention. It is true that many farmers are joining the party and that more and more of them are proclaiming themselves socialists, but it is generally accepted that the dispropertied working class in the industrial centres, and elsewhere, must be the leading and guiding force in the direction and control of the Socialist party. . . .

Frankly, I don't think there will be very much difficulty in your being able to co-operate with the party organisation.

We have progressed beyond the stage where men are "fired" out incontinently, except for flagrant breaches of faith and violation of our principles. Nevertheless, I must confess my appreciation of your desire to act in good faith with the party and have n't the slightest doubt but that this desirable end can be accomplished. . . .

Lloyd's difficulty was, as he said, one of "wording." That he recognised the existence of "the class struggle" —the irreconcilable conflict between capital and labour —all the words and works of at least fifteen years prove. He was a close thinker, highly conscientious when pledging his allegiance, and this point now made him pause. He talked the matter over with several people.

Not only was he on the verge of joining the Socialist party [wrote a prominent socialist after a discussion with him], but he did not object to the use by that party of the class struggle idea. He did not condemn the thinking that lay behind the use of this phrase by the socialists, but he deplored the effect of this phrase and what he considered its certain misapprehension by the general public. . . . I left him with the impression . . . that it was the merest accident that he was not already in the organisation.

He had always in word and deed emphasised the fact that the whole community was in need of justice; that the labour question was not only the labourer's question. The working men, he said, were the pioneers of us all. As the weakest they had felt first and worst the pain caused by the ossification of competition into consolidation. "We are all caught in the same current."

. . . It is surprising that the middle class do not foresee their fate [he wrote to his father]. . . . It means the extinction of the people. But they don't see it; they do not understand that when the working man complains it is their grievance that he is voicing, tho not in precisely their

way, and that he has spoken first because he has felt the pressure first and most. He is weaker than the farmer or the small capitalist because he owns nothing and has no margin of fat to live on.

As he did not live to give publicly a full, rounded expression of his position, we are dependent upon his notes, which were, however, often written tentatively. They indicate that he believed in rallying the whole people under the banner of socialism. The saying of Karl Marx, "Working men of the world, unite," should be, he wrote, "People of the world, unite." His note-book of 1902–3 says:

The doctrine of the Karl Marxites that the Labour movement, the Social-Democratic revolution, is a class movement is wrong. 1st. Because this movement is the continuation of the democratic movement of thousands of years, and less and less is a class movement. 2d. Because the spectacle of Joseph II., Stein, Hardenberg, Lafayette, Mirabeau, Washington, Hancock, Wendell Phillips, Lassalle, Karl Marx, Bebel, Singer, Liebknecht, leading in the various emancipations, is a visible personal refutation. 3d. Because it is clearly a movement for the abolition of class,—an anti-class movement. The Americans are fond of saying we have no classes. Delusive as this boast is, it at least shows that the people feel that the spirit of our institutions demands that there should be no class. These Karl Marx sectarians do what they blame the oppressor for doing, look only at their own class, while really the workmen are the minority.

These Karl Marx people say this is a class movement, because if present causes continue in operation, all farmers, storekeepers, mechanics, professional men will be reduced to one class—the proletariat. But the paramount fact is precisely that the movement for Social-Democracy is of recruits from all these classes who have rallied precisely to

prevent this proletarianisation, by replacing this system with one in which all have equality in industry. . . .

"Out of our larger individualism, larger than Marx or Engels dreamed of, will be built," he wrote again, "a larger socialism than they dreamed of." After reading an article on European socialism in 1901[1] in which the author distinguished between the socialistic section and the democratic section, the former insisting that the movement shall be wholly proletarian, the latter that it shall include all elements opposed to the present wrongs, Lloyd appended the note: "In this view I am certainly not a socialist—but a democrat."

To seek to initiate social reform by calling upon "the proletariat[2] to unite" is to call for an impossibility, because they are proletariat and proletariat cannot unite. Their reformation must be part of the whole reformation. . . . Unless our revolution is to be an outburst of blind, animal fury, it will not be initiated by any one of the proletariat. The initiation will be done by those who have some power of initiation—those belonging to classes not wholly exploited. The proletariat will toil on. They will do the most of the hard work and get the least of the benefits, but little as these are they will give the masses a vast accession of liberty and prosperity.

Several of his last notes bore the same refrain.

Socialism is the work of the proletariat only in the sense that it is the work of that pauper which lives within every one of us, who either by being oppressor or oppressed is

[1] *Annals of the American Academy of Political and Social Science*, November, 1901.

[2] Mr. Lloyd manifestly here and elsewhere, as on the last page of *Newest England*, uses the term proletariat not in the sense of the whole class of the community dependent upon capital for its wages and salaries, but as the poorest class, those having the lowest degree of economic power.

disinherited of the best wealth, the wealth that is most truly his—the wealth of full communion with a full fellowship of full fellows. . . .

The idea that the proletariat would supplant the other classes was, he believed, a futility. The proletariat was, he said, being continually destroyed, burnt out. "It will be the middle class that will survive and will furnish the human material of the new order," he wrote in 1902.

No student could interpret him as advocating the survival of the middle class as a class and as an exploiter of the workers. That would be to misunderstand the spirit of his whole life's work, which from first to last declared that the wages system must go. "Every man a working man, and every working man free," was his saying in 1889, and always. He recognised the slavery of the workers and countenanced no programme which did not include their complete emancipation, but he did not apparently believe that it was to be achieved only by them or only for them. The new love for the oppressed would overflow class boundaries. "Old and young, rich and poor, learned and unlearned, high and low, labourer and capitalist, out of all classes will come the noble army of martyrs, but principally out of the labourers, the low, the poor, the unlearned, the young."[1] His words, as in the resolutions on the Pullman strike,[2] show that he believed it unjust that society put upon the most burdened class the winning of an emancipation which is to benefit all. He saw that the labour movement and the resistance to monopoly were parts of the same advance. He put himself outside of his own class, of every class, and surveyed the entire field. His heart

[1] Note-book, 1888.

[2] See Vol. I., p. 153.

beat closer to the working class, but never lost the sympathetic realisation of the thraldom of the whole people. This was so distinctively his attitude that a correspondent, one of the closest and keenest analysts of him and his work, wrote to him[1]:

> If I were called upon to name the special prominency characterising you as an author, I would say it is your mission to bring the followers of Marx to more extensive, accurate, and sounder inductions, and thereby give socialism the desired perfection of its theory and science.

It had been his continual thought to widen the area of the resisting side in the struggle. "I have little confidence in a class movement," he wrote, "even tho it be so good a class as labour." He urged business men and the middle class, generally, to make common cause with the working men. For many years it had been one of his conscious aims to make men of property see that they, too, belonged with the exploited. He had in sympathy continually warned them publicly and privately not to be confounded with the criminal rich but to stand forth against monopoly and with the workers.

> It is not patriotism alone that can lead us, . . . [he had said in 1898]. It must be patriotism of the world, command of all the weapons and auxiliaries of politics, and above all, with an independence invulnerable by the cruel and terrific assaults that have been made, and will be made, socially, financially, and legally, upon the men who dare stand forth for the people. It must, in short, be patriotism with property. Religion has advanced by the conflict of priest and priest; science by that of doctor and doctor; and economic freedom will be won by property against property. If there is a practical word to be spoken at this moment, it

[1] John C. Reed, Atlanta, Georgia, January 25, 1901.

is to call on public-spirited men of substance—men well-to-do in deeds as well as title-deeds, to lead the people. . . . Such men must be about this work while they still have the means. . . . "Let us pauperise you now and we will let you democratise us by-and-by," . . . the monopolists were saying to the people of the world. They would make proletarians of all reformers with resources, and so deprive them of the means of winning.

If I have any hope in this work [he wrote in 1900 to Theodore Gilman, the writer on the money question], it is to impress men of your class with the importance of taking time by the forelock, and giving our country a reform instead of a revolution—I do not mean a French Revolution. That is not what I am afraid of. What I fear is a plutocratic revolution which will bind us in a worse than Roman rigidity until we break apart by a sort of decay. I have little hope of producing much effect upon the employers of America. They think they have so complete advantage of the working man that it is not necessary for them to make any concessions. What such men forget, and what their class, in history, has forgotten, is that they may push their advantage too far.

Thus he counselled reformers to husband well their resources. He himself wasted no time or strength, spent himself and his money with the most minute care.

One thing, however, you said which startled and dismayed me [he wrote to Mayor Jones in 1899, when he was leading the great campaign in Toledo], and you must forgive me speaking of it. . . . You said . . . that all that you are and have you hold at the service of the public. I felt upon reading that the same as I did when I learned through the papers of your proposition to the city of Toledo with regard to taking the gas plant there. There are many reasons for not making a martyr of one's self; one of the

most cogent is that one's duty is to save himself to fight another day. It is the part of a true friend to give an opportunity for second thought to one who is inspired by the excitement and crying needs of such a situation as you now find yourself in. We must not only love as doves, but be as wise as serpents. Do not spend on this campaign anything more than you can afford to lose out of your current means. One of the troubles with our side is that our men, in the spirit of Mohammedan self-abnegation, are continually destroying themselves. . . . Keep yourself well in hand; be as cool in your head as you are hot in your heart. Remember that money is the sinews of war, and that if you keep possession of the means, you can carry on not only this campaign but a score of campaigns to follow. I know that you can forgive me for entering into so private a matter as this, for I know you will understand the spirit in which I write. . . .

P.S. I enclose a little of the sinews of war.

Hampden and Pym, he reminded us in 1898, were described by contemporary chronicles as wasting their substance riding around to raise the people. "Men of substance are beginning to ride again," said he, who had himself been one of the first to mount. His last words were full of appeals to the whole people to organise. He exhorted them to follow the example of the labour unions, which were, he said, the best friends the people have to-day. "For it is accurately, scientifically, alarmingly true," he said, "that between the people and the money monopoly power, that most dreadful of tyrannies, there stands to-day but one organisation that can hold the fort while the people rally, and that is the organisation of labour."

We must not let them [the labour unions] be destroyed. We must learn the lesson they teach us. The people itself must organise, if it will survive.

Between organised labour and organised capital there stood in the United States some fifty millions of the common people. "They have no union, no trust." To whom can they turn, he asked, this great unorganised majority, "the folks who are only folks—the storekeeper, the village blacksmith, the dressmaker, the cross-roads district school teacher, the country doctor—behind them all, the host of the farmers? . . . Here between organised labour and organised capital is Something with fifty millions of stomachs to feed, fifty million bodies to warm, and clothe, and shelter, and no organisation. What does this middle class propose to do about it?" To unite them, he believed that the Socialist party was the needed medium. He wrote about them in his last note-book (1903):

Look at the campaign committees of the Republican party and Democratic party in the last presidential campaign, and you will see representatives of the same great syndicates—which have only to be spelled sin and not syn—or both. These unorganised millions (of the common people) can organise only through the Socialist party. Improvisations in politics, like the People's party,—an impromptu,—will not be tried again. The men who saved the country at the beginning of the American Revolution were called minute-men because they were ready any minute to go to their duty. The men who sold out the People's party to the Democrats ought to be called minute-men also, because they were ready to quit any minute. With the greatest problem of the ages thickening in an angry storm about the heads of the American people not one note of modern up-to-date leadership has been heard out of that fusion and none ever will be. All we get is a second-hand Jeffersonian Democracy which Jefferson would be the first to repudiate if he were alive to-day. Jefferson became a Jeffersonian Democrat by marching at the head of the people's thoughts, not treading

on their coat tails behind. We want no more Get Rich Quick combinations in politics,—no more idolatry of individuals, no more Leaders in Triumphal Tours. It (the American people) wants a party of real democrats, which rules itself including its leaders, a party of real republicans who act for public things, not for private.

One of the gravest obstacles to the united action of the people in his own country lay, he believed, in the cleavage between the white and black races. He had been closely observing this problem. Booker T. Washington had once urged him to come to a Black Farmers' Conference, saying: "Your services and your articles are far more valuable to us than you can realise." Lloyd went and counted it one of the most remarkable experiences of his life. He wrote to Mr. Washington in 1901:

I am thinking all the time about the Negro race and the line along which its evolution might be assisted by its friends. I wish that in some way the co-operative spirit might be communicated to the Negroes, so that their development might be turned into some such lines as that of the working men of England and the Continent of Europe.

Though he nowhere expressed his ideas publicly, his private words indicate the increasing importance he accorded the problem and the relation of socialism to its solution. He wrote to Professor W. E. B. Dubois in March, 1903:

This is a subject in which I am very deeply interested. I consider it perhaps, on the whole, the most critical one now before the American people, equalling, if not surpassing, in immediate and remote influence, the question of the trusts.

To John C. Reed of Georgia, a Fabian socialist, who sent him proofs of his book, *The Brothers' War*, he wrote:

LITTLE COMPTON, R. I., 21 June, 1903.

. . . I have examined the book carefully; it is full of matter to be conned studiously and admiringly. . . . The difficulty is that there is no demand, no market demand, that is, for reform literature. I have not got back from my books a tenth of what they cost me. . . .

I am bound in frankness to avow to you that there are some points as to which I dissent strongly from your views. If we have a right to disfranchise the Negroes, then the plutocrats and their professors and experts have a right to disfranchise us. The disfranchisement of the Negroes is a policy of ruin for the *white* people of the South. Nothing you could say, so eloquently and truthfully, about the difficulties of the present situation could increase my present sympathy for both races, and my full appreciation of the fact that you, the whites, are largely the innocent victims. But the problem cannot be cured by reversion to the political theories of pre-democratic man. The mistake that was made at the close of the war, was not in giving the Negro so much as the suffrage, but in not giving him *more*. He should have been established in ample guarantees of education, access to land, and employment,—as also should the whites! Leave him the vote, and you or we, or both, have got to see that he still gets there. Take away the vote, and we will attempt again what has always failed—to govern men without help from them. I am strenuous about this, because I believe—and have believed for years—that in this Negro question at the South is the touchstone of our future. Not sentimentally, but practically, I believe that the working men of the North and South will be defeated in their unionisations, and we will be defeated in our anti-plutocratic democratisations unless our "scheme of things entire" is broad and deep and just enough to find out how the Negro can be taken into the brotherhood. *The last thing you white people of the South can afford is to have the Negro among you without a vote.* The truth is the problem is too grievous for the South alone; it should be

taken up by the whole nation. Pardon my outspokenness. I admire your book greatly and want much to see you bring it out. . . .

After receiving Mr. Reed's answer, he again wrote:

. . . 2 July, 1903. . . . You were very good to answer me so frankly and kindly. . . . It is of vital importance as to a matter of this supreme moment that we all get one another's points of view. This Negro question is to me the most terrible of all those we face. I will say to you what I would not say publicly, that I see in it the possibility of at least two civil wars. In it are concentrated the intensest aspects of our labour question, of the imperial question, and of deeper problems still. . . .

Did the enfranchisement of the Negro as a policy ever present itself to your mind in this way: that having the vote by no means made the Negro, however great his numerical majority, the ruler of the community? That nowhere have the majority, enfranchised, become the ruler, that you could afford, cannot afford not, to give the Negro a vote, for the benefit *you* will gain in the education, experience, balance, content, it will give him? Numbers never ruled anywhere.

Writing on this to George Hooker (1900), he added concerning any policy of disfranchising the poor or ignorant:

Disfranchisement ought to begin, if anywhere, with the guilty; with the men who are educated and privileged, educated and corrupt, educated and shirkers, educated and dangerous; not with the simple folk, the workers, who give everything and get nothing, and are almost all we have of virtue and honesty.

In general, it may be said that while Mr. Lloyd had, for at least a decade, advocated the principles of

socialism, he had not concerned himself with the socialist dialectic which up to this time had never been a practical or pressing issue with him. His few references to it are invariably to the cant terms as quoted by some American propagandists who used them either not in their perfect meaning or as technical abbreviations. He was pre-eminently a thinker, and an independent one, and his philosophy was to a remarkable degree the result of the play of social forces upon his own temperament and experience. It is, therefore, interesting and illuminating to note that, as an American of Americans, he reached independently and without any true knowledge of Marx, conclusions which were in their broad outlines parallel with those of the great German—the conscious creation by the people of a social and industrial democracy which shall, by its very nature, put an end to all class struggles and class distinctions; that moreover this social theory should have led him, an idealist and practical man of affairs, to the use of the practical medium of the socialists, namely the Socialist party organisation, and this in spite of his disagreement with the sectarianism which at that time still characterised it.

His correspondence in the spring of 1903 shows him advancing to his decision to join the party. He wrote to a group of men, leaders in varied walks of life, drawing out their opinions; to John Mitchell and Samuel Gompers, representing organised labour; to his friend of the ethical movement, William M. Salter; to professors of social science, Richard T. Ely, John R. Commons, George D. Herron; to various socialists, as J. Ramsey MacDonald of England, and of America Eugene V. Debs, A. M. Simons, and Thomas J. Morgan, to William Mailly, national secretary of the party,

and to James S. Smith, secretary for Illinois; to liberal editors, Samuel Bowles, and Willis J. Abbot; to Eltweed Pomeroy, the disciple of direct legislation; to N. O. Nelson, reformer and employer; to George Fred Williams, the independent in politics; to W. H. Stuart, Fabian socialist. He wrote to his sister in April: "I think I shall formally join the Socialist party. See Kropotkin's tribute in his new book *Mutual Aid.*" [1]

To Hugo Poetzsch of Germany, he wrote:

WINNETKA, ILL., May 21, '03.

MY DEAR MR. POETZSCH:

May I ask you to send me the best statement of the issues in the present campaign which has been made either by the Vorwaerts or by one of your speakers?

I am about to join the Socialist party here, so that I shall be able to sign myself

Your comrade,
H. D. LLOYD.

Other letters in June were as follows. To Mr. Williams:

. . . My mind is moving towards the Socialistic party. I have no faith whatever in the Democratic party. Bryan, I believe, you will find perfectly immovable on the question of public ownership of public utilities. I think he would be responsive to an overwhelming public sentiment, but this is not what we want. What we want is one of those early rising statesmen who will get up and produce the sentiment. I am not going to act with any precipitation in determining my course. I feel very strongly that the questions in which we have a common interest are approaching a stage where definite work is demanded. This work can be accomplished only through practical political organisation. The only such

[1] Page 270.

organisation within sight that is furnished with the principles, even approximately adequate, is the Socialist party. It seems like a waste of time and energy to go to work and organise another party when we have one already in the field. Is it not more economical to enter that party, despite its faults and imperfections, and strive to remedy them, than to make a fresh start? My experience with the People's party leads me very strongly to favour this course. The Democracy of Chicago have advocated public ownership for, I think, fifteen years, and have not yet done one single thing to accomplish it. The moment you pass outside the metropolitan area of the Democratic party you enter the belated region where the voter's most advanced notions were those of Jeffersonian democracy of 1803. . . . But in this same area of rural population of the United States you find a great many very ardent and intelligent socialists, as shown by the remarkable success of the *Appeal to Reason*.

Another thing that appeals to me very strongly on the socialistic side is that here is an organisation which is already international and our problem is an international problem. It can never be settled by any parochial or even patriotic political economy. . . .

To Mr. Salter:

There are many things I want to talk over with you. For one thing, I have about made up my mind to join the Socialist party, though with many misgivings. Their thought is largely antiquated; their spirit often most unpractical. But where else can one find any principles or any organisation that even approach the hem of our problems?

To Mr. Stuart:

Your very interesting article, which I have read with great care, comes to me at a critical moment. Like, I believe,

millions of more or less awakened Americans I feel that "something must be done," lest worse befall, and am anxiously considering whether the best way to do it may not be for us to join the Socialist party. What gives me pause is the very weaknesses and inaccuracies you so justly criticise. But while these bulk so largely in the outfit of the American Socialists, as officially organised, the party elsewhere is becoming rapidly "opportunist" in the best sense. In Italy, Germany, France, Belgium this is the plain drift. Upholding all their ideals, and even professing the faith of Marx, they are, as one of them told me last year in Germany, taking all they can get, and always calling for more. Is it not better to join the American Socialists, and move with them in that direction than to stay with the old parties, or do nothing, or start a new party? What hope in the last since the betrayal of the People's party? What hope in any of the other three? The Socialist party is the only one which avows a social ideal, it is the only one which by being international and ideal promises an end of war, military and commercial, it is the only one which clearly sees that the next great step is the extension of democratic principles and organisation to industry. Cannot the American Socialists enter this historic, international, evolutionary party, and put it where it belongs, where American experience and spiritualisation of democracy ought to put it—at the active front of the new democratisation of the common welfare? These are the questions I am asking myself. I should be glad to know what you think of them. I think our evolution of the evil is progressing too rapidly to be met by "the instalment plan." . . .

To Mr. Pomeroy:

. . . The worm must turn sometime. I am ready to turn now. Are we citizens to sit still, and leave *all* the politics to the oppressor, who asks for nothing better?

There is much about the everlasting "proletariat" and

"class conscious" slang of the sectarian socialists that makes me squirm, as I suppose the Biblical cant of the old Puritans made the cavaliers' faces go awry. But this same sour fanaticism has been the bitter yeast of all rise, has it not? . . .

The national secretary of the Socialist party had asked him to write a statement of his reasons for joining which might be furnished to the socialist press. It was probably as a response that the following manuscript was sketched by him; it is in his own handwriting, and is dated June 4, 1903, and is manifestly fragmentary and unfinished.

Why I Join the Socialists

Party is an evil perhaps, but it is here and now at least a necessary evil. The independent voter, who is so proud of his self-emancipation from partisan thraldom, and proclaims himself too good for the contests of wit and interests in caucuses and primaries and conventions, gets his choice of candidates and platforms on election day only because other men give it to him by doing the work he calls dirty. Even in a community of angels or archbishops, there would be differences of opinion as to aims and methods. The angels would have to crystallise in organisation about their divergent and often opposite policies, and these organisations would be parties. The independent voter, the no-party reformer, is the dead-beat of politics.

New times bring new issues, and new issues bring new parties. It was so with the slavery question. It is so now with the question which is becoming as supreme an issue as slavery was—the question which has so many different sides, but is all one question—the Labour and Capital Question; the Plutocracy and Democracy Question; the Public Ownership Question; the Trust Question; the

Monopoly Question; the Child Labour Question; the Unemployed Question; the Tariff Question; the Land Question; the Currency Question; the Drink and other Social Vice Question; the Religious Indifference Question; the Recurrence of Panics Question; the Illiteracy Question; the Rights of Women Question; the Peace Question; the Liberty of the Individual Question; the Imperialism Question; the Charity Question; the Immigration Question; the Prison Reform Question; the Marriage Question; the Luxury Question; the Depopulation of the Country Question; the Education Question; all these agitations from material to spiritual, individual to social, are beginning to discover themselves related at a common point. That point is where social environment touches the individual. The unresting genius of discovery and invention is enabling man to revolutionise his physical environment and make him every year the master of another force that the year before was his master. The same genius of creation is stirring now to revolutionise the social environment. Man has always been modifying in this way his physical and social environment. What is new in our day is that the consciousness of this power over society has almost as by a flash of public intuition become general. In the masses stirs a new-born creative social consciousness with its message that all the reforms are one reform, and that that reform is the self-creation of a better individual by putting him to work as his own God at the creation of a better society.

. . . . . [1] Yellow peril. A socialistic China would stay at home, where every one prefers to stay; a capitalistic China will be the ruin of all the working men of the European and American world. Ditto Filipinos and Negroes. If the *people*, the mass of the people, want to save themselves from the policy of the capitalist, who will both compel, provoke, and invite the Asiatics to swarm . . .

[1] Illegible.

over the west, they must make their government socialistic; to the end (1) that it may refrain from that destruction of Asiatic industries which English capitalism has accomplished in India and which will make both India and China hives for the inmates to swarm away from, as English policy has done in Ireland, undoubtedly to the reducing of wages in England and the United States. (2) That the American people and others may carry in time that political, agricultural, industrial, and other emancipation to the Asiatic masses which will enable them and incline them to stay at home.

Socialism is more needed to prevent the destruction of western wealth by eastern poverty, than for any other single reason. Under socialism China can support ten times its present population. Our capitalistic régime industrially threatens the structure of Asiatic society at its very roots (see Dutt); politically its militarism teaches these peaceful peoples (Kropotkin) the use of the weapons which they know the conquered can later use to conquer. A yellow Manchu behind a Gatling is as good as the bravest white man of Kentucky. No nation ever emigrated except under economic pressure. We are fools to allow a capitalistic management of our government, industry, and society to create by wars, campaigns for foreign markets, tariffs, importation of contract labour, etc., an economic pressure which will bring a destructive exodus of Asiatics upon ourselves. From a socialistic Ireland, with evictions of the landlords, and with a co-operative public ownership of railroads, water-powers, forests, mines, credit, and any monopolies that might arise there never would have been any emigration—except of landlords, usurers, and millionaires, the only hemorrhage by which no blood is lost. From France whose French Revolution gave its people the nearest approach to social and other equality to be found in Europe, there has come no emigration to disturb the economic balance of America. The Germans, the Jews, the Irish, the Asiatics, would all rather stay at home than emigrate.

Home is sweet to all. Socialism will arrest the currents of the last thousand years. Where land and opportunity are open to all, where monopoly is possible to none, where individuality is the divine right of all, and where society is a free exchange of all the fruits of earth and human faculty, it is the oldest countries, not the newest, which will be the most inviting. It will be where the largest numbers of brothers are to give and make that there will be the surest and most wealth for all.

Large industries—Almost all our social questions, from the slums to imperialism and the yellow peril, will be seen upon analysis to have their economic root in the machinery question—in the fact that the new civilisation of steam, etc., has passed under capitalistic control. Back of that may stretch another root. Why did the inventions of Arkwright, Watts, etc., become the property of a few except that there was no social ideal and no social organisation to prevent? Or rather, because the guild system of ideals and organisation, as well as colleges, church, etc., had become restrictive, possessory, monopolistic, and forced the new growth of science (also religion, knowledge) into channels outside of itself. All signs predict now a new renaissance—and like its predecessors, it will find its birth-manger outside the established and vested.

The effect which was produced upon the industries of the world by the new power, and the new property which has grown out of it, constituted a distinct era in history. Even more distinct is the new era now about to be introduced in society by the inventions of new institutions to socialise this power and property. The first was an industrial revolution—causing social changes of the widest character—the second will be social, tho it will also have industrial results of the first importance. "The industrial revolution" of the 19th century has for its inevitable result the social revolution of the 20th century.

This revolution will better the lot of all—worsen the condition of none, except those who fatuously resist a

change. The Southern slaveholding oligarchy thus resisted even to violence a change urged both by humanity and science. They were ruined, not by the abolition of slavery, which has made every dollar in the South ten dollars, but by their resistance to it.

Not constitutional monarchy, by reforms of capitalism, but the abolition of capitalism and the establishment of the industrial republic.

Socialism is the only way to preserve our civilisation. Large scale production will be broken up again, unless justice and social organisation are thus introduced. The only way to get rid of the demand of the proletariat for a voice and a vote is to abolish the proletariat. *But the demand for social control is a larger one than that of the proletariat.*

The world has changed more in war and peace, in industry and commerce, in travel and home, in one hundred years, than in the previous thousand. A few have the gains and the power; the many demand reinstatement.

But before he had actually joined the party, a crisis in Chicago swept him from the consideration of general policies on to the field of combat. Concerning this A. M. Simons writes to me:

I went out to . . . Winnetka . . . to discuss the question of his joining. . . . We went over the whole subject very thoroughly and he expressed himself in full sympathy with the aims and objects of the socialist party and declared his intention to become a member. He stated, however, that he thought the fight which was then being conducted on municipal ownership in Chicago was so important that he ought to give his immediate energies to it and that he felt he would be handicapped if he were a member of the party. Therefore he stated that he preferred to wait a few months until, as he thought, the hardest portion of the Chicago battle would be over.

CHAPTER XXVI

HIS LAST VOLLEY

LLOYD'S faith was sure. He believed that we could win the co-operative commonwealth. "It is but natural that those of us who foresee this day should ache to have it come in our time," he wrote in his note-book of 1902. So ever eagerly he worked, summoning all his strength to answer the calls of democracy that came from many sides. "You see I keep up my work," he wrote to Moritz Pinner. "Progress seems slow, but I never grow faint-hearted." To a socialist who asked him to help settle a group of comrades on the land, he wrote:

> Every ounce of energy that I can possibly produce is being used up daily as a sharpshooter on the firing line. . . . Later I may be able to do something in the way of practical field work.

He was often bewildered as to which line of service to follow. The winter of 1902–3 had been a great tax on his strength. Owing to his public duties in the coal strike case and his private anxieties over the illness of his wife, he had worked, journeyed, worried to the limit of his powers. When, finally, in June, 1903, he and his family were again united in Watch House, surrounded by the quiet of meadow and sea, he thought

that at last he would get at his Swiss book, for the study of which he had twice journeyed to Europe. But no, his city—struggling, aspiring Chicago—began tugging at the strings. She was facing a crisis in a long contest, the question of renewing the street car franchises. The people were arising to secure municipal ownership of these lines. Should he lay aside his book and enter the struggle? His philosophy taught that those thinkers are most valid whose thought is reinforced by deed. His thinking on this subject had been done. Nearly ten years before, he had pronounced the private ownership of city transportation "the most profitable and the most ruthless, the most uneconomic, the most anti-social, and the most dangerous form of modern monopolies," and its power had not retreated. Against it the Chicago people were now moving with that civic energy for which he had hoped and laboured. To help steer the movement past the Scylla of the traction companies, and the Charybdis of the compromising half-reformers, and bring it into immediate municipal ownership,—that was the programme which he prefigured. There was hope in the outlook, for Chicago had won the right to use the advisory referendum.

The crisis had its roots far back in the city's history. For over a generation the people had witnessed the lawlessness of the traction interests. In 1865, when the twenty-five years' traction charter was only six years old, they had seen the "ninety-nine years' act," extending the companies' franchises for ninety-nine years, rushed through and passed over Governor Oglesby's veto despite their indignant protests. This act still lived, Lloyd said in 1903, as the central nerve of the city's traction and would do so unless declared uncon-

stitutional by the courts. In 1897, when certain extensions granted were approaching their limit, the people began to move for municipal ownership. A serious omission in the ninety-nine years' act, whereby it authorised the use of horse-power only, was then first officially noted in the Annual Report of the Illinois Bureau of Labor Statistics. This discovery opened the possibility of forcing a surrender from the companies. To meet this, the companies went to the Legislature with the Humphrey bills. These bills, besides providing for "any other motive power," menaced the liberty of all Illinois towns to manage their own streets. Organised labour rose in protest. Lloyd prepared for the executive committee of the Chicago Federation of Labor an address to the Legislature which set forth the dangers threatening from these bills, and epitomised the whole relation between the people's rights and private usurpation in the contest then pending.

> In the name of the happiness, the property, and the liberty of the people of all classes of the present and posterity [the appeal ended], we protest against the passage of these bills and beg you, our representatives at Springfield, not to lay upon the living and the unborn these two "dead hands," of government by syndicates and of monopoly in perpetuity.

This address was circulated as a pamphlet by the Federation. An energetic campaign of the Citizens' Committee defeated the bills, but in a few weeks the companies went to the Legislature with the Allen bill containing the same features. When the rules of both Houses were violated to rush the bill through, public indignation expressed itself in mass meetings where

thousands of conservative citizens considered even physical means of staying the iniquity. When the Common Council of Chicago undertook to pass ordinances in favour of the companies under the law, the people arose in grim determination. They went to the City Hall with ropes, and called out their aldermen one by one. "This rope is for you," the aldermen were told. "Some of them wept," said Lloyd in writing of this, "but when they went back, they voted for the people."

When, therefore, in 1903 the companies' charters were again to expire, the city faced a clash between the citizens, determined to own their transportation, and the companies, equally firm in demanding a renewal of their franchises estimated as worth $60,000,000. The people were equipped for victory. Not only were they inspired by the enthusiasm to assert their sovereign right over their highways, but they had achieved a new power. They no longer needed to beg their representatives, for the advisory initiative and referendum had been won! The self-emancipation of Winnetka in 1896 had been followed by statute law in 1901 when the Illinois Legislature passed the Public Opinion Law, authorising a reference of three questions to popular vote when one quarter of the voters of the municipality demanded it. Although the result of this vote was not mandatory, but only advisory, it bore with it to the aldermen a moral obligation to obey. The people strengthened it by adding the Winnetka system of pledging candidates before election. By the first use of this initiative power, the people petitioned that the question of municipal ownership of street railways be referred at the election of April, 1902. The referendum resulted in a vote in its favour of five to one. They also possessed in the

new Mueller law the necessary legislative sanction for working out a municipal ownership programme. This law, the winning of which had again revealed to the people the lawlessness of their opponents, empowered cities of Illinois to own and operate street railways, enabled them to condemn the property and franchises of existing companies and by the law of eminent domain to force their surrender to the people at a fair price, and sanctioned the raising of the necessary funds by the issuance, subject to the approval of the voters, of bonds and certificates. The law could become operative only by a popular vote.

Thus were Chicago's citizens pressing forward to supremacy. They had declared five to one for municipal ownership of the traction. Mayor Harrison and a majority of the aldermen stood pledged to obey the people's will as expressed by referendum vote, and to pass no franchise ordinance unless so endorsed. The next step was to refer the Mueller law to the people. "Could they be brought into united action for that purpose?" queried Lloyd. He wrote to various progressive leaders, approaching each sympathetically, asking their views, setting forth the great opportunity of uniting all radicals in practical work. To the editor of the *Public*, he wrote:

> The fact that the traction ordinance must be submitted to the people gives us an opportunity that has not occurred before in any American municipality—nor in any municipality. Is it not feasible to form an opportune—but not opportunist—association under some title like Immediate Municipal Traction League to prepare at once to educate the public to reject any ordinance with a corporation snake in its belly? From any radical point of view or truly conservative one, it is absurd to allow the traction future of

Chicago to be developed into the hotch potch that private interest will make it. The tunnels, L lines, surface roads, that Chicago needs—the whole system—should be and can be developed only under the auspices of the whole municipal authority and self interest of the public. My letter in the *Tribune* will give you something of my position. I have just come East to settle my family at the seashore. But if there were any prospect for an opening of real work along this line I would come back. My argument before the Massachusetts Legislature will indicate to you my plans to get a great tactical advantage at the start—namely, to obtain immediate possession of all the roads through receivership on the ground that they are grossly derelict in their duty—have in fact violated their charter obligations. We can get plenty of legal opinions to sustain this procedure. Armies would spring out of the ground for us if we advocated *real politics* like this. . . .

I would suggest that such a work should be "a still hunt" at first, that we should secure the adhesion of some Ironside men—trade-unionists, socialists, municipal reformers, single-taxers—in the different parts of the city to enlist groups, and that we should do a good deal of the work of preparing material, laying out the plan of campaign, and all that, before showing a head or saying a word.

It was borne in on him more strongly every minute, he wrote to Mr. Salter, that more than the traction question was involved in the matter. He endeavoured to enlist the socialists and wrote among others to Debs, asking whether they could be brought to interest themselves in a question which though immediate could be made to illustrate their most ideal purposes. "I would be happy to help in such a work," said Lloyd. He wrote to Thomas J. Morgan:

The more I think about the traction situation the more inviting it appears. This arises from the fact that the

administration is pledged to submit the settlement to the vote of the people. Here is the greatest chance in the world to make the people see what an instalment of socialism would mean. It is also an unrivalled opening for teaching them by the realistic method what exploitation is, and how it is to be met. If "class-consciousness" and the "war of classes" are not brought into the territory of practical questions by this traction struggle, they never will be. How can socialism make for itself a better propaganda than by becoming the champion of the real interests of the people in a matter they know to be of vital moment? No other party will do this, and the socialists can at once step into a place where two millions of Chicagoans will know that they are the only party standing for the actual interests of the people. If the socialists will come out for immediate municipal ownership with immediate possession through an application by the city for a receivership of all the lines, . . . they will submit the only practical plans for harmonising, (1) immediate improvement of the service, with (2) ultimate development of the whole system, under, on, and above the streets, and beyond the present limits, in a harmonious plan. . . .

I would suggest for consideration whether for public and party reasons it would be better to make this, at the start, an ostentatiously socialist movement. Let leading labour men, single-taxers, socialists, Hull House reformers, etc., be enlisted if they are in favour of the main idea. The socialists will be sure to become the dominant element, and they will get their reward in a very great enlargement of their constituency—all over the country.

What do you think of this? The socialists would stand to win heavily, even if they lost the fight, as I suppose they would. And yet I am not sure. I think a negative vote might be got. . . .

To him the Socialist party seemed the people's natural champion in this crisis. "Certainly it has no

other," he said. But he encountered opposition from some of the party leaders, the extremists at that time dominating.

The quicker we reach our turning point [he said], the easier will be our victory. If we wait, as the extremists would do, until we are all made worms before we turn we are quite as likely to be trod out of existence as given a chance to turn. What do you think of this?

To a socialist who said "ten cents a day is all that the working man could possibly hope to gain by any solution of the traction question," he took special pains to reply:

I read your letter with the greatest interest. Let me state in detail why I regard the traction question as one of vital interest to the working men, including the brain-workers, and one which affords a most pertinent and timely issue for the socialists.

Municipal ownership would mean:

For the street car employees;

Better wages,

Shorter hours,

Other gains, and in so far as they were citizens,

Self-employment. They would continue wage-workers but wage-workers of the public of which they are a sovereign part.

For other employees a daily exhibit of this difference between public and private employment.

For the public;

1. Lower fares,
2. Better service,
3. The latest improvements,
4. Inclusion of public health, decency, distribution of population as elements to be considered in the development of the street car lines.

5. Removal of the corrupting influence of the street car millionaires in press, politics, pulpit, society, the clubs, the Common Council, etc.

6. Cutting out a link, and a most important one, in the chain of the private profit-seeking monopolies of public utilities, making the next step, as gas, that much easier.

7. Educating the public in the public ownership and operation of the "means of production, distribution, and exchange," and giving them confidence to proceed to other socialisations as light, land, houses, docks, manufacture of articles used by the city, and from that to manufacture of articles used by the citizens.

8. Enabling land values to be (1) modified as by enlargements of the loops, by extension into the country, by one city one fare rates; (2) socialised as by municipal experiments, like those in London and elsewhere in buying land, building houses,—another form of the "ownership and operation of the means of production, distribution, and exchange."

9. Bringing electric lighting and heating within practical reach, since the power plants could also furnish light and heat.

If socialism, unlike anything else ever heard of, can be got without a beginning, all this, of course, is irrelevant and impractical. But if we are to persuade and educate the people into the ownership and operation of the means of production, distribution, and exchange, what better place, and time, and industry could be presented than by this opportunity to agitate for the transfer to the public of that necessary of life—the transportation by which alone the 2,000,000 Chicago people are Chicago? Here is a movement in which every step towards socialisation is made easy for us. The industry presents in an aggravated form every evil of which the socialists complain in the modern situation, exploitation, corruption, monopoly. Every citizen is in touch with the evil, and by tens of thousands they can be

taught socialist doctrine and led to co-operate in socialist work. The saving of fares would be the smallest item in the list of benefits, but still a saving of $12 to $24 a year by every man, woman, and working child who uses the cars regularly is something, is it not? Our total federal tax is only $75 per capita. And the administration is pledged to submit the matter to popular vote. Here is our unique opportunity. Usually we are helpless, this time we can act.

The audiences that will not listen to discussions of such matters as this of traction, but demand "straight socialism," seem to me like the churches of the rich who will permit their preachers to give them only the "simple gospel."

If traction is not a good place to begin the agitation for the realisation of "straight socialism," where is there one?

I see that the representatives of the Social Democratic Federation are members of the Glasgow Workers Municipal Election Committee which has in charge the political side of the progressive socialisation of Glasgow. Are these members of the Social Democratic Federation not "straight socialists"?

I would have answered your letter sooner, but for an absence, and shall hope to hear from you at your first convenience, as to whether you think the Socialist party in Chicago is likely to take any part in this question.

This controversy apparently led him to turn an inward eye upon the articles of his faith, for he wrote:

I am gradually distilling a comprehension of my true classification as a political personality. I am an opportunist-revisionist-revolutionary socialist. How is that?

While he was considering whether his duty lay in entering the struggle, he received a call from Chicago. At a meeting on June 29 of delegates from labour

unions, Turner societies, and civic bodies organising to work for municipalisation of the street car lines, it was unanimously resolved to invite him to co-operate with its committees. He proceeded to study the question exhaustively. The forces impelling him to accept were strong. He was eager to start away at once from the grime and poverty of our present cities to the municipalisations which were, he said, "the first breath of a new spring of democracy." Through his utterances for years had run his belief that here was the most promising field for immediate effort. In the great cities the expanding democracy was first to manifest itself and within these "clearing-houses of thought and liberties" were evidently going to be wrought in miniature the greater national struggles. The beautiful city of the future had long been a vision in his imagination. He often alluded to these gleaming municipalities, noiseless, clean, combining the stimulus of the town and the serenity of the country.

> One has only to take what municipal co-operation would mean [he said], and develop it to its full significance through the farms for the unemployed, and the homes for the working men, to see that we have in the city the germ of the ideal community.

The mechanical means of transportation were, he said, already developed which would enable us to make our cities 150 miles in diameter with no point more than one hour from the centre, and to give us what all ought to have, "a city that shall be a garden, and a country that shall be a city." Thus through the control of their traction, he saw the beginnings whereby the people's life together might be regenerated in every way. Following the municipalisations to their inner and

higher meaning, he saw that they were the expressions of social love, experiments in applied Christianity, translations of the golden rule and of the saying: "Love thy neighbour as thyself." Only by such an interpretation could they be really understood, he said. For years, here as elsewhere, he had combated the statisticians and the political economists who were giving discouraging figures of the failure of municipal ownership. He refused to consider only the accountant's ledger. He demanded that all the figures be put in, the slow wearing away of the lives of tired men, women, and children, who must walk because they cannot afford to ride. "What is the political economy," he asked, "of the death-rate, the misery, and the deterioration of the tenement districts, congested because fares, and rates of speed, and numbers of cars run, are determined by the demand of stockholders for dividends, and a short-sighted demand at that—making less for itself than it might make?" Here, as always, the human side of the problem, unvisited by those labelled scientists, was to him the real one. Here, as always, was in his thought the heroic and patient struggles of the poor.

For these little working girls [he said in a Toledo lecture] (I don't suppose that in Toledo you let your little girls work, but we do in Chicago, and they do in Boston), the difference between what they have to pay the traction company there and what they have to pay in Toronto is roughly a half-month's wages in a year.

A friend recalling his last visit to him says:

We were conversing on the Chicago street car monopoly and tears came into your brother's eyes and his voice

trembled with emotion, as he spoke of the cruelty of taxing the thousands of poor sewing and working girls double what was necessary for their rides to and from their work to make a brutal Yerkes more than a millionaire.

The most important "statistics" were to him the revolt of the people against the intolerable results of private administration, and that creative consciousness which was revealing their new powers of co-operation. It was by these deeper forces of the people's aspirations that the question would in the end, he said, be settled.

These were the vistas which lay beyond his city's traction crisis, making it an irresistible opportunity. He began to see that he must accept the call. Of first importance seemed to him that the people thoroughly understand the situation. He found that no full survey existed, and set to work at once to write one. He sent far and wide for literature, even to Glasgow. "I gave him about fifty pounds of material," said a Chicago official. He began it the last of July and through the shining August days the leaves of this book were dropping upon his study table at Sakonnet. In its words may be seen the thoughts that were impelling him. He filled its pages with encouragement. He did this to counteract the many influences at work instilling in the people a distrust of themselves as having neither the ability nor the virtue for self-government. He recounted the devotion of officials and committees, but most remarkable of all, he said, had been the coming forward of the people to play a direct part, forming a Third House, principals supervising their representatives—"the legitimate lobby." In this they had intuitively comprehended what was being emphasised by the latest authorities on social science, that the

vast affairs of modern government cannot be managed by representatives alone, that there must be auxiliary organisations of the people to help prepare and execute the laws. Here again he found the people ahead of their professional guides, their officials and newspapers. Chicago's notable record gave it the leadership among American municipalities and did not justify the expectation of the traction interests that the people were going to be betrayed into any half reform. Moreover, in no other great city had the people been so equipped to know the whole history and abuses of their transportation.

Thus while it faced a contest with the worst traction situation in the world, morally and mechanically, Lloyd said that it did so with unparalleled powers. Great would be the import of its failure or success; the millionaires who were in possession of its streets were a combination of Chicago, Philadelphia, New York, and Boston men who were bringing into one control all the public utilities of all the great cities. They had been accurately described by one who called them "desperate men who make a business of playing for big game." It was necessary, Lloyd said, that the criminalities of the situation be frankly dealt with. In its encounter with these corporations Chicago was to be the champion of more than her own interests. Upon her would rest the fate of democracy in our country, "which is the hope of the democracy of the world." What was happening in Chicago was also transpiring in other large towns everywhere. It was, in fact, a world struggle between the trusts and the towns, of which London and Chicago were the storm centres. It was not only the same kind of power which was trying to smother the rising spirit of municipal democracy in England and America, but it was the power of the same

men—a group of American capitalists, many of them closely identified with Standard Oil interests, who were receiving as allies some men of high position in English affairs. Therefore he said that those who thought Chicago's crisis a simple matter would better wake up. When it was fully understood, it involved all of modern liberty.

The city had before it he said "the fight of its life for its life," and the united forces of the people had called for his help. He loved Chicago. For many years he had looked back wistfully to New York, the arena of his youth, with a feeling which he never lost, but Chicago had now become his city. He was wholly bound to its hopes and struggles, proud of its high degree of civic intelligence, elated by its brilliant prospects.

> Now we are to see whether there is such a thing as the people of Chicago, and whether it is a people fit to be free, and fit to lead others to be free. . . . If the city is to be saved, . . . it must save itself. . . . If the people are of the kind that can be fooled, betrayed, corrupted, they will find foolers and betrayers. If they want to do right, they will find leaders of righteousness.

In voting five to one for municipal ownership, they had declared their purpose. "This is a trumpet call for leaders who will lead." As soon as he decided that he would enter the struggle, he wrote to heads of progressive movements, municipal and national, to enlist their co-operation. He wrote to the chairman of the National Federation for Majority Rule:

> LITTLE COMPTON, R. I., Aug. 1, 1903.
>
> MY DEAR MR. SHIBLEY:
>
> I have tried very resolutely to renounce every form of activity but that connected with one or two books I have in

hand, but the situation is too much for me. The most important of these books proposed to show in full detail the municipal, cantonal, and national use of direct legislation in Switzerland. But I think I must leave my desk for a while, and join you and the others who are working on the practical application of this method in this country. Especially does the call seem urgent to me in Chicago in the traction question. A line of battle can be drawn up there which will be of far-reaching importance. The pivotal point of the Chicago situation is to compel the fulfilment of the pre-election pledges, and secure the submission of the questions, (1) of municipal ownership under the Mueller law and (2) of the issue of certificates to pay for the old and new lines. The heart of the traction future of Chicago lies in these referendums, and the establishment of the referendum habit. Everything else is easy, and all else will follow these. The unions, referendum league, radical societies are determined to make the fight. It is likely to be a memorable struggle. It will be all the monopolies against one municipality. I should be very glad to receive any suggestions that occur to you. Are you to be in Chicago soon? Or, where could you be seen?

To Professor Bemis he wrote:

The trade-unions, single-taxers, Turners, etc., of Chicago, have made up their minds to resist every scheme for renewing the franchises of our street car lines even temporarily. They have asked me to help and I do not see how I can decently refuse. Their position, as I understand it, is not precisely immediate ownership, but "nothing but municipal ownership." Their special fear is that under cover of extension ordinances, new contracts may be made with the companies by which the points of vantage held under the old contracts will be lost. They will demand that all proposed ordinances be submitted to popular vote which will almost certainly defeat them and that, pending the

ultimate decision of the question, the companies remain in charge under sufferance. When the city hall finds the public resolute to have nothing but municipal ownership, the opinion is that the officers will begin to make a real study of the rights of the people and to use the legal resources as the police power for making the companies understand that the public rights must be fully met. Personally, I believe, and good lawyers believe—I do not, you will note, say other good lawyers—that every street railroad and public service company's charter could be forfeited for mis-user or non-user, or both. A perfectly frank exposition of the law on this subject would probably help both public opinion and corporation opinion. Just now, press and public opinion in Chicago are laughing at the attitude of the working men on this question of municipal ownership, and even Sikes styles it "crazy." It will be my effort to make it seem solid and sane. . . . The working men will never consent to renewal.

He wrote to Walter L. Fisher expressing a desire to discuss the terms and scope of the Mueller bill, and to various traction specialists and lawyers. He endeavoured to stiffen the faith of progressives who advocated short-term franchises as more "feasible" and argued that while the people voted for municipal ownership they would not make sacrifices for it. He resolved to lead under no demands short of the radical programme.

I want to report progress [he wrote to Thomas J. Morgan on August 9]. I am hard at work digesting the traction documents. I find them nearly as indigestible as Mr. Morgan's (J. Pierpont—not Thos. J.) securities. But I am making progress. The problem I find is more complicated than I thought. . . . I think I shall be in Chicago in about a fortnight. . . .

To friends coming and going through Watch House Lloyd gave the usual impression of leisure and tranquillity. Only occasionally in a chance remark did there escape hints of that intense feeling which he was writing each day into his treatise. In these he showed that his spirit of resistance was aroused and that he was determined to go to Chicago to fight the question out. There was evidence of a higher state of excitement than ever before. He realised that he was to meet "the old enemy" now at close quarters in a concrete struggle. He did not conceal his opinion of the possibilities enfolded in this contest. More dangerous and more destructive than foreign invaders, he said, were these foes of our own household, who have "surreptitiously, treasonably, corruptly, possessed themselves of our property, our government, our rights."

As often as others they are honourable and kindly in their homes,—but in their "business" they have no virtue to spare. . . . Their only transportation enthusiasm is to transport our money into their pockets. . . . They are the modern buccaneers who rob at home. . . . They have no honour an honest people can negotiate with. The Chicago fire was a blessing compared to them, . . . disloyal parasites, bent to nullify any law, ignore any public opinion, and destroy any individual that interferes with their privileges and monopolies. . . . These men are what we have made them. But they are what they are and we must get rid of them. That promises the greatest struggle yet made by the American democracy. Municipal ownership of the street cars is only the firing line. Behind the traction monopoly are all the public service monopolies of Chicago, and behind them all the public service monopolies of the United States and beyond.

Judge Grosscup, who represented the traction interests, had already threatened the use in their defence of the Federal troops and all the power behind them. On the people's side Lloyd declared that complaisance and illusion were no longer in place. None knew better than he the passions that were smouldering and which might at any moment leap into flame. So fearful was he of such a catastrophe, so eager not to breathe a word that might turn men's thoughts toward brutal force, that he cut out of his traction manuscript the use, merely as an illustration, of the reference to a warship. Now and then, perhaps three times altogether, he alluded to the possibility that he might not come out of the struggle. "I may never come back," he said with a half laugh. "This may kill me." Towards the end of the month continued strain began to tell upon his now depleted strength. He became noticeably very tired, but refused to rest. Up to the eve of his departure he was drafting the treatise. On the twenty-sixth he telegraphed to the Committee:

> Finish first draft Saturday, Chicago Monday, doubt wisdom general meeting until private conference unless it meets to recommend utilise Labour Day gathering to get signatures demand immediate submission Mueller Bill.

On Saturday evening I helped to arrange the manuscript preparatory to his departure, and I was much impressed by the intensity with which my brother, taking my arm and walking up and down, over-thanked me for the little service I had rendered. "You did it not only for me," he said, "you did it for the cause." Very early Monday morning he was ready to leave. He went into the room of his mother, who was then visiting at Watch House. He was apparently stirred

by deep emotion. He spoke of the future which even, at her age, still opened, and advised her to be with her grandchildren as much as possible, and to take comfort in them. He quoted the words of one who said that a man's mother watches over him lovingly all his life, and when he dies she is in heaven waiting for him. "We 'll meet there," she said, and he answered, in sympathy with her thought, "Yes, we 'll meet there." "Take care of your health, Henry," she said, as he stood in the open door. "I give my life as a sacrifice," he said—his last words to her. The door closed and he was gone. "A soul lent to us from Paradise," she said afterward.

We were waiting for him, down at the dock, where the little steamer was loading. There was as much ado about starting as if it had been a great ocean flyer. "They know how we like to say good-bye," he said to me, "they make it as long as possible." Whereupon, as I, little realising the depth of his thought, took this remark playfully, he gave me a long, sad look, such as I shall never forget, and then the boat moved off, and was soon speeding over the sea, bearing him away forever from us and from his beautiful Sakonnet shore. Westward again as in youth, but with what a different mien; perhaps now as full of real hope as then, but a quiet hope brooding over a far horizon.

He arrived in Chicago September 1, and plunged with characteristic fervour into the work, becoming the adviser and leader of the Chicago Federation of Labor, a union of 428 labour organisations. He found the movement in peril; a secret plot was being hatched, which, if allowed to mature, would defer municipal ownership for nearly another generation. He spent his first week planning the way out of this dilemma.

Chicago was, as he described it, "boiling hot," and he was weary and nervously exhausted, but his efforts did not flag.

"I am absolutely appalled at the responsibility which the working men have placed upon me," he wrote to his wife in Sakonnet. The gravity of the crisis did not lessen on a near view.

I think our little matter will kindle a great fire [he wrote to his sister]. . . . The traction situation develops slowly but ominously. We are up against the money power with no such advantage of geographical and sectional delimitation as helped the antagonists of the slave power. . . . I have not seemed somehow to be quite up to par since coming West, but Chicago . . . with its . . . dust and noise is no doubt in part responsible.

Fortunately there were friendly refuges. There was the empty apartment at the Pickwick, 2001 Michigan Avenue, which had been the home of his wife's mother, where he could retreat to the room associated for years with his wife. There was also, in the quiet of Winnetka, a happy shelter at the Half-wayside, the new home of his son William Bross and his bride, opposite the Wayside. There was also the open hearth and heart of Hull House. When the first tempestuous days of studying the wiles of the enemy and helping to mobilise the forces of resistance began to terminate in the lull of a settled plan of action, he appeared at Hull House.

September 13, 1903. . . . Behold me now an "inmate" of Hull House. I have been regularly taken in as only Hull House can do it, and I can stay as long as I want to. It has nuns, but it 's not a nunnery, it has monks, but it is not

a monastery. What shall we call it? It 's a most delightful place. I suspect it might easily make good its claim to be the best club in Chicago. It 's a club that can accomplish the impossible for other clubs—the free association of men and women under the same roof. No other club I ever saw had as bountiful a dining-room. My bedroom has a south and west outlook on the only enclosed court of greenery I know of in Chicago—a spot like many of the nooks we find so charming in London. It has a sod and shrubs and trees, every blade and leaf of which Miss Addams has personally conducted in their contest for survival with Chicago soot and dirt. . . . Miss Addams was one of the people whose advice counted for most in deciding whether to take hold of this municipal question. When I asked her what she thought of the effort, she said at once so decisively that "it ought to be tried" that I made up what little mind I had, then and there. . . . The municipal ownership question I find even more important and more critical than I had expected. It has already passed beyond the stage of a debate about street railways to the question of the existence of any right of self-government whatever. I find a well-developed plot far advanced by the "Reform" Common Council to place the city permanently under the traction monopoly—and that under pretence of municipal ownership. I have spent the last ten days studying the practical side of the matter. Whether the people can be aroused looks dubious. I asked the janitor of the Atheneum last night if the people he met cared much about m. o. of the street cars. He said they did, but "did not dare to express themselves." "Why not?" He wound his fingers together with a very significant twist, and replied, "Because the great capitalists are all interlocked. . . ."

"He never seemed sweeter or more attractive to me," said Mr. Bowles, who saw Lloyd in Chicago at this time. Toward the middle of the month his exhausted physique began to break. He developed influenza, but the

contest was now reaching a critical stage, and he pressed on. By Saturday the nineteenth he was ill in bed, but arose in the evening to make a speech at a meeting of the Municipal Ownership Delegate Convention. He presented to them his "Traction Emergency Call," succinctly outlining the programme,—the last of the many sets of resolutions which he had all his life been drafting for lovers of freedom. This was adopted and subsequently circulated as a leaflet. The next afternoon he wrote to his wife:

Sept. 20, 1903, 4.30 P.M., Sunday.
THE PICKWICK.

Here I am sitting by a little fire Annie has made in the S. W. room in your Pickwick. I have slept almost continuously for 36 hours, except that I had to get up last night to go to a meeting—just had to, no matter what the headache or the cold might say. This morning I am all right. The headache has reached the dwindling point, and the cold has "set" in my bronchial region, and nothing now remains but to wear it out. Yesterday while I was lying in bed an organ grinder [was] playing some of the tunes the children have made Watch House so gay with. I lay blessing you for the passionate and successful eagerness of your home-making. How you have scattered happiness and joy from your hands! We all call you blessed. Your refuge here has been my salvation in this little pull. . . . To-day I have to go to the Federation of Labor to speak, and after that I think I shall go to the Halfwayside, and probably stay over Monday for a good rest. . . .

That evening he again left the sick-room to attend the meeting of the Chicago Federation of Labor, a service destined to be the last of his life. He sat on the draughty stage enveloped in his overcoat and looking very ill, so said Jane Addams. He laid before the

Federation the scheme which was imperilling municipal ownership of the traction lines.

A scheme has already been arranged [he said], by which within the next eight weeks the control of your traction system goes into the hands of a syndicate forever. The terms of the franchise bill prepared by the Council's committee are so arranged that when twenty years are up a renewal is a practical necessity. Read Judge Grosscup's communication to the receivers of the Union Traction Company and you will see that there is no chance for municipal ownership.

Unless the citizens insist upon the rights given by the Mueller bill to vote upon municipal ownership we shall see unified control of the traction system in the hands of one syndicate. This syndicate is allied with that controlling the city's gas, and is already reaching out for the waterworks. This means that we shall have a unification of the public utilities in the grasp of a few men.

He submitted his "Traction Emergency Call,"[1] with an added resolution, namely, that the Federation urge its delegates and members of their respective unions to proceed in a body Monday evening, September 28, to call on the Mayor and Council at their regular meeting and present their demands. This was adopted and it was voted that Lloyd should head the delegation and present the demands.

After the meeting his co-workers, seeing his condition, urged him to drive home in a carriage instead of in the windy open car, but he said that he would go in the car as the others did. Monday's rest at the Halfway-side was not sufficient, and on Tuesday Willis J. Abbot, who was in the city helping with the work, found him ill at the Pickwick and insisted upon his

[1] See Appendix.

having a doctor and a nurse. On Wednesday pneumonia was diagnosed. "You must get me well by to-morrow," he said to the doctor. "I 've got to speak at a meeting and I cannot disappoint them." He would not allow word to be sent to his family, but on Thursday telegrams were sent. It was not until Saturday that his wife could reach him. "You bring the fresh air of Sakonnet with you," he said.

Only a few words have come to us from these last hours of torture. Through his delirium and his conscious hours he was talking of the traction question, of the contest in which he longed to be working again. "All I had done in my life was leading up to this," he said bitterly, "*and it was going through.*" He spoke of the fifteen years of work which he had planned. A friend brought him a newspaper clipping bearing the news that the citizens of Toledo had invaded their Council Chamber with ropes and threatened the aldermen with hanging if they passed a municipal franchise then pending. He was startled by Lloyd's exclamation of satisfaction. "Good!" he said, turning painfully on his bed. "Good!" he said in substance, for the exact words cannot be recalled; "the American people will fight when it is required. Is n't it hard that I should be laid here helpless at such a time as this?" He turned over to his son the manuscript of his traction treatise with the request that it be placed at the disposal of those who should take his place. "It was the last two speeches that did it," he said, "*but I 'd do it again!*" No one can enlist in a great cause and not face the possibility of giving it his life. This consciousness is ever beside him. By continual smaller sacrifices of leisure, friendship, money, he daily strengthens his purpose to be ready, if necessary, to pay the last tribute of all.

But to few comes the heroic summons. Helpless on a bed of agony, all that Lloyd could in his last moment offer was this testimony of an unlimited devotion—"but I 'd do it again!" By these words the love of a lifetime fulfilled itself. In them breathes the spirit which must inspire all the people, if they are to prevail. "In this readiness to die," he had said years before, "lies folded every loyalty of life."

All day Sunday was one of agony, but bravely borne, with consideration for all. "He had remarkable courage and control over himself," said his doctor, "and although he was very sick almost from the start, one could easily see the power in the man." When Monday's dawn began to break, Lloyd said, "This cannot last many minutes longer," and when the light shone full, about seven o'clock, "This means go. I feel the ashes on my brow." With the endearing name of his wife on his lips he died.

Chicago breakfasting at that hour read in the papers of the lively meeting which was expected that night—for it was September twenty-eighth—when the City Council was to resume its sittings, and "Henry D. Lloyd and his cohorts," a large delegation from the Municipal Ownership Delegate Convention, were to be there to protest and demand, a procedure denounced in advance as an attempt to intimidate the councilmen.

In the evening, the gallery of the Council Chamber was crowded with citizens drawn out by the call of the Federation of Labor. They sat watching in quiet dignity and sorrow, acting upon the situation by the silent pressure of their presence, presenting no petition, making no demands, for the man who was to have headed the delegation, and to whom this matter had

been the supremest interest, did not come. He stirred neither hand nor foot, lay uncaring, unconscious. Such is death. "Only death," a friend said, "could have conquered his brave soul."

In respect to his memory, no word of traction was spoken, but when the Council had adjourned, his co-workers held a meeting and put on record a minute telling of his recent work. They spoke of his faith that the people, if they knew the exact conditions, would demand but one settlement—immediate municipal ownership. "The friends of municipal ownership," the minute said, "who have been working with Mr. Lloyd in this matter are forced to feel that this valuable life was sacrificed in this cause—a veritable martyrdom."

"Remember I am to be buried where I fall," he had said once or twice when he mentioned the subject, and it was also his expressed wish that there be no funeral. So only a few friends came to look upon him where he lay embowered with vines and flowers from his beloved Winnetka, and at his feet the golden-rod and asters which we gathered for him from the sweet fields of Sakonnet. We looked upon him who had been the eager boy sowing seed, the radiant young reformer, and now the resolute apostle of love and justice laid low, and marvelled again at death. And when we gathered around him for the last minutes that even his lifeless form might be with us, his father, then eighty-six years old, who had come from Sakonnet, read again the Bible verses which he had so often read to the boy, and his beloved friend, William M. Salter, spoke the tribute of a close spiritual kinship, and thus did the inspiration of the old and the new religion meet above him. "Move on, then, friend, move on through the

years and be glad that they are taking you," said Mr. Salter, as we looked last upon him, "move on through life and be not afraid—yes, move on through death, face pain, loss, contradictions, sundering of all earthly ties; move on through all, and hope with the hope of children of a boundless universe."

It had been his wish to be cremated, and as his body slowly descended Mr. Salter read the poem:

"Calmly, calmly, lay him down,
He hath fought the noble fight;
He hath battled for the right;
He hath won the unfading crown."

His ashes lie by the Winnetka church whose spire was such a feature from the Wayside windows. A boulder brought from the grounds of Watch House marks the spot. Thus he left us whirling on "in the rapids of a new era," looking longingly back to him for help and guidance. There was little flourish of fame's banners, but here and there all over the world statesmen, lovers of justice, students, working men and women, many who never saw him, felt a loneliness descend upon them, and then a new elevation of spirit from the memory of his goodness.

He had not been a conspicuous figure. He had been "entertained unawares," but upon his death he seemed suddenly revealed to the country as one of its first citizens. His spirit began to shine afar. All classes bore tribute to him who had shown sympathy with all. Individuals and organisations and the press honoured him in words of adoration. The flag of his village hung at half-mast, the charters of the anthracite miners were draped for thirty days, and the miners were offi-

cially adjured to read his works. Nowhere was he more sincerely mourned than in New Zealand, as Premier Seddon bore testimony in his closing address to Parliament.[1]

A memorial meeting was arranged by his friends and members of the following organisations: the United Mine Workers of America, the American Federation of Labor, the United Turner Societies, the Chicago Federation of Labor, the Village Council of Winnetka, Typographical Union No. 16, Municipal Ownership Delegate Convention, the Henry George Association, Hull House, and Chicago Commons. To this meeting, held in the Chicago Auditorium, November twenty-ninth, and of which the miners offered to pay the expenses, thousands came to bear testimony of affection and gratitude. Their spokesmen were Judge Edward F. Dunne in the chair, Edwin D. Mead, Samuel M. Jones, John Mitchell, Jane Addams, Clarence S. Darrow, and Tom L. Johnson, while the German singing societies sang in his honour. In Winnetka the Town Meeting was made a memorial service. Addresses were given by the Rev. Jenkin Lloyd Jones, whose pastoral work had begun in that village thirty-three years before, Frederick Greeley, friend and neighbour, and the Rev. Quincy L. Dowd, his co-worker in inspiring Winnetka's civic ideals.[2]

When the Chicago Council assembled at its next meeting, there were present again in the gallery the delegation with its petition. With them was Mrs. Lloyd and her eldest son, William Bross Lloyd.

[1] See Appendix.

[2] The proceedings of the memorial meetings are privately printed in pamphlet form.

Judge William Prentiss presented the petition amid great enthusiasm and the Council ordered the drafting of an ordinance to provide for the adoption of the Mueller Act. This was a long step forward toward their goal, said the people then. Mrs. Lloyd's purpose in being there is best described in a letter to Mr. Pinner: "I am trying hard to live in the only way to bear the sorrow nobly, worthily of the great man I have lived with in perfect happiness for so many years, to work without ceasing for the precious causes to which he gave his life." One of her first acts was to publish Lloyd's treatise, *The Chicago Traction Question*, in pamphlet form. There were other plans which it was her hope to carry on. But long since broken in health and with her spirit now too shattered, she was not able long to follow this high aim, and on December 29, 1904, she, too, died.

Very valiant was the contest which the people waged with their traction enemies. Lloyd's spirit was with them. To him the inner meaning of sacrifice was a making holy. The revelation of the great love which animated him still further hallowed the cause to his co-workers. "I cannot but feel," wrote Ida Tarbell, "that Henry Lloyd's tragic death gave an entirely new trend to the fight for municipal ownership in Chicago, making it a sacred cause to many who until then had viewed it merely as an alternative, a weapon, or an alluring theory."[1] The Municipal Ownership Delegate Convention resolved to make the movement a memorial to him. By recommendation of the Chicago Federation of Labor, thousands of copies of his pamphlet were given to union men that they might under-

[1] "How Chicago is Finding Herself," *American Magazine*, November, 1908.

stand the enormity of the crime about to be attempted against them and their children's children. With magnificent spirit the citizens arose to save the city, watching their officials with unceasing vigilance, exercising their sovereign right in the initiative and referendum. Defeat, betrayal, did not exhaust or dismay. Once, twice, six times, seeing the city's lines about to be given over to the traction company, did they by heroic effort draw monster petitions and achieve by the requisite number of signatures the referring of the issues to the vote of the people. One petition reached 300,000 signatures in two weeks, another with its half-mile length wound on a great wheel was drawn by four white horses and borne with triumphal music to the City Hall, where it halted to speak with eloquent warning to Mayor and Council. The currents of protest and sovereignty revealed themselves to be strong in the citizens as, swept from victory to betrayal, from hope to despondency, they rose again and pressed forward. The earnest woman, Margaret Haley, who after an impassioned plea to the aldermen, sat down in tears, might well be said to typify Chicago. For in the last act of the tragedy, the people were outwitted. Long ordinances, "lawyers' masterpieces," full of provisos and exceptions, impossible to understand, cunningly devised to appear favourable to municipal ownership, were submitted to popular vote. The people, confused, passed them by a small majority of 33,000. Thus did Chicago, granting more to the companies than had been dreamed of in the beginning, bind herself to virtually perpetual monopoly and hand over her traction question worse confounded to baffle coming generations. What Lloyd feared in his prophetic fervour came to pass. But his words lead us onward:

We had rather fail seventy times seven with the people and succeed at the last, than succeed without the people at the first attempt. What is done by the people lasts forever.[1]

[1] Note-book, 1903.

CHAPTER XXVII

"FAREWELL AND HAIL!"

SUCH a life is immortal in time. Not lost, but eternalised by the change called death, and written for ever in the pages imperishable. Its inspiration will continue in ever increasing power. Loving hearts in all the lands where he has journeyed will run forward to lift up the banner dropped from lifeless hands; and others again, till it waves over a world redeemed from the curse of selfishness and glorified in the light and life of love. O blessed friend and brother—friend of man, friend of God; farewell and hail![1]

The life we have surveyed shows a remarkably consistent progression. The atmosphere of the times was, as he said, dark, distorted, confusing, wherein men were vainly trying to argue out a sunlit, harmonious scheme of truth. His clear-eyed genius early found the central truth of the needs of the time—the extension of brotherhood to industry—and with it squared all his deeds and aspirations. In him was illustrated Emerson's saying that "the first measure of a mind is its centrality, its capacity for truth and its adhesion to it."

"Eras show their last stages by producing men who sum up individually the characteristics of the mass,"

[1] Lines written by Dr. H. W. Thomas, independent preacher of Chicago, for the memorial meeting to Mr. Lloyd.

Lloyd said of the trust magnates. Even so do coming eras send forth their heralds, incarnations of the new nobility which is to become the common heritage. Of such was Lloyd, myriad-hearted, holding in his imagination the sufferings of nations, giving his life to save. In him was justified Emerson's saying: "Follow the great men and you shall see what the world has at heart in these ages." He was indeed a representative man. In his soul as in still waters, the era was reflected. Its struggles and aspirations played upon him, its good currents ran through his personality. He was alive with its resistance to tyranny, instinct with its new human brotherliness, lighted by its divine aspiration looking even to the millennial dawn. His life was contemporaneous with the rapid rise of the two opposing phalanxes in the modern crisis. In his childhood millionaires were almost unknown in America: when he died one hundredth of the population, according to the statistics, owned nine tenths of the nation's wealth. The evils confronting the crusader were more complex, more obscured than ever before in history. He had the clear insight, the persistent conscience needed. His was the vision of the pure in heart. He never lost his way to the great truth, was never befogged in his own statistics. He himself was, as he said of Wesley, "a religious genius and could detect that sin of sins,—hatred of brothers—in any new disguise of greed."

His personality was happily so proper an expression of his spirit that men and women loved him at first sight. Some who saw him only once spoke of him ever after with a kind of exaltation. Many loved him who never saw him, as one who said, "I never had the unspeakable joy of looking upon his face."

The first time I saw and heard him was at a Ministers' Institute in Concord, Massachusetts [wrote one]. I shall never forget his face—so full of light, that beautiful warm light one finds it so pleasant to look at,—"kindly light"—that is what I mean, shining always like a constant sun, warming one through and through and compelling trustful, happy, hopeful things to grow within one in very dark and cheerless places. Others must have said these very things about your brother; but you must also let me say them. Such faces as his are only too rare in this care-burdened time, and when we see one we like to keep looking at it just for the pure pleasure of it. Most men are looking down . . . hoping to find something, but here was a man who must have found years ago the thing most worth finding—the gleam of it shone through his face, as any one might see even from a distance, not knowing him personally, as was the case with me.

He was continually described as an aristocrat in appearance, though, as one happily put it, "the kind of aristocrat which democracy breeds." He had what Emerson calls "the fine garment of behaviour." "We think of that knightly figure and of that patrician manner of his as of some Sir Philip Sidney," said a friend. There was something about the way in which his noble head with its mane of whitened hair was poised on his slender youthful body which suggested the majesty of the man. "He seemed like a leader in appearance," said William Dean Howells. He bore himself with the easy confidence of a man of the world who has known life's opportunities and his very presence in parlours, clubs, lecture rooms, even when championing an unwelcome cause, was an instantaneous argument for his side. Even bitter opponents felt his lovable nature, revered his bravery and sincerity.

Indeed he used to say that it was a great mistake to meet your enemies because you always ended by loving them. The tribute of a friend is typical:

> Differing from him in my opinion as to his methods of trying to help mankind, I loved, admired, and respected him always; and when I saw his good and beautiful face, felt that no man was better, no man gentler, and no man had warmer sympathies; and turned to my small tasks with greater hope and strength and courage.

His character held the brilliancy of a race which had been flowering in the soil of New World opportunities. He had the extra touch of energy with which Europeans credit the Americans; the proud scope of his plans, the freedom of his outlook, the fascinating contrast of his qualities, all might be thus traced. If one wanted to wander into the uncertain realm of race characteristics, one might follow these to their springs of origin and say that he had the French style with its wit and mastery of epigram, the profound religious bias of the American-born Dutch, Saxon sense, Welsh fire and imagination, the Frieslander's love of liberty, the Walloon talent hesitating under self-distrust, above all the passion for freedom which flowed into his nature from all sides.

Perhaps his most determining mental quality was his imagination, and his distinguishing achievement that he brought it into a walk of life where men of imagination seldom linger. With it he illumined "the dismal science" and humanised the statistics of business. It gave him that sympathy with an enemy's point of view whereby he could gently lead him truthward. It made him see others' opportunities, so that he was continually prodding even casual acquaintances to increased endeavour. "He urged me to study sten-

ography," said the daughter of an English knight. "He made me a golden rule man," said Samuel Jones. It would be impossible to gather the cloud of witnesses to this stimulus, the nameless service of all beneficent careers. How often he met disappointment, spurring or warning in vain, doomed to watch the slow realisation of what he would have prevented! This was peculiarly the emphasis fate put upon his career and that helped to weary and discourage him. "I sometimes think I will never advise any one again," I heard him say.

It was this imagination which helped him to attain that balance so rare in one who has swept from old moorings into the open sea of extreme radicalism. Internationalism did not make him less an American. In personal conduct he kept a nice balance between egoism and altruism, between the claims of the body and the soul. In his passion for humanity, he never lost the tender solicitude for his own circle. His charming friend Major Huntington wrote to him: "I congratulate myself on having found a philanthropist whose wide embrace is not too narrow to include his friends." Some reformers said "Work for certain men," others said "Work for principles," he said "Work for both"; some preached to regenerate individuals, others institutions, he said both. He saw not only capital and labour in our present strife, but the poor people in between, "the folks who are only folks."

Ever weighing, balancing, he was long in reaching a decision, consulting men on all sides, for to stern independence of thought he united a sensitive impressibility. When he was chaffed for being undecided he declared that he was not so. "I take a long time to make up my mind," he said, "but when I have once decided I do not waver." One reason for this hesitancy was his

extreme caution. He continually prefigured dangers, and ran no risks. Thus he was often filled with what seemed to those less parallel with events an exaggerated solicitude. Yet he moved with gentleness and composure. With sympathy and tact realising that others were not specialists and did not see, knowing that discouragement was paralysing, he controlled the consternation which at times overwhelmed his spirit, and often clothed with grace, even playfulness, his most sinister forebodings. The magnitude of the people's peril, the large measure of his feeling of responsibility toward it, overwhelmed him with work. Yet no trait was more noticeable than his apparent leisure, as if he had at his command the hours of the gods. As a rule he gave the impression of a man sustained by a heavenly calm. The faster the events converged to a crisis, the more serene became his outlook, for that same clear vision which saw the impending struggle revealed to him the coming peace.

This serenity and control had not been easily won, for he knew how to hate. Rarely and to the surprise even of intimate associates there burst forth a volcanic wrath. In writing of his Christliness of character, a friend said:

> It was a Christliness manly and chivalrous in its consideration and tenderness, with an instinct for searching out where and how and when a service could be most delicately and helpfully rendered and rendered without any thought of return; and at the same time, it was a Christliness that could flame into a wrath that was positively blasting and shrivelling to its object. It was also a wrath that was beautiful to behold. There is somewhere a tradition of an old revolutionary soldier, who . . . declared that George Washington swore like an angel from heaven; swore until

the leaves on the trees shook, and that never before or since had swearing been so enjoyed by a listener. I have on more than one occasion seen what I call Henry D. Lloyd's essential Christliness express itself within a space of five minutes in extreme and chivalrous tenderness and a wrath that simply scorched the ground before it.

Firm, intrepid, with courage to condemn the evils of the present, he could never be said to have had one silent moment from lack of bravery. Early in life he counted the cost and did not flinch, faced even the possibility of ingratitude from the class he was trying most faithfully to serve. "So fearless, so disdainful of pleasing," said a friend.

The contrast between his equipment and the modesty of his bearing was charming. All who met him were impressed by the importance he placed upon their ideas and the diffidence with which he offered his own. He demanded of society and his fellows no exemption from minor duties because of his larger service, asked no special privileges, had not the effrontery to be erratic, but moved inconspicuously about his duties, as exact, as helpful in little ways as in wide. The master of a style full of dynamic power, brilliant with epigram and imagery, he was ready at any moment to subordinate it to a mere recital of fact. For his inner motive was one altogether lovely—a determination to help, inspired by a passion for humanity. "Introducing Henry D. Lloyd, lover of the human race," were the words that came from the pen of Professor William James when asked for a letter. In his soul was the vision of the sum of humanity, striving, defrauded, bending under burdens too heavy to bear. His words were sighs of pity,—"the poor people"—"the people poor and

defeated." He longed to help them, to put his arm about them, to lead them into peace.

Wide in sympathy, just, unprejudiced, his position was unique. Standing against the immediate interests of his own class and with the working class, he was yet pre-eminently the friend of the whole people. Few men command respect and love from so great a range of opinion, from all walks of life, and in all countries. Especially did there gravitate to him the fine spirits in all lands working for a better day. Sometimes he met them in person, and over the restaurant table, in the corridors of parliaments, in their homes, or strolling over fields they surveyed the great international problems. At other times they poured out their hearts to him in letters. Very inspiring is it to read his correspondence, and feel the thrill from spirit to spirit, the world over, of the rising tide of fervour for human emancipation. His morning mail must often have startled him with its expressions of kinship from those whom he had never seen. "Dear Stranger-Friend," said one. They called to him "bravo" and "God bless and spare you long." Their words put courage and fire into his efforts, filled his pen with the currents of life. In spite of all this he stood alone among men with no near heart friend. The inner depths of his personal life no soul knew.

While the salvation of all, even of those enjoying the harvest of social misdeeds, illumined his work, he felt an infinite tenderness toward the class in immediate desperate need. When society stood aloof from those who were weary and grimy in its service, and refused to impute to them the love of cleanliness, of home, of education, here was a man who stepped to their side with respect and sympathy. He was an honorary

member of Typographical Union No. 16. It was a characteristic act of his, that of refusing an invitation to speak at the Twentieth Century Club in Boston in order to address a meeting of working girls. To the workers he offered in true modesty all his equipment, deeming it too small a tribute. In their depression he gave them courage, speaking always the uplifting word; for he had a sustaining faith in them. "Their life is a gospel," he said. "They are the hope of the world, not because they are necessarily better than others, but because by numbers and position they are incorruptible." He believed that their courses were in the main righteous. When leading statesmen and governors knew nothing about the great movements among the people, he knew more than the people themselves. This differentiates him from the men of vast power of his time, this reverence for the movements originating among the obscure people, this sympathetic observation of their troubles and aspirations. Among them he heard the first whispers of the new conscience "murmuring and humming," as he said, "in the by-ways and endless passages of the multitude preached only by the despised to the despised."

Throughout his life their tributes were his triumphs. "Us proletariats," wrote one, "will hope to return your services some day." "With him," writes another, "I lost all my feeling of class distinction and antagonism, all doubt and bitterness was gone and in its place perfect confidence. All differences of culture and refinement in contrast with the manners and language of the factory lad was merged in the purest simplicity and limitless goodness." He had been tried and not found wanting. When they chose him to represent their class they sometimes feared that one so removed

from their lives might not adequately represent their case, but to their surprise his arguments fitted perfectly. The story of the people is heavy with disappointment. One by one leaders prove weak or false. In him labour throughout the country, even beyond, felt that it had an incorruptible ally. After his American tour, John Burns said that Lloyd seemed the one person whom everybody trusted. "All our members," wrote one, "who had the pleasure of meeting you when you were here before have a very kindly feeling for you, and some of us have kept track of you since, and we know that you are all right." "I know and those associated with me in the labour movement know," wrote another, "that we love and trust you implicitly. And don't forget that there are thousands of our helpless and hopeless fellow countrymen and women who are depending on you to assist in this grand fight." "Continue thou faithful to the end," said another. This he did, pressing ever forward into the heat of the struggle, and no act or thought of his life indicates that he would ever have failed them in their hour of need.

He was not himself conscious of nobility in his motives. He said that he was not so much doing his duty as trying to find out "how it is." He had a passion for truth-seeking that was like the hound's for the scent of the trail. He was not a man crying out because he was hurt or lacking his share; none of those incentives spurred him without which it is ordinarily taught that men will not work. The doors to possession, pleasure, power, fame stood open. But he entered not. He left all and deliberately stepped to the side of battle and poverty, of insults, tears, and hopes deferred, where were no prizes but the reward

of duty done. He chose the narrow way under the banner of the miserable. While the people were too busy, too burdened even to note their increasing bondage, he stood on guard for them, inviolable, undaunted.

The day may come when such a nature instead of wearing itself out in combat and repression will be joyously summoned into the councils of power. On rare occasions, in moments of depression or fatigue, he gave a hint of the loneliness of his position, of his longing to cease strife. "I sometimes feel," he wrote to a friend, "as if I were out on the firing line, but such appreciative words as yours make me feel less lonely." Among the clippings which he saved is one which seems to have an indirect bearing on his own career. It relates to Jeremy Bentham, whose life was devoted to the public needs of his time. "He was a great man, whose conceptions have been largely accepted," it reads, "but, because he was not a minister, or a soldier, or even a member of Parliament, his services are remembered only by a few." So with Lloyd. All those splendid qualities of heart and mind, which might have made him a deliverer in a crisis, spent themselves in modest and faithful service during a formative period.

Over his writing table at Sakonnet hung a photograph of Daniel French's bas-relief in which the sculptor with chisel uplifted in work feels the hand of Death grasping his own. Even so was he cut off in the afternoon of life, with many hours of work yet before dark. For the immediate future, he intended to continue his tours as a democratic traveller and to put together more journalistic books to bring quickly to the people the news of their progress. He was already looking up bicycle roads and other travellers' hints for such a

quest in Egypt. He intended to go to India, to the Philippines, to bring to the English and American people the truth about the injustice of their administrations. He was at once to write into a book, "The Swiss Sovereign," his story of the Swiss democracy. The material lay ready on his desk. The task was undertaken by his friend, the distinguished English economist John A. Hobson, who, treating reverently Lloyd's notes, made them into a book in 1907, called *A Sovereign People.* Despite the difficulties of the task Mr. Hobson produced a valuable work but modestly would not claim the authorship really his.

Of what might lie beyond Lloyd had said little. With a philosophy that reverenced the local and the present, and raised to high significance the material side of life, he continually related his work to the current issue, whereby the crisis was working out its special task of emancipation. He did not dwell apart on the heights or ruminate in tranquil shades. Like the poet whom Emerson describes, "There is no subject that does not belong to him,—politics, economy, manufactures, and stock-brokerage, as much as sunsets and souls." But all through his treatment of present material problems there flashed glimpses of the visions which were filling his solitude. Already he had prefigured in "The New Conscience" and in "The Manuscript of 1896" the lines along which he should move in linking with the universal and spiritual all the perplexing mesh of our modern economic conditions. There is every reason to know that this was a conscious part of his life plan. He knew his era. The constructive day was coming. But only in the unrestrained flow of his talk or in his lectures, rarely in his published work, did his dreaming take flight. Before he had

spoken finally, midway in his intellectual life, his work was ended. Had he lived into a period of the triumph of his cause, his message might have been full. He might have summoned to the formulation of the new code all that creative brilliancy of mind and that literary grace through which he had so often felt obliged to draw an inexorable line. On his death-bed he gave directions that there be published his unfinished manuscripts and notes. His finest addresses were unprinted and little known, for disdainful of fame he had ever hastened onward to new tasks.

One who believes as he did that in man and nature may be found our salvation, that all labour is religious and its performance for humanity the real "service," approaches life with limitless devotion. Although he miss the charm of sacred ritual and hallowed music, the glory of stained glass and Gothic shelter, the bleak path of the pioneer is self-illumined. Lloyd's life was a noble example of the worship he described in his "Church of the Deed." That piety with which his race had for generations looked skyward turned in him to a passionate devotion to the body of toiling, aspiring humanity. It exalted into spiritual importance the human needs of food and shelter, and lifted into universal brotherhood the lowliest creature. It made his city a part of heaven, every day an immortal moment, "every building a temple, every man a redeemer." With his mind on distant peaks, he bent uncomplainingly over his drudgery, always believing it his highest duty to advance in every possible way the goal of his age,—the attainment of industrial brotherhood.

O, People of America, whom he loved, to you he looked in hope. His life in its entirety is an appeal from

the depths of his soul to you. All through his thought shimmers the faith that you will bear the standard of humanity's redemption onward to its next station. Emerson's prophecy that there would be a revelation in the West was echoed by him. It was there that he looked for its coming and for a Messiah who would make a religion of democracy, and thereby, as Mazzini prophesied, save the world. "When the West . . . gets its full strength of bone and mind, and knows and trusts itself, and becomes conscious, the revelation will come." The great forces of deliverance were, he declared, already awaiting a voice. To help inspire in you the divine impulse, this record of his work is given. "Never so much material as now for that leader to the higher life. The world waits."

APPENDIX

Volume I, page 54. From an interview with Mr. Lloyd in the *Seattle Daily Times*, October 12, 1901:

"The general events of the occasion are as vivid in my memory as though it had happened but a short time ago. To understand fully the significance of the ceremony it will be necessary to say a few words of the wonderfully magnetic and impressive personality of Henry Villard, then President of the Northern Pacific, who at the time of the driving of the golden spike was at the very pinnacle of his success as a railroad and empire builder and financier. Mr. Villard was a most wonderful man in many ways. So magnetic was he in person that it is even said that many men of wealth would not allow themselves to be left alone with him for fear that he might, by the power of his will and magnetic personality, be able to induce them to consent to financial undertakings and advance money in enterprises of which their judgment did not approve.

"One of the most startling displays of this remarkable power . . . was that of the formation of the blind pool, through the agency of which he purchased the Northern Pacific Railroad. That event is now historic, but to recall it I will merely outline the deal. Villard one day called into his office a number of the largest and wealthiest Wall Street speculators and asked them to advance him eight million dollars on his personal receipt for investment in an enterprise which he promised them would be immensely profitable to them all. He told them that if he told them what he

wanted to do with the money it would get out in some way and the opportunity would be lost. Therefore he asked their fullest confidence. And so impressed were the men in the party with his earnestness and confidence in his undertaking that before they left the room there was subscribed to the fund asked for more than $16,000,000, or double the amount asked for. For this money Mr. Villard gave his personal receipt, and so great was the popular confidence in him as a financier that within a few days and before he disclosed to the men advancing the money the purpose for which it was intended, the receipts which he gave for the money were selling above par.

"This was the money with which Mr. Villard financed the purchase of the Northern Pacific. That was the beginning of his international prominence. From that time until the time of the driving of the golden spike his star continued in the ascendant. Money came to him for the asking and upon his personal word the millionaires of Europe poured their money into the Northern Pacific enterprise.

"This then is the character of the man who in the summer of 1883, the year following the completion of the railroad across the continent to its then terminus at Portland, Ore., invited scores of notables from all parts of the globe, and brought them west in magnificently-equipped trains . . . to witness the driving of the golden spike which signified the linking together of the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans. The ceremony was unique in history. I believe that a golden spike was driven upon the completion of the Union Pacific, but that was a mere sideshow by the side of the elaborate ceremony arranged by Henry Villard. On that occasion there were present as guests a number of English and German noblemen, . . . leading European financiers and statesmen . . . and a number of the most prominent men in America, including General Grant. . . . William M. Evarts, then in the height of his greatness, was a member of the party, and also a noted English barrister,

whose name I do not at present recall. Both were very brilliant and they spent a good portion of their time in the exchange of witticisms in conversation greatly to the entertainment of the company. It was on the trip west that these two men exchanged that now famous colloquy concerning the prowess of George Washington. One of the American guests introduced the subject by telling them of Washington throwing a silver dollar across the Delaware River. Whereupon Mr. Evarts responded:

"'That was not at all a remarkable feat.'

"'Why?' asked a member of the company.

"'Because,' explained Mr. Evarts, 'a dollar would go so much farther in those days than it will now.'

"'But there was one feat of Washington's prowess which was greater than that,' interposed the barrister.

"'And what was that?' some one asked.

"'Why, when he threw an English sovereign across the Atlantic.'"

"The party included in addition to those named Mr. James A. Bryce, the noted English statesman and author, David A. Wells, Mayor Rice of St. Paul, Noah Brooks, Edward King, then a well known newspaper man and novelist, William Henry, then the president of the Associated Press, and many other prominent men, the names of whom I have now forgotten. . . . There were a number of newspaper men, and we had a car to ourselves. . . .

"On the way west the party was entertained at all of the large cities and travelled from place to place in several trains of munificently furnished and equipped cars. At Lake Minnetonka there was a very elaborate banquet served and I recall one incident of it in the arrival, after the guests were seated, of General Grant and his wife who walked the full length of the banquet hall in the very unpretentious manner characteristic of the man, while the entire company rose to their feet and cheered lustily for the great military captain.

"At another city where we stopped a reception was held

and General Grant was the central figure. He shook hands with the crowd and after all those present had passed he turned to us and showed us a long gash across his hand which one of the party had scratched with some sharp metal instrument. Although the cut must have pained him severely he stood stoically and shook hands with the remaining members of the party before mentioning the incident.

"Upon the arrival of the party at the place where the ceremony was to be held, two locomotives were drawn up nose to nose on the track but a short distance apart and between them the party gathered. Mr. Evarts made a brief speech, Mr. Villard made a speech, and the golden spike was driven. The party then proceeded on to the Coast where it dispersed into a number of smaller parties.

"The event of driving the golden spike is a notable one from the fact that it marked the turn in Mr. Villard's fortunes. Why this was it is of course impossible to say. Up to that time he had had money for his gigantic schemes for the asking, he had risen in the financial world with great rapidity, and all his sails were set to a favourable breeze. But whether his opponents in Wall Street took advantage of his absence to start a war upon Villard securities, or whether the heavy European holders of the stock who accompanied him on his spectacular expedition were disappointed and frightened to see what a barren and unsettled country the road ran through and cabled home heavy selling orders, or whether from both of these and many other reasons, that was the turning point in the fortunes of the Northern Pacific and Mr. Villard, and from that time the securities fell in the market and calamity followed disaster until the road was bankrupt and went into the hands of receivers."

Volume I., page 93:

No exact account of the private audience of the Salter-

Lloyd delegation was published. The manuscript of Mr. Lloyd's petition contains the following preamble:

"CHICAGO, Nov. 8, 1887.

"GOVERNOR RICHARD OGLESBY.

"SIR:

"We hereby present a petition for the commutation of the sentence of the seven men condemned to be hanged November 11th. We ask to have this petition attached to the one which has been prepared by the counsel for the condemned in compliance with the requirements of the statutes regulating applications for pardon, so that we may be considered to have properly complied with the law.

"The decisions of the courts that have been made in the Anarchists' cases, we accept. They are the law.

"The penalties that have been adjudged are legal. They are the law. We accept them.

"But the law itself gives the citizen the privilege of asking for justice when he believes that the formal reasoned inexorable decision of the law is not just.

"The language of the statute regulating pardons recognised this distinction, and the right of a citizen to avail himself of it, for it permits the Governor to waive certain requirements of the statute when 'justice or humanity' require it.

"Accepting the law we come to ask you to consider reasons which in our opinion make it justice to inflict upon these men punishment less severe than the sentence of hanging legally pronounced upon them.

"Owing to its connection with the world-wide labour problem pressing on us to our surprise almost as heavily as upon grey Europe, this case which on its way through the courts was but a criminal proceeding becomes, as it appears before the Governor of Illinois, the greatest question of State since the pardon of Jefferson Davis and Robert E. Lee, and perhaps a greater question.

"Much of the idle—or worse—talk of the day brushes

away the labour problem as the nightmare of unwelcome foreigners or turbulent working men. Portentous mistake. In a call issued in October for a general conference of . . . evangelical Christians to be held at Washington, D. C., December 7th, 8th, and 9th to study the present perils and opportunities of the Christian church we find the following:

"'Popular education has multiplied wants and created tastes which wealth has not been sufficiently distributed to gratify; hence a growing discontent among working men, which in prosperous times is an ill omen, suggesting grave questions concerning the next financial panic, and a consequent industrial depression.

"'The existence of great cities, severe competition, an unemployed class increasing in pauperism and crime are the occasion and evidence of a wide spread of discontent for which the ballot affords no remedy.'

"This call is signed by the great merchant E. W. Blatchford, Esq., of Chicago, the great banker Morris K. Jesup, Esq., of New York, the great merchant William E. Dodge, of New York, the Rev. Philip Schaff, President James McCosh of Princeton University, President Mark Hopkins of Williams College, President Timothy Dwight of Yale University, President Julius H. Seelye of Amherst College, and nearly one hundred other leading clergymen, capitalists, thinkers, and leaders of society and culture in the United States.

"As one more evidence that a labourers' question presses upon the minds of men who are not strangers or rioters, we add the following extract from an article in the *North American Review* by the distinguished clergyman, Howard Crosby, of New York:

"'It is by the growing power of this class of tyrants (the monopolists) that our country's safety is now threatened. The danger will come in two forms, the demoralisation of society, and the vengeance of the oppressed. Combinations of capitalists and legislators to rob the poor for the benefit

of the rich will eventually meet with counter combinations who will not confine themselves to robbery.'

"The present peril of our country is exactly here. The dangerous classes among us are those who are engaged in amassing colossal fortunes, the giants who tread ordinary men under their heel, and care not how much the people suffer. In monarchical countries so long as the people can find their living they will endure the oppression, but in a Republic like ours the time of account will come sooner. Here the people will not wait until they are ruined. They have some notions of right, some forethought of impending evil, and they will anticipate their own crisis by making a crisis for others."

The petition then continued as printed in the *Chicago Tribune*, November 10, 1887:

"Governor Richard J. Oglesby—Sir: We now offer for your consideration a skeleton statement of facts which for the most part did not appear in the proceedings in court, which show:

"1. That the words and acts for which these men are sentenced to be hanged grew out of the great labour struggle of our day, and

"2. That their circumstances were such that although law and justice demand punishment, justice demands that that punishment shall be less than death.

"Not first in the order of the case, but first in historical order, is the Lehr und Wehr Verein, which filled so important a place in the array of facts in the decision of the State Supreme Court. The evidence introduced makes the Lehr und Wehr Verein one of the concentric circles of the conspiracy, the declaration of its members and its practices of drilling, and so forth, a vital part of the case against the condemned. The Supreme Court describes the Lehr und Wehr Verein as a certain armed socialistic organisation, whose members seem also to have been members of the

International Groups but to have been of a higher rank, and to have attained a higher grade in the perfection of their drill than was the case with the ordinary members of the armed groups. This body owes its life to the alarm and feeling of insecurity excited among the working men by the unfortunate affair of July 26, 1877, at Turner-Hall, Twelfth Street, Chicago, as described in a decision of the Circuit Court of Cook County, 'The Harmonia Association of Joiners versus Michael C. Hickey et al.' The facts established by a large number of witnesses and without any opposing evidence are: That July 26, 1877, this society having leased Turner-Hall on West Twelfth Street for the purpose, held a meeting in the forenoon of that day in said hall, composed of from 200 to 300 individuals, most of whom were journeymen cabinetmakers. Some of those in attendance were the proprietors in the business or delegates sent by them. The object of the meeting was to obtain a conference of the journeymen with such proprietors or their authorised delegates with the view of endeavouring to secure an increase in the price or diminution of the hours of labour. The attendants were unarmed, the meeting was peaceable and orderly. While the people were sitting quietly with their backs towards the entrance of the hall, with a few persons on the stage in front of them, all engaged merely in the business for which they had assembled, a force of from fifteen to twenty policemen came suddenly into the hall, many if not all of them having a police club in one hand and a revolver in the other, and making no pause to determine the actual character of the meeting, they immediately shouted: 'Get out of here, you ———— ' and began beating the people with their clubs, some of them actually firing their revolvers. One young man was shot through the back of the head and killed, but to complete the atrocity of the affair on the part of the officers engaged in it, when the people hastened to make their escape from the assembly room, they found policemen stationed on either side of the stairway leading from the hall down to the street, who

applied their clubs to them as they passed, seemingly with all the violence practicable under the circumstances. These general facts are established by an overwhelming mass of testimony. This proceeding of the police the court declares 'clearly amounted to a criminal riot.'

"The effect of this occurrence was to drive the working men in large numbers to seek some protective organisation for defence against a repetition of such 'criminal riots.' They selected the Lehr und Wehr Verein, which had been organised under a charter from the State two years before, but had had little more than a formal existence. The working men now went into it so generally that its membership rose to thousands. So intimately is the Lehr und Wehr Verein associated in the minds of the working men of Chicago with their search for means of defence against such criminal riots as that of July 26, 1877, that if your Excellency will ask the working men when this organisation was formed, most of them will answer, after the police riot at Turner-Hall in 1877. It was really started in 1875 and for the following purposes—to wit: 'The association is formed for the purpose of improving the mental and bodily condition of its members so as to qualify them for the duties of citizens of a Republic. The members will therefore obtain in meetings of the association a knowledge of our laws and political economy, and shall also be instructed in military and gymnastic exercises.'

"Gladstone has said of the recent Mitchellstown affair: 'The responsibility rests with those who committed the first fault.' Part of the responsibility for the chain of events that culminated at the Haymarket rests elsewhere than upon the working men, who began arming in what was then a legal manner to protect themselves against attacks by the police declared unlawful and criminal by the judgment of the courts. All of this arming and drilling of the armed group and of the Lehr und Wehr Verein follow this police attack of 1877 in time, and that which the Supreme Court considers the most important of it, that

done by the Lehr und Wehr Verein, followed it as a consequence. Without excusing any blunders or legal offence that may have been connected therewith, is there not here basis for a valid plea for something less severe than hanging as a punishment for these men? This association which the working men joined after the police riot of 1877 and the existence of which is woven into the chain of conspiracy was a legally incorporated society and under the laws of the State it was legal then for its members to drill and bear arms in public. This right was afterwards taken away by a State law, sustained by the United States Supreme Court, but your Excellency is aware that the working men believed then, and believe now, that this was done to deprive them of the means of defence that they had formed against a repetition of police attacks. If they continued arming and drilling unlawfully it was, though a legal offence, something quite different from the inception of an overt, revolutionary, malicious, diabolical scheme to rob, kill, and destroy, which the public are told it was. It was the continuation of what had been lawful when begun, and was a defensive activity driven into secrecy by what the working men believed to be a plan to leave them without means of necessary defence.

"Membership in the International Association, which advocated reorganisation of society by force, and words of a general revolutionary character uttered in connection therewith, were not enough, according to the courts, to make the condemned guilty. Complicity was required to be shown in the special plot of Monday evening, May 3d, at Greif's Hall, of the representatives of the armed groups. These represented the whole association, and so included all the condemned. Hence though but two of the eight accused, Engel and Fischer, were present, all the others are held guilty with them. To prove the details of the Monday night plot the State introduced two witnesses, Waller and Schrade, and both of these testified that the occasion of the meeting was that six men were believed to have been killed

at McCormick's Monday afternoon, and plans were discussed as to future conflicts of the police, and the Haymarket meeting was planned to protest against the killing at McCormick's. The fact is not stated in the brief on either side, nor does there exist any formal or recorded evidence of it, but I judge it to be competent to state here as a fact, verifiable by inquiry, that at the time of this meeting, the working men believed, as they believe to this day, that the police, after quelling the riot at McCormick's, followed the fleeing men and boys and shot them as they ran, a course which the working men believed to be an unlawful attack upon their lives. Should this prove upon inquiry by your Excellency to have been the common belief among the working men, I respectfully submit the inquiry if it does not change the colour of the revenge circular, the call for the Haymarket meeting, the plans and the talk of the Monday night meeting, which are all important links in the evidence upon which the courts have condemned these seven men as guilty of murder at the Haymarket. Of the two witnesses for the State—Waller and Schrade—who proved the details of the Monday night meeting, Schrade says, as reported in the brief of the State before the Supreme Court, that a mass-meeting was to be held at the Haymarket Square and that they should prepare in case the police should interfere or go beyond their bounds. He testified both upon the direct and the cross-examination. Upon his cross-examination Waller also gave a defensive character to the plans of the Monday night meeting, but not so clearly as the other witness. (Grinnell's brief before the Supreme Court, pp. 163–172.)

"If there is anything in this testimony of the State's witnesses, and they are the only witnesses by which the State proved the character of the meeting, it seems important in consideration of reasons for commutation, because Monday night is the connecting link by which the members of the International Working Men's Association are held responsible by the law for the Haymarket crime. It is

through the act of Engel and Fischer at the Monday night meeting that thousands of their fellow-members could, as we apprehend the law, all be prosecuted as guilty of murder. If this stern view of the law can be mitigated by considerations of justice based upon this evidence as to purposes of defence, not only the condemned now before you are concerned, but thousands of other working men. Public opinion upon the Haymarket affair has been formed and set by the decision of the Supreme Court more than by any other agency, but the law evidently takes little account of the defensive motive, for I do not find that the Supreme Court, in its opinion, says anything about this aspect of the testimony, although it is given by the same witnesses by whom the State proved the specific conspiracy for Engel and Fischer's part in which these men are to hang, and for Engel and Fischer's part in which thousands of their fellow-members appear to be legally liable for prosecution for murder. That part of the testimony of these two, and theirs is all the testimony that proves for the State the details of the conspiracy, which is used by the Supreme Court in its summary, gives the plan of this Monday night meeting the dye of an overt, malicious conspiracy to commit murder by wholesale and destroy the city. That part of it not mentioned by the Supreme Court tends to show that what was planned to be done was to be done seemingly in part in self-defence. That this is the correct view of the evidence is not to be questioned before your Excellency, but this apparent difference between the actual and the legal purport of the plans appears to be great enough to raise the question whether for the legal punishment declared by the court a less extreme penalty might not justly be substituted.

"A question is raised concerning the jury by the affidavit of Otis S. Favor, which has been submitted. This evidence has been offered to-day for the first time under affidavit. Affiant declined, when the case was before the trial court, to make a voluntary affidavit, and the court declined for

technical reasons to call him into court, and the State Supreme Court for technical reasons sustained the trial court. Is this justice to the weaker party in the dispute between labour and capital, if this distinct and solemn proffer of evidence that the panels for the jury which hangs these seven men were selected by the bailiff with the idea that the resulting jury would hang goes unheard and unheeded?"

Mr. Lloyd then referred to a case in England in which a sentence was commuted. Continuing, he said:

"It is certain the working people of the world will never comprehend the technical legal reasons which justify disregard of such an allegation as this concerning the jury. The world will say evidence was offered court and Governor that these men were condemned by a packed jury, but that neither court nor Governor would hear the evidence. At West Twelfth Street, in 1877, the blood of the working men was shed unlawfully and with impunity, as later at East St. Louis and the Chicago Stock-Yards. Blood has now been shed on the other side, and for this let the hand of the hangman be staid before it is ready to do legal vengeance. Here is a series of events, beginning with an unlawful and fatal attack upon citizens by the police and ending in an unlawful and fatal attack upon the police by some one unknown, both occurrences being episodes in what appears to be growing into the most difficult social readjustment in history. Are there not in the whole chain of events circumstances which make it consistent with justice to lessen the punishment legally decreed? Full punishment can be meted out and full protection given the Commonwealth without this act of unjust though legal bloodshed."

Volume I., page 204. Letter in the *Chemical Trade Journal*, October 13, 1896: "An American View of the Petroleum Question."

"To the Editor of the Chemical Trade Journal:

"Sir: Your admirable exposition of the merits of the demand that the Flash Test of oil be raised has been read with approval here by those familiar with the facts. That a people with the high regard of the English for the sanctity of life, and with their intelligent insistence upon every possible sanitary and police regulation for the protection of the public health and safety, should allow their market to be made the dumping ground for refuse American oil is something we, here, utterly fail to comprehend. This oil, known here as 'Export oil,' is literally refuse, as it is what is left after the good illuminating oil has been refined out of petroleum. *As has been shown* by Government investigations here, notably *by the New York Legislative Committee* which in 1879 investigated the Oil Trust, *forty per cent. of the illuminating fluids* obtained from crude petroleum *is of this inferior sort.* It is known as 'export oil' *because there is not one American city or State which will permit its sale.* It is as explosive in a hot room or on a hot day as dynamite. It is a matter of vital importance that a market be found for it somewhere. Hence, being prevented by law from selling it in America, where its dangerous character is known by every one, the Oil Trust ships it to England, where no one but the experts know what it is—and the experts, knowing it, favour, for some mysterious reason, its unrestricted sale. It is often said that the fully exploited scandal of the corruptions and oppressions worked by the Oil Trust in America throws a dreadful light upon our political and commercial conditions. But the Oil Trust has never yet been able to do in America what it does in England—with the help of English experts—viz., scatter death through the homes of the people by the sale of refuse oil. It does this in England, at a cost of a life a day of man, woman, or child, not by the tolerance, but by the explicit and uttered permission of the British Government, acting upon expert and knightly advice. What sort of 'light' that throws upon the 'political and commercial conditions'

of Great Britain is a question often asked among us. The American press, daily as well as weekly, cosmopolitan as well as provincial, has exposed from the beginning, and is still exposing, the encroachment of the Oil Trust and other trusts upon the liberties and prosperity of the people. With the honourable exceptions of the *Chemical Trade Journal* and *Food and Sanitation*, I have never seen an English weekly that touched this question in its editorial columns, and never an English daily. Even the Socialist papers are mute about this sacrifice of English life—one a day—on the altar of the greed of a foreign invader, though they are searching every field of industry for illustrations of 'capitalistic greed.'

"The only two arguments that are advanced to defend the sale of this refuse American oil in England are an insult to the common-sense of your people, but they illustrate perfectly the cynical contempt of the monopolists for the intelligence of the people.

"The first argument is, that the demand that the Flash Test be raised, so that only safe oil shall be sold, is simply a scheme of the Scotch refiners to get 'protection' against American competition. Knowing that 'protection' is the most unpopular word in Great Britain, our Oil Trust, with characteristic cunning, seeks to fasten it on this effort to protect British lives against its deadly product. But how singular! The great Oil Trust, which boasts in one breath that it makes the best oil at the cheapest price, whines in the next breath that to *compel* it to sell safe oil is 'protection' for its competitors, and discrimination against itself!

"The other argument is that 'the lamps are at fault, not the oil.' If the English people are using bad lamps, is not that all the more reason for allowing only such oil to be sold as will be safe in such lamps? That bad oil should be licensed because bad lamps are in use is certainly exquisite nonsense, and yet that is what the arguments of some of your experts boil down to.

"The Flash Test of their wits, not to say consciences,

should be raised as well as that of this refuse oil they are defending.

"Yours, etc.,

"A STUDENT OF THE OIL TRUST.

"NEW YORK, Sept. 8, 1896."

Volume I., page 256. Platform of the People's Party, Chicago, February, 1895. Written by Henry D. Lloyd.

"We adhere to the Omaha Platform one and indivisible.

"We renew the agreement made at the Springfield Conference and ratified by the Uhlich Hall convention which in the last campaign united the reform elements of Chicago under the banner of the People's Party.

"We hold that municipal politics should turn upon municipal issues alone, and we invite the citizens of Chicago regardless of partisan affiliations in national elections to join with us to make Chicago a free city—free of dirt, boodle, and monopoly, free to use the common powers for the common good,—and free to fit itself for its future place at the head of the cities of the world.

"To this end we pledge our candidates for city officers, if elected, to prepare for submission to the legislature and to labour for the passage of bills to give the city of Chicago the powers it now lacks to buy, build, lease, and operate, when the people so elect, public works for public needs, including:

"1. Heat, light, power, and health.

"2. Telephones, telegraphs, pneumatic tubes, and other means of communication.

"3. Transportation and rapid transit, especially a terminal loop to connect all the railroads, elevated, suburban, and trunkline, with each other, and with the centre of the city.

"4. Docks, wharves, markets, and such similar facilities as the people decide to be needed for developing the commercial supremacy of their city.

"5. Employment for the unemployed.

"6. Abolition of the slums.

"7. Any general service which the people find to have become a monopoly, or which they judge would be better done if administered by the public for the public good.

"These powers are in successful operation, some in one and some in another of the leading cities of this country and Europe, to their great pecuniary and moral advantage. Chicago can do what any other city, or all other cities, can do.

"Without equal powers, our city cannot hold its own, and we demand therefore that the legislature give Chicago the right of local option, home rule, and self-government in these matters vital to its growth in population, industry, and civilisation."

Volume I., page 272. The Winnetka ordinance was described in the *Chicago Daily News*, September 29, 1902, by F. E. Herdman, then President of the Village:

"Any ordinance granting or creating any franchise or franchises or valuable rights or providing for the issue of bonds payable out of the general funds of the village other than the issue of bonds for the payment or retirement of existing bonds must be submitted to the legal voters of the village prior to its passage. No ordinance can come before the council for passage until five days after it has been posted conspicuously. If prior to the expiration of the five days a petition, signed by at least fifty of the legal voters, is presented to the village council requesting that the ordinance be submitted to the vote of the people, then it becomes the duty of the council to submit the ordinance as requested.

"If the vote shall consist of the majority of the registered voters at the last village election then it becomes the duty of the council to abide by the decision thereby expressed. The manner of referring any ordinance to the citizens unless otherwise requested by petition signed by at least fifty of

the legal voters of the village is as follows: A printed copy of the ordinance is mailed by the village clerk to each registered voter of the village, with a numbered blank on which the voter can register his vote over his signature. This ballot must be filed with the village clerk within five days after having been mailed, but the seals are broken and the result declared only in open council at its next meeting. . . . "

After the discussion at the Town Meeting, the consensus of opinion is resolved into a document known as "The Sense of the Meeting," which is sent to the Village Trustees.

"Mr. John Merrilies,

"*Village Clerk:*

"I beg to give you formal advice that at a regularly called session of the Winnetka Town Meeting, held Friday evening, Jan. 13th, 1905, the following resolution moved by Mr. C. C. Arnold was unanimously adopted:

"'Resolved: That it is the sense of this meeting, that the Village Council proceed to the procurement for the Village of a Municipal Gas Plant, as soon as they shall find it practicable.'

"Trusting that this will receive your attention,

"I remain, yours truly,

"S. Bowles King,

"*Secretary*, Town Meeting."

Volume II., page 103:

"I found surprisingly little co-operation in New Zealand or Australia outside of the dairy business, and very little interest in it. That would be a grand field for propaganda. The fact is the whole labour situation in Australasia appeared to me to be very weak. The working men are poorly organised; their labour parties have really but little other power than that which is given to them by the moral sovereignty of the ideas which they represent. The

reform energy of the working people as a mass seems to have passed into the labour legislation of the various colonies, and one might almost say had been dissipated by doing so. The trades unionists of Australasia have really never recovered from their crushing defeats in their great strikes of the early '90's, and they have not yet learned to betake themselves to the methods of relief and progress offered by co-operation. I found that the men listened eagerly, whenever I had the opportunity of addressing them, to everything that could be said about co-operation, but I saw little or no signs of a disposition on their part to attempt organisation on those lines. They need a Vivian, a Blandford, and a Plunkett—every country does." (Henry D. Lloyd in *Labour Copartnership*, October, 1899.)

Volume II., page 125. Moritz Pinner came to America from Germany after the revolution of 1848. Carrying his love of freedom into the anti-slavery movement, he organised the 28th New York regiment of German army veterans, and later as acting commissary of General Kearny's brigade, invented the ambulance kitchen, an idea adopted long afterward by the army. He was a lifelong friend of Wendell Phillips, and like him carried his emancipating enthusiasm into the labour movement. Although Mr. Pinner never met Mr. Lloyd, he manifested toward him an adoration seemingly akin to that which he felt for Wendell Phillips.

Volume II., page 127. One of Mr. Lloyd's notable utterances against war occurs in an editorial in *Boyce's Weekly*, May 27, 1903, which concludes:

"So strong is our position, and so sure our predominance that if in earnest we can bring about world peace by either one of two opposite policies: By disarming, by ourselves, and proclaiming the boycott of all peoples that will not pledge themselves to disarmament and arbitration, or by

the threat of complete and democratic militarisation of all our inhabitants and all our resources.

"Nothing is needed to put an end to war but that we should come to be in earnest. It will not be so stopped because we are not in earnest. Let us be honest humbugs if we must be humbugs, and acknowledge that we are not in earnest."

Volume II., page 308—Memorial resolutions.

A few organisations passed resolutions,—the Boston Authors Club, the Chicago Literary Club, River Forest Club of Illinois, Village Council of Winnetka, Woman's Suffrage League of Little Compton, Rhode Island, Chicago Single Tax Club, United Brotherhood of Carpenters and Joiners of America, Local Union No. 1 of Chicago, Wholesale Grocers' Employees Union, Local 9906 of Chicago, United Mine Workers of America, and the New Zealand House of Representatives.

"In the House of Representatives for New Zealand, in the Session on November 21, 1903, the Right Honourable Richard J. Seddon, Prime Minister, and Minister of Labour, spoke as follows:

"'I would like to say that a certain occurrence has taken place, and I deem it to be my duty, as Minister of Labour, to pay respect to the memory of one who has done good and faithful service in endeavouring to bring employers and employees together in America, and to further industrial peace. Honourable members will have noticed that Mr. Henry Demarest Lloyd, who has been a visitor to this colony, has recently passed away at a fairly ripe age, revered and respected by all who knew him. Whilst he was visiting this colony he made full inquiry into the working of our labour laws, and he was so struck with the industrial peace existing here that he has faithfully laboured ever since his return to America to bring about a similar state of affairs in that great continent. Only two days before he died he sent to the

THE PEOPLE OF TOLEDO TO THE PEOPLE OF CHICAGO.

Follow our example—go to your City Council Meeting—Save your streets. Let your watchword be "No more franchises, no more public plunder."

A TRACTION EMERGENCY CALL

ADOPTED BY THE CHICAGO FEDERATION OF LABOR, SEPTEMBER 20, 1903.

Resolutions Outlining Traction Program, Adopted by Federation of Labor, Sunday, Sept. 20, 1903:

Whereas, The Council reassembles September 28th, the truce between the City and the Traction Company expires November 30th and the Traction future of Chicago with all that implies for itself and the country at large will be settled in those eight weeks; and

Whereas, Ordinances for that settlement have been drafted by the Council Committee on Transportation and submitted to the Street Car Companies but not made known to the public; and

Whereas, It is believed that the Council Committee proposes to give to the Companies a straight grant running 20 years with no reservation of the right of Municipal Ownership at any intermediate period;

Whereas, There is no sign that the Mueller Enabling Act for Municipal Ownership is to be submitted to the people for adoption until after this grant has been made; this means practically the abandonment of the law and of the movement for Municipal Ownership for almost another generation.

Resolved, That the Chicago Federation of Labor urge its delegates and members of their respective Local Unions to proceed in a body Monday evening, September 28th, to call on the Mayor and Council at their regular meeting to present the following demands:

1. That the Ordinances which have been prepared and made known to the Street Railroad Companies for their approval be made known also to the public, the principal party in interest, so that it may have time to study them and may be qualified to decide intelligently upon approval or rejection when this is submitted to the vote of the people, as the city administration is pledged to do.

2. That the Mueller Enabling Law for Municipal Ownership of the street railroads be submitted to the people for adoption, and that when adopted the powers it gives be at once put into operation, particularly that of eminent domain. We call upon the city authorities to proceed as soon as this power is given by the adoption of the Mueller law to acquire possession of the entire street railroad system of Chicago by the process of condemnation—that ancient, constitutional, familiar and irresistible instrument of the people's sovereignty.

3. That pending this adoption the Council refrain from making any new grants to the Companies, which with their "acceptance" would bind the city as "sacred contracts" and create new lots of "vested rights" to plague our future.

4. That pending the consummation of the plan for Municipal Ownership the Council in any future dealings with these or any other companies shall issue LICENSES ONLY revocable at the pleasure of the Council giving the Companies the terminable tenure under which the Street Car Service of Boston and Washington is successfully maintained.

5. That the Council leave for adjudication the question what grants have or have not expired, which has no relation to the practical matters of transportation, and betake itself at once to the work demanded by public necessity and public opinion—the immediate improvement of the Traction Service.

6. That for this purpose the Council permanently employ a Traction expert to make plans ready for immediate improvement of service in cars, routes, motive power, transfers, fares, etc., such plan to be in harmony with and a part of the permanent plan for Chicago Traction, already prepared under the orders of the City Council by Mr. Bion J. Arnold and to be consistent with that ownership by the city for which the people have voted by 142,826 to 27,998.

7. That the Council under the ample police powers it possesses to protect public interests and to "regulate the use of streets" order the Companies to provide without delay all improvements of service required by the needs of the Public, and that its Traction expert be employed to superintend the proper execution of its orders.

8. That it also be made a part of the duties of this Traction expert to see that the Companies give the Public now the full benefit of the equipment they already possess and that they keep their cars in such constant use as the public need requires, during other than the rush hours and on Sundays and at night, instead of running their cars, as is now their custom, to the barns to save the hire of conductors and motormen.

9. That as part of this immediate improvement special counsel be employed to ascertain violations of existing laws and disregard of existing obligations, and to enforce the one and punish the other by such proceedings in the civil and criminal courts as may be called for.

10. That the Council order the law department to push to a final adjudication all disputed questions between the City and the Companies, including the validity of the 99 years' act by which a corrupt legislature attempted unconstitutionally to deprive Chicago of its fundamental rights of Home Rule for a century and to impair the obligations of contracts already made by the city with the Companies.

The Chicago Municipal Ownership Delegate Convention invites the Co-operation of delegates, from the Trades Unions and other organizations of the city, in waiting upon the Mayor and the Council.

All delegates are to assemble at the council chamber on the fourth floor of the City Hall at 7:30—the hour at which the Council assembles.

The Traction Emergency Call Written by Mr. Lloyd.

Secretary of the Labour Department his latest article, entitled "The Abolition of Poverty," and any one who reads it will agree with me that the mind that conceived that as a last effort was the mind of a man of genius and of one who loved his fellow-men. Amongst other things, it deals with the old-age pensions in New Zealand. No visitor ever repaid our hospitality more generously than Mr. Lloyd. In books, in pamphlets, in public speeches, before President Roosevelt's Commission on the anthracite coal miners' strike, he never ceased pointing to New Zealand as a country that might be copied to advantage in respect to industrial questions. His two books, *A Country Without Strikes* and *Newest England*, were magnificent tributes, and caused New Zealand to be in this respect widely known, for they have served to bring this country more prominently before England and the rest of the world. America has suffered a great loss, because he devoted his life in endeavouring to bring about industrial peace. Personally, I regret very much the loss of a co-worker in the cause of democracy, and of one who has been engaged in an honest endeavour to uplift the masses, and to bring home to the world and those engaged in industrial pursuits—employer and employee—that they could only accomplish true peace and progress by working harmoniously together. He was not for strikes; with him it was reason against physical force, and I think he has done more than any man in that vast continent of America to bring about a peaceful solution of the difficulties existing there. In conclusion, I desire to say, that the works of the gentleman alluded to will live after him. His place will be hard to fill. He has shown a noble example by his life and strenuous efforts in the cause of the toiler, and his sacrifice will not have been in vain, the seed sown has been placed in good soil and will bear fruit tenfold. As Minister of Labour, I deem it to be my duty to bring this matter under the notice of honourable members when dealing with the last labour legislation of this rather memorable session.

By me the memory of Henry Demarest Lloyd will ever be held dear.'

"Motion agreed to."

Concerning this motion, Sir Robert Stout wrote:

" . . . This is certainly a unique thing; except in case of Royalties, or in case of one who had been in a leading position in the Government of the Empire, no such statement has heretofore been made."

The resolutions of the Wholesale Grocers' Employees Union said in part:

"WHEREAS, it has pleased Him who knoweth and doeth all things for the best, to call from among us, our dearly beloved friend, Henry D. Lloyd, be it, therefore,

"RESOLVED, that in the death of Henry D. Lloyd, the world has lost an able, true, and noble man, one who gave his life for the welfare of the people, one who at all times worked to help the labouring people because he loved them, and who until his death laboured unceasingly for the people, striving to get for them what rightfully belongs to them."

The miners' resolutions said:

"IN MEMORIAM, HENRY DEMAREST LLOYD

"WHEREAS: In the observance and practice followed by all classes who form part of and strictly adhere to the true principles of Trade Unionism, there is no time when intellectual thought and education derived from the teachings of these principles can be more prominently discerned than when one of its educators and advocates has been called from this earth;

"AND WHEREAS: For many years, and since the inception and adoption of these principles by the labouring people of this country, it is clearly noticeable that in their efforts to,

by conservative action, improve their condition, they were very much alone, but, as in all movements from which good results are attained, certain features of the conditions do, of themselves, silently appeal to those who are removed from the sphere of the humble surroundings of the employed, both in their homes and while at work, and, when these silent appeals invade luxurious surroundings and create an interest in the necessary welfare of the labouring people, results of goodness have at all times been attained and such results always magnify the manly;

"And whereas: Of the manly who can be magnified there is one, who born on the luxurious side and provided with all the requirements, more than necessary to live a life of princely splendour, yet for all that, who put upon our side the power which wealth gave him, and, in using the wisdom born in him, his every influence created a life principle to assist and elevate to a better condition the common labouring people. That man was Henry Demarest Lloyd.

"And whereas: In his loyalty to man it is remembered that during the troubles of the Anthracite Miners in 1902, the same Henry Demarest Lloyd was one of the first to come forward and render service to their cause, and, as a result of such service, it is fully known that victory was much hastened by the noble assistance of such a voluntary champion, who when victory was won refused to even consider the question of compensation, therefore be it and it is hereby,

"Resolved: That we, the Delegates to the Fourth Annual Convention of District No. 9 of the United Mine Workers of America assembled in Shenandoah, Penna., with much regret have learned of the death of our staunch friend and champion, Henry Demarest Lloyd; and, while we recognise that he also was the champion of labour and human rights everywhere, it is known to us particularly, that in loss of such a champion the Anthracite Employees all acknowledge that the passing away of so loyal and true a man is to them a loss, such that language cannot describe;

his every deed was a deed of meekness, and no people record this loss more than do the Delegates to this Convention, and we hereby extend to the Widow of our Champion our heartfelt sympathy in her great affliction; and be it further,

"RESOLVED: That the Charters of the District and Local Unions, on and from the 1st of January next, be draped for a period of thirty days, that an engrossed copy of these Resolutions be forwarded to the Widow, one copy be published in the *United Mine Workers' Journal* and that the same be also entered upon the Records of this Convention.

"In behalf of the District Convention.

"DISTRICT OFFICERS

"JOHN FAHY, *President*, Pottsville, Pa.
"P. P. PULASKI, *Vice-President*, Mt. Carmel, Pa.
"G. W. HARTLEIN, *Secretary*, Shamokin, Pa.
"M. G. YODER, *Treasurer*, Shamokin, Pa.
"MILES DOUGHERTY, Shamokin, Pa.

"National Executive Board.

"EXECUTIVE BOARD

"JOHN LINDSEY, Excelsior, Pa.
"THOMAS J. RICHARDS, Minersville, Pa.
"TERRENCE GINLEY, Girardville, Pa.
"EDWARD HARRIS, Lykens, Pa.
"MARIN POWASIS, Shenandoah, Pa.
"JAMES CLARK, Ashland, Pa."

A LIST OF THE WRITINGS OF HENRY DEMAREST LLOYD

BOOKS

1890.—*A Strike of Millionaires Against Miners, or the Story of Spring Valley. An Open Letter to the Millionaires.* Belford-Clarke Company, Chicago.

1894.—*Wealth Against Commonwealth.* Harper & Brothers, New York.

1898.—*Labour Copartnership. Notes of a Visit to Co-operative Workshops, Factories, and Farms in Great Britain and Ireland, in which Employer, Employee, and Consumer Share in Ownership, Management, and Results.* Illustrated. Harper & Brothers, New York.

1900.—*A Country Without Strikes. A Visit to the Compulsory Arbitration Court of New Zealand.* Doubleday, Page & Co., New York.

Newest England. Notes of a Democratic Traveller in New Zealand, with some Australian Comparisons. Illustrated. Doubleday, Page & Co., New York.

POSTHUMOUS BOOKS

Mr. Lloyd's last will requested that collections of his manuscripts and note-books (1877–1903) be published, the work to be done by Anne Withington and Caroline Stallbohm. The following volumes have been issued:

1906.—*Man, the Social Creator.* Doubleday, Page & Co., 1906. Edited by Jane Addams and Anne Withington. This volume consists of the "Manuscript of 1896," which in a re-arranged sequence and added to by paragraphs from note-books of all periods, forms Chapters I, II, III, IV, VII, VIII, X (?). Chapter V consists of "The New Conscience" (*North American Review*, 1888), to the end of which (p. 123, "A Human Catholic Church") are adjoined various notes. Chapter VI is in part his lecture "The New Conscience in Action" (1890). Chapter IX is the Ruskin Corner-stone Address (1897), ending with second paragraph, page 227, and interspersed with notes. Chapter XI is "The Religion of Labour" (Epworth League Address, 1903), together with various notes ranging from 1887 to 1903. This book gives the appearance of being a finished and consecutive whole. In justice

to Mr. Lloyd's work, it is well to re-affirm what is stated in a general way in its preface, that the sequence is not his; finished and unfinished work, and paragraphs written at widely varying dates follow each other without any specification. This fact should be borne in mind by those who approach the book for a close study of Mr. Lloyd's thought and style.

1907.—*A Sovereign People. A Study of Swiss Democracy.* The unfinished notes and other material gathered by Mr. Lloyd during two visits to Switzerland made into a book by Mr. John A. Hobson. Doubleday, Page & Co., New York, 1907.

1909.—*Men, the Workers.* Addresses. Doubleday, Page & Co., 1909.

1910.—*Mazzini and Other Essays.* G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York and London, 1910.

Lords of Industry. G. P. Putnam's Sons, 1910.

PAMPHLETS AND ARTICLES IN MAGAZINES AND BOOKS.

1866.—"An Argument," printed in Samuel Blatchford's *History of the Class of '67, Columbia College.*

1871.—"Every Man His Own Voter," a manual condensing the election laws for voters in the anti-Tammany campaign, New York City. Published as a pamphlet by the Young Men's Municipal Reform Association and printed in the *New York Times*, October 12.

1872.—"Political Economy Not a Failure," *Phrenological Journal*, January.

1881.—"The Story of a Great Monopoly," *Atlantic Monthly*, March, reprinted by the *London Railway News*. See *Lords of Industry*, G. P. Putnam's Sons, 1910.

An article on the Clearing House, volume 1 of John J. Lalor's Cyclopedia of Political Science.

1882.—"The Political Economy of Seventy-Three Million Dollars," *Atlantic Monthly*, July. See *Lords of Industry*, 1910.

1883.—"Making Bread Dear," *North American Review*, August. See *Lords of Industry*, 1910.

1884.—"Lords of Industry," *North American Review*, June. See *Lords of Industry*, 1910.

1888.—"The New Conscience," *North American Review*, September. Reprinted as No. 6 of the Fellowship Series by the New Fellowship Group in London, 1893. See *Man, the Social Creator*, Doubleday, Page & Co., 1906.

1889.—"Real History of the People," a review of Thorold Rogers's "Economic Interpretation of History," *The Dial*, Chicago, February.

1890.—Testimony before the Congressional Committee on Immigration, May 26. House Reports, Second Session, 51st Congress, 1890–1891, volume 2886, p. 611.

1892.—"Arbitration," an article in the *Handbook of the National Association of Steam and Hot Water Fitters and Helpers.*[1]

1893.—"The Safety of the Future Lies in Organised Labour," an address to the 13th Annual Convention of the American Federation of Labour, Chicago, December. Printed in the *American*

[1] An error on next to last line—"broker" should be "brother."

Federationist, and issued in pamphlet form by authority of the Convention. Reprinted in a news sheet, "True Patriotism," by the Socialist Labour Party, St. Louis, Missouri, the *Labour Leader*, Boston, Massachusetts, *Farmer's Tribune*, Des Moines, Iowa, February 7, 1894. See *Men, the Workers*, 1909.

1894.—"Dear Cheapness," the *American Federationist*, March.

An article in the Shaker *Manifesto*, Mt. Lebanon, New York, September.

An article on the purpose of *Wealth Against Commonwealth*, the *Altruistic Review*, December.

1895.—"Municipal Ownership," *The Public*, Chicago, May 11.

"Suffer Little Children," *The Public*, Chicago, May 18.

"Emerson's Wit and Humour." Read to the Literary Club, Chicago, May 27, the *Forum*, November. Revised and read at the Emerson Centennial. See *Mazzini and Other Essays*, 1910.

Private letter on Robert Blatchford's "Merry England," the *Commonwealth*, New York, June 8.

1896.—"The Government Bond Sale," the *Investors' Review*, London, April.

"The Populists at St. Louis," the *Review of Reviews*, American edition, September.

A Progressive News Letter, the *Progressive Review*, London, October, vol. 1, No. 1.

"The Presidential Campaign in America," the *Progressive Review*, London, November.

1897.—A Progressive News Letter, the *Progressive Review*, London, January.

"Freedom in the American Colleges," the *Progressive Review*, London, February.

"The Oil Combination," an article in a symposium on the trusts, the *Independent*, New York, March 4.

"Organised Labour Against the Humphrey Bills," a memorial to the General Assembly of Illinois from the Chicago Federation of Labour in opposition to the Humphrey Street Railway Bills, April. Published as a pamphlet.

A Progressive News Letter, the *Progressive Review*, London, May.

"A New Political Economy," an address at the laying of the corner-stone of Ruskin College of the New Economy at Ruskin Colony, Tennessee, June 19. Printed in the Colony's paper, the *Coming Nation*, July 3. Revised by the author and issued as a pamphlet (red cover) by the *Coming Nation* Press, Ruskin, Tennessee, 1898. Published as part of Chapter IX in *Man, the Social Creator*, 1906.

A Progressive News Letter, the *Progressive Review*, London, September. See "The Sugar Trust and the Tariff" in *Lords of Industry*, 1910.

Report of the International Co-operative Congress, Delft, Holland, the *Coming Nation*, September 19.

"The Outlook in the United States," an interview in the *New Age*, London, October 28.

1898.—"English and American Contrasts," the *Independent*, New York, December 1.

"Labour Copartnership," a letter in the *Book News*, December.

1899.—A letter on Socialism, the *Fairhope Courier*, Fairhope, Alabama, September 15.
"Compulsory Arbitration," the *Outlook*, December.
"New Zealand Newest England," *Atlantic Monthly*, December.
Words on direct legislation, *Direct Legislation Record*.
An article on Stepniak, *Free Russia*, December.
"Anarchism," an article in the Encyclopedia Britannica, the *Times* edition, London, 1899.

1900.—"Some New Zealand Scenes," *Ainslee's Magazine*, January.
Letter in the *Social Gospel*, Commonwealth, Georgia, January.
An answer to a query as to the method of dealing with city franchises in Illinois prepared for the Ninth Biennial Report of the Bureau of Labour Statistics, and rejected. Printed in the *Social Forum*, Chicago, April.
"A Living Wage by Law," the *Independent*, New York, September 27.
Affidavit before the United States Industrial Commission, August 4, 1900. An answer to charges made by Mr. John D. Archbold against *Wealth Against Commonwealth*. Published in Report of Industrial Commission, 1901, vol. xiii., Trusts and Industrial Combinations, pp. 639–646.
"The Ethical Progress of the Nineteenth Century," an address before the New York State Conference of Religion, New York City, November 20. Published in vol. i. of Proceedings of the New York State Conference of Religion, November, 1900.

1901.—Interview in English *Review of Reviews*, May 15, Australian *Review of Reviews*, June 20.
"The Next World Power," the *Independent*, New York, May 16.
"Compulsory Arbitration," *New York Journal*, September 24. Printed as a chapter in a book, *The Relations of Employer and Employed* (Questions of the Day Series), G. P. Putnam's Sons, 1902.

1902.—"The Socialistic Régime," article in a symposium on "The Concentration of Wealth," the *Independent*, New York, May 1.
"Problems of the Pacific—New Zealand," an address before the National Geographic Society, Washington, D. C., March 19. Published in The *National Geographic Magazine*, September, 1902.
"Australasian Cures for Coal Wars," *Atlantic Monthly*, November.
"New Forms and New Uses of Democracy," an article in the *Problems of Democracy*, the Booklovers Library. Course 1, Booklovers Reading Club Handbook, 1902.

1903.—"The New Song of the Shirt," the *Sunday School Times*, Philadelphia, March 21.
On Railway Consolidation. "Consolidation; Yes, But Which? A Radical View," *Booklovers Magazine*, April.
"Should Unions Incorporate?" Article in a symposium in the monthly review of the National Civic Federation, April.
"The Failure of Railroad Regulation," an address before the Massachusetts Reform Club, Boston, May 15. Partly printed in the *Pilgrim*, Battle Creek, Michigan, August. See *Lords of Industry*, 1910.
"The Abolition of Poverty," *Good Housekeeping*, Springfield,

Massachusetts, September. Reprinted in Journal of the Department of Labour, Wellington, New Zealand.
"The Chicago Traction Question." A posthumous pamphlet, October.

NEWSPAPER ARTICLES, ADDRESSES, ETC.

1870.—"Free Trade, the International Law of the Almighty," a lecture before the Society of Friends at their Meeting House, West 27th St., New York, the *World*, New York, the *Evening Post*, etc., March 18.
1871.—"Disenfranchised by Tammany," the *New York Tribune*, January 22.
Letters to the *New York Daily Bulletin* in answer to its attack on Free Trade, January 27 and 30.
Correspondence with John Stiles of the United States Pension Office, Washington, D. C., on Canada and Free Trade, *New York Tribune*, March 28, and the *World*, New York, April 15.
"Economic Problems of the Day," an address to the Political Science Society. See the *New York Tribune*, June 28.
Letter to the *New York Tribune* on its tariff controversy with John Stuart Mill, November 23.
1872.—Resolutions for Sunday opening of the New York public libraries, carried at Cooper Union, April 22.
1873–1880.—Book reviews, financial editorials, and other articles as literary and financial editor of the *Chicago Tribune*.
1881.—Letters as representative of the *Chicago Tribune* on Villard's Silver Spike expedition of the Northern Pacific Railroad: "Northern Pacific," July 10; "Undoing Duluth," July 12; "Good Bad Lands," July 14; "The Great American Desert," July 17; "A Happy Valley," July 18; "Yellowstone and Beyond," July 19; "Northern Pacific," July 23.
1882.—"Political Economy and the Goulds," a letter to the *Nation*, New York, June 29.
1883.—"Government Land Grants," *Chicago Tribune*, March 17.
Articles as representative of the *Chicago Tribune*, on Villard's Northern Pacific Golden Spike Expedition, September 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 8, 9, and 10.
"Lively Hops," letter in *Chicago Tribune*, September 28.
Interview with Land Commissioner Lamborn of the Northern Pacific, *Chicago Tribune*, October 1.
"Our Mohammedans," a letter from Utah, *Chicago Tribune*, October 6.
"California Cornered," *Chicago Tribune*, October 8 and October 13.

Editorials in the "Chicago Tribune"

The following named editorials were collected and filed by Mr. Lloyd, and marked by him, "H. D. Lloyd Editorials." The list is manifestly incomplete.
1881.—"American Pashas," December 30.
1882.—"Apprentices Wanted," August 12.
"The National Board of Health," August 13.
"Exceptional and Differential Rates," August 18.

1882. "Strikes as a Coercive Agent," September 1.
"The Future of Science," September 10.
"Business Conditions," October 11. "King's Horses and King's Men," October 11.
"Citizen Hewitt's 'Socialism,'" December 18.
"Cable Monopolies," December 22.
"An Impending Calamity," December 23.
"Kind Words Can Never Die," December 24.
"Bamboozling the Working Man," December 27.
"Pauper Labour," December 28.
"Law-Reform and Lawyer-Reform," December 30.
"A New England," December 30.
"A Stiff Monopoly," December 31.
The New York Central's sale of bonds to pay dividends (paragraph) December 31.
"State Railways in Italy." (Date not found.)
"The Work of Congress," August 17, and "Trade on a Dead Centre," December 28, are included in this collection, but were evidently in some other paper than the *Chicago Tribune*.
1883.—"Why Coal is Dear," January 6.
"A Great Day for Pennsylvania," January 6.
"The Civil Service Relief to Congressmen," January 6.
"The Senate's Tariff Bill," January 6.
"Suburban Railroading," January 7.
"The Match Monopoly in Congress," January 8.
"This Is Robbery, Not Reform," January 8.
"Working Men Imposed On," January 9.
"The Bar Association—Rather Late in the Day," January 11.
"Irish Protection—A Parallel," January 12.
"How Good Resolutions are Broken," January 14.
"A Silent Monopoly," January 14.
"Increasing the Public Debt," January 15.
"Revenue *versus* Tribute," January 16.
"Storm Signal of a Protection Organ," January 17.
Editorial paragraph on the coal monopoly, January 17.
"Unconstitutional Protection," January 18.
"The Village of Chicago," January 18.
"The Emergency," January 20.
"Taxation by Satraps," January 20.
"Bonaparte and Butler," January 21.
"A Gross Legal Abuse," January 21.
"Tariff Reform—Kasson Speaks his Mind," January 22.
"The Pennsylvania Cold Wave," January 23.
"A Blind Leader," January 27.
"Anti-American Millionaires," February 11.
"A Meteorological Martinet," February 11.
"A New Magna Charta," February 12.
"One Thanksgiving Day in a Year," February 16.
"The Religion of Humanity," March 4.
"El-Mudhi, 'The Leader,'" March 19.
1884.—"Corporations Not Sovereigns," April 12.
"Railroad Annexation," April 12.
"The Calumet Road," June 20.
"The Hocking Valley Conspiracy," December 6.
"The Beauties of Watered Stock," December 8.

1884. "The Adventure of the Obelisk," a lecture, 1883 or 1884. Manuscript.

1886.—An article in *The Age of Steel*, January 2, reprinted in *John Swinton's Paper*, February 14. A file of John Swinton's paper is in John Crerar Library, Chicago.

1887.—Speech at the Columbia College Centenary Celebration of the changing of its name from King's College to Columbia. Hotel Richelieu, Chicago, April 12. Manuscript.

Unpublished manuscript on the Chicago Anarchist crisis.

"The Political Economy of Child Labour," *The Journal of the Knights of Labour*, May 7. See *Men, the Workers*, Doubleday, Page & Co., 1909.

Address to Governor Richard Oglesby of Illinois (November 9), appealing for justice towards the Chicago "Anarchists," the *Chicago Tribune*, November 10.

A Description of John D. Rockefeller as he appeared before the Interstate Commerce Commission, November 26. Manuscript.

1888.—"Labour and Monopoly," the *Chicago Herald*, January 3; a reply to the speech of Judge Gary at the annual dinner of the Chicago Bar Association on December 27, 1887.

1889.—"Mazzini, the Prophet of Action," a lecture before the Society for Ethical Culture, Chicago, February 17, and before the Economic Conference, March 2. See *Mazzini and Other Essays*, G. P. Putnam's Sons, 1910.

"The Labour Movement," an address at the American Federation of Labour demonstration at Cheltenham Beach, Illinois, July 4. Printed in *The Rock Islander*, Rock Island, Illinois, Sept. 7. See *Men, the Workers*, 1909.

"Starvation in Illinois," an appeal in behalf of the Spring Valley miners, the *Chicago Tribune*, *Chicago Times*, *Daily News*, *The Inter-Ocean*, September 5.

"The Crisis at Spring Valley," the *Chicago Tribune*, September 29.

"Open Letter to Various Millionaires—The Story of Spring Valley," the *Chicago Herald*, November 13.

Letter on the Spring Valley crisis and the citizens to the *Bureau County Tribune*, Dec. 3. Manuscript. Not known whether printed.

"Servitudes Not Contracts." See *Lords of Industry*, 1910.

"The Union Forever," a lecture before the Nationalist Club at the Union Pacific Hotel, Chicago, December 11. See *Men, the Workers*, 1909.

"Blacklisted Miners," a letter to the *New York Herald*, December 14.

"Terrorising the Working People," a reply to the Spring Valley Coal Company's denial of certain charges, the *Chicago Tribune*, December 14, *The New York Sun*, *The World*, December 16.

1890.—"What Washington Would Do To-day," an address before the Personal Rights League, Central Music Hall, Chicago, February 22. See *Lords of Industry*, 1910.

A talk at the Press Club dinner, Chicago, on Bellamy and Nationalism. Reported in *Daily News*, March 3.

A letter on the movement to reinforce the regular army by the militia, the *Farmer's Voice*, Chicago, April 19.

1890.—"The New Conscience in Action," an address at the summer school, Deerfield, Massachusetts, July 29. Incorporated in Chapter VI, *Man, the Social Creator*, 1906.

"The New Independence," an address to the Sunset Club, Chicago, November 6, and to the Society for Ethical Culture, Chicago, December 7. See *Men, the Workers*, 1909.

1891.—A letter on the money question, *Chicago Press*, November 1.

A talk to the Cosmopolitan Club, Evanston, Illinois. *Evanston Press*, Nov. 7.

"Why Workingmen Should Organise," *The American Federation of Labour Souvenir*, December 14.

A talk in a debate at the Conference Club on government ownership of railroads and telegraphs, December 15. *Evanston Press*, Dec. 19.

Address at a mass meeting, Second Regiment Armory, Battery D, Chicago, December 27, to protest against a police raid on the Painters' Union meeting at Greif's Hall, November 12. *Chicago Herald*, December 28. See *Mazzini and Other Essays*, 1910.

Speech introducing Samuel Gompers at a miners' meeting. Place and date not known. Manuscript.

1892.—"The Ethics of Private Ownership of Public Highways," address to the Society for Ethical Culture, Chicago, January 31. Partly reported in *Chicago Herald* and *Chicago Daily News*, Feb. 1.

"The Fable of the Milch Cow," read to the Sunset Club, Chicago, February 4, as a contribution to the discussion: "What shall we do with the Masses?" *Chicago Herald*, February 5, *Saturday Review*, Des Moines, Iowa, March 26, *The Road*, Denver, Colorado, March 9, and other papers.

"Children of the Dying Fire," a poem, April 10. Manuscript.

Speech against sweating, Bricklayers' Hall, Chicago, May 8. *Chicago Herald*, May 9.

"Mahatma Carnegie," a contribution to the discussion of the Homestead Strike, Sunset Club, Chicago, November 17. *Chicago Herald*, November 18.

1893.—Resolutions against sweat-shops adopted at Central Music Hall, Chicago, February 19, the *Chicago Tribune*, February 20.

Resolutions against the Extradition Treaty with Russia, read by unanimous consent before the Illinois Senate, April 19; adopted at Central Music Hall, Chicago, April 23, and copies ordered sent to the President, the Secretary of State, the Legislature of Illinois, and the representatives of Illinois in the United States Senate. Published in *Chicago Herald*, April 20 and April 24.

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